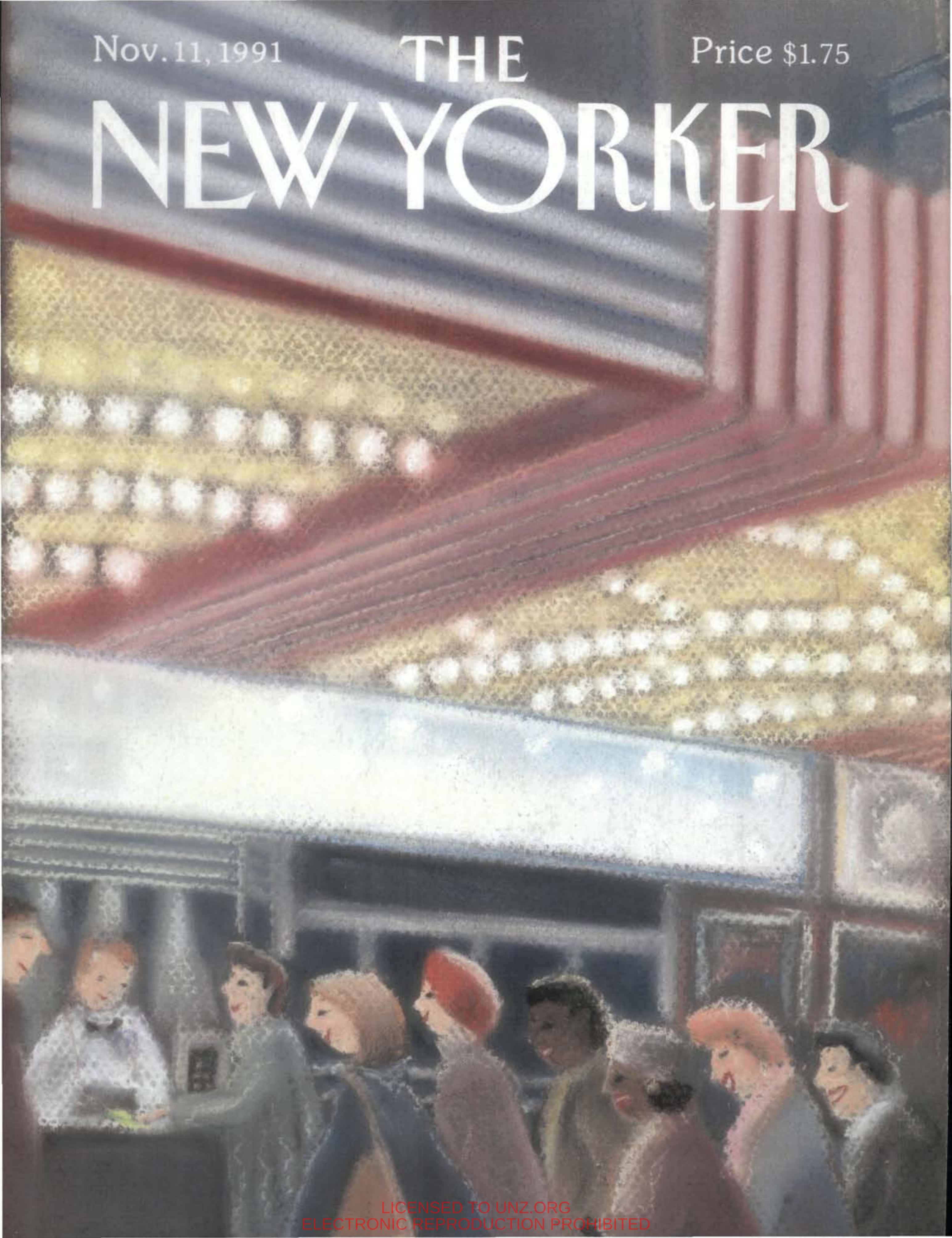
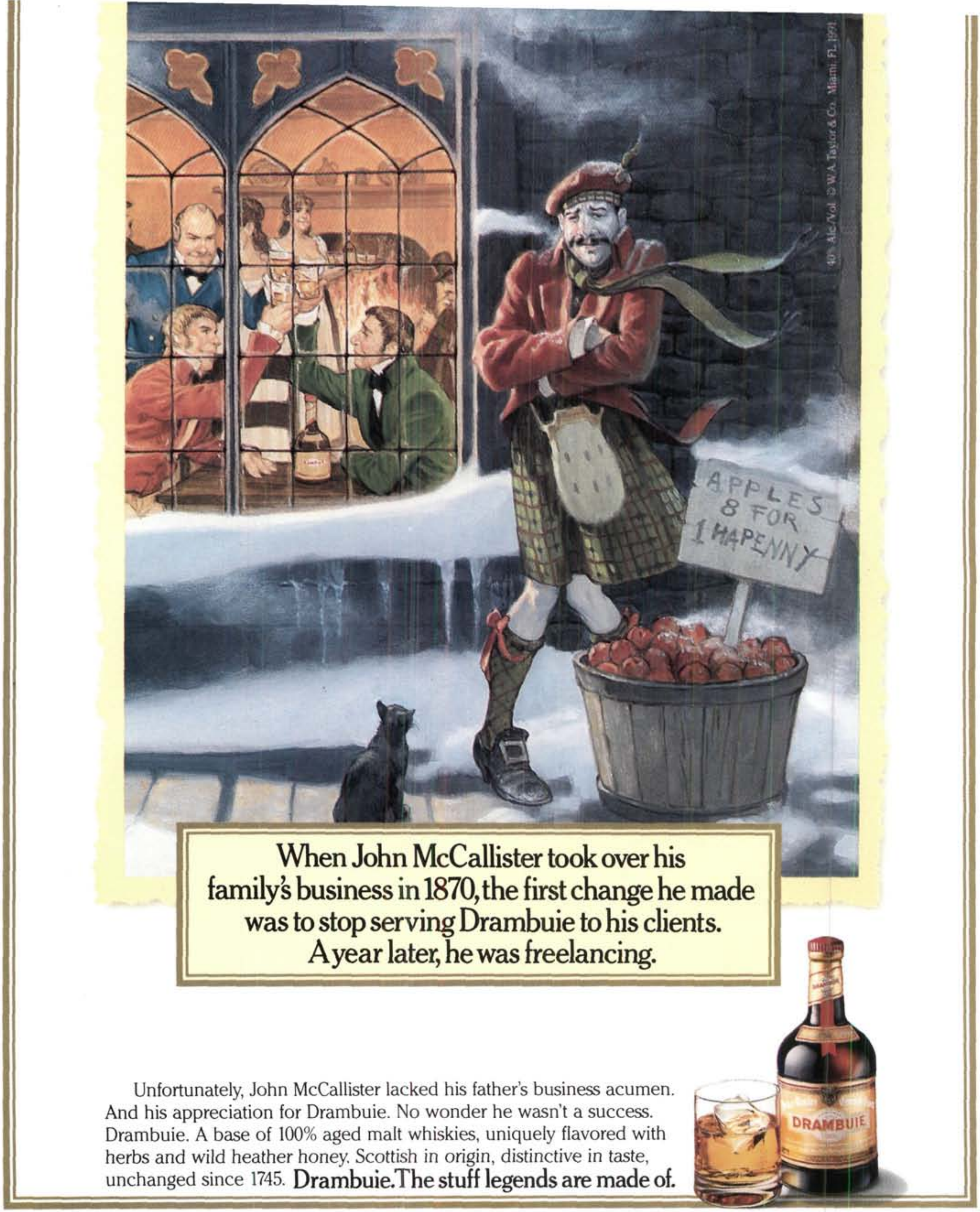
Nov. 11, 1991

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.75





40% Alc./Vol. © W.A. Taylor & Co. Miami, FL 1991

When John McCallister took over his family's business in 1870, the first change he made was to stop serving Drambuie to his clients. A year later, he was freelancing.

Unfortunately, John McCallister lacked his father's business acumen. And his appreciation for Drambuie. No wonder he wasn't a success. Drambuie. A base of 100% aged malt whiskies, uniquely flavored with herbs and wild heather honey. Scottish in origin, distinctive in taste, unchanged since 1745. **Drambuie. The stuff legends are made of.**

DREAMS ITALIAN STYLE

FIRST & EXCLUSIVELY OURS

Fontainebleau by Royal Sateen. Romantically inclined, dreams of the Italian Renaissance debut in rich repose. Golden luxury borrowed from the grandest palaces enhances silky 220-thread Egyptian cotton to weave luminous magic in classic damask style. Ours alone by Crown Crafts/Kitan at introductory savings.

Flat or Fitted Sheets:	
Twin, reg. 47.00	**39.95**
Full, reg. 65.00	**54.95**
Queen, reg. 83.00	**69.95**
King, reg. 95.00	**79.95**
Standard case, reg. 59.00	**49.95**
King case, reg. 65.00	**54.95**

Comforter Sets:	
Twin 3-pc. Set, reg. 345.00	**275.00**
Full 4-pc. Set, reg. 500.00	**400.00**
Queen 4-pc. Set, reg. 650.00	**520.00**
King 4-pc. Set, reg. 775.00	**625.00**
European Sham, reg. 105.00	**85.00**

Boudoir or Neckroll, reg. 55.00	**45.00**
Window Set, reg. 360.00	**290.00**
Balloon Shade, reg. 145.00	**115.00**

On 7, New York. And in all our stores.

bloomingdale's

TO ORDER, PHONE TOLL FREE (800) 777-4999 24 HOURS A DAY, 7 DAYS A WEEK. REF. NO. RS111

THE NEW YORKER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

NOVEMBER 11, 1991

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 4

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 31

"BILT-RITE" . . . . *Alan Sternberg* 36

"THIS TIME OF YEAR" (POEM) . . . . *Ruth Fainlight* 38

"40 DAYS AND 40 NIGHTS" (POEM) . . . . *Henri Cole* 44

REPORT FROM MOSCOW . . . . *David K. Shipler* 47

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 78

PERSONAL HISTORY (THE CLASSICS AT OXFORD) . . . . *Ved Mehta* 83

THE THEATRE . . . . *Edith Oliver* 111

POPULAR MUSIC . . . . *Elizabeth Wurtzel* 112

BOOKS . . . . *Verlyn Klinkenberg* 119

COVER: *Susan Davis*

DRAWINGS: *William Hamilton, Robert Weber, Donald Reilly, Peter Steiner, Stephanie Skalisky, William Steig, Edward Koren, John O'Brien, Victoria Roberts, Jack Ziegler, Roz Chast, Leo Cullum, Edward Frascino, Gahan Wilson, Sidney Harris, Al Ross, Mick Stevens, Lee Lorenz, Robert Mankoff, Anthony Taber*

THE NEW YORKER
20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800 825-2510 (in Colorado 303 447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and chief executive officer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Frank Mustacato, vice-president and circulation director; Virginia L. Jespersen, vice-president and general manager/cfo; Lynn Guthrie Heiler, vice-president and associate publisher; Matthew D. Roberts, vice-president and marketing director; Pamela H. Older, vice-president and director of manufacturing; Martha Kaplan, vice-president. Branch advertising office: 111 East Wacker Drive Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 1460, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 1-11 Hay Hill, London, W1X7LF. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami Fla. 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, Fla. 33629; 3 Church St., Suite 503 Toronto, Canada. M5E 1M2. Carol Orr & Co.,Publishers Representative: 3300 Oak Lawn, Suite 500, Dallas, Tx. 75219. Vol. LXVII, No. 38, November 11, 1991. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian goods and services tax registration number R123242885.

© 1991 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. THE MAGAZINE'S NAME AND LOGO AND THE VARIOUS TITLES AND HEADINGS HEREIN ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS, INC. PUBLISHED THROUGH ITS DIVISION THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.
Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $56.00. Other foreign, one year, $66.00, payable in advance.
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

HOTELS

UNITED STATES

Austin

Boston

Chicago

Chicago
(Ritz-Carlton)

Houston

Houston
(Inn on the Park)

Los Angeles

New York
(The Pierre)

Newport Beach

Philadelphia

San Francisco

Seattle

Washington, D.C.

CANADA

Montreal

Toronto

Toronto
(Inn on the Park)

Vancouver

UNITED KINGDOM

London
(Inn on the Park)

RESORTS

Minaki, Canada

Nevis, W.I.

Dallas
(Las Colinas)

Maui
(Wailea)

Santa Barbara
(The Biltmore)

UNDER DEVELOPMENT

Tokyo

Carlsbad, California
(Aviara)

Singapore

For reservations, call your travel counselor, or in the U.S. call: (800) 332-3442; in Canada call: (800) 268-6282.

Four Seasons
Hotels • Resorts

© 1991 Four Seasons Hotels Ltd.

MARLENE IS THE SOUL OF CONCERN. SHE CANNOT SLEEP WELL [illegible] NIGHT UNLESS SHE IS CERTAIN YOU WILL.

Marlene Wei
Housekeeper
Four Seasons Hotel
Chicago

Her radiant smile masks a steady determination — to transform your room into a haven of tranquility. With pillows the way you like them, French-milled soaps, and stacks of thick bath towels, morning and night. Like her untiring colleagues who press your jacket within the hour, polish your shoes overnight, and unfailingly take your phone messages, Marlene's mission is to enhance your personal comfort and, in turn, your professional efficiency the following day. Which makes a Four Seasons Hotel the kind of investment you never lose sleep over.

Four Seasons
Hotels • Resorts

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

IN a stirring essay on homosexuals and AIDS published in *The New Republic* last December, Andrew Sullivan, subsequently anointed the magazine's editor, observed that for gay men these days "death is less an event than an environment." One could just as easily reverse Sullivan's emphasis and say that for many people, not just homosexuals, death in the age of AIDS seems very much like an event, or at least a series of them: the confession of worry, the diagnosis, the bedside visit, the phone call, the memorial. While the course of such events in each individual illness remains unpredictable, the collective response to the disease—to the Events—has acquired a regular rhythm: AIDS-related benefits are slotted with great precision on the calendar. At times such fund-raising can feel all too connected to the wider institutionalization (political, scientific) of the disease itself, and to the related potential for inertia and ineffectiveness. Anomie can set in.

But participation can be a sanity-booster, too. This being perhaps the most overbooked time of year, we'd like to point out several chances to become involved with AIDS-related activities—the Equity Fights AIDS Week—well in advance. The week kicks off on November 25, with a performance by Judy Kaye at Steve McGraw's, and continues at the same club over the following two nights with entertainment by Scott Holmes, Loni Ackerman, Rex Smith, and Mary Ellen Stewart. Closing day, December 3, brings the third annual Gypsy of the Year competition (co-sponsored by Broadway Cares and hosted by the company of "The Secret Garden"), a variety evening at which the fund-raising and creative talents of show people around town are recognized. Money raised during the week goes toward assisting AIDS-afflicted Equity members across the country with rent, medical treatment, health insurance, and many other pressing expenses. For information about schedules and tickets, call 869-8530, extension 305.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

APPROXIMATING MOTHER—A play by Kathleen Tolan, with Deidre O'Connell, Mia Dillon, Tonya Pinkins, and Showana Kemp. Presented by the Women's Project. Preview on Nov. 5. Opens Nov. 6 at 8. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 873-3767.)

BLUEBEARD—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company proffers Charles Ludlam's 1970 play. In previews. (Charles Ludlam, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

COLE AND COWARD: JULIE WILSON WITH WILLIAM ROY—Porter and Noël, by the singer and her accompanist. Preview on Nov. 4. Opens Nov. 5 at 8. (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

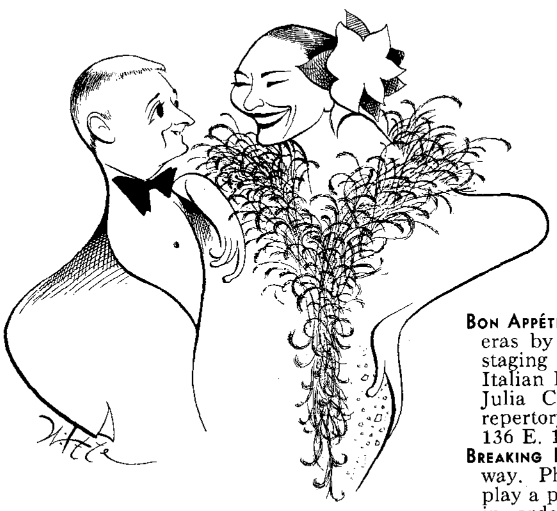
FREE SPEECH IN AMERICA—"MacNeil-Lehrer Newshour" essayist Roger Rosenblatt in a one-man show. Previews begin Nov. 6. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

FROM THE MISSISSIPPI DELTA—An autobiographical play by Endesha Ida Mae Holland. Previews through Nov. 10. Opens Nov. 11 at 7. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13			

IN THE JUNGLE OF CITIES—A Mabou Mines–New York Shakespeare Festival production of Brecht's play. Preview on Nov. 4. Opens Nov. 5 at 8, and runs through Nov. 24. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

IRON BARS—A play by Arpad Göncz, the President of Hungary. Translated by Katharina M. and Christopher C. Wilson. Previews Nov. 6-9. Opens Nov. 10 at 8. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)



William Roy and Julie Wilson in "Cole and Coward"

LOTTO (EXPERIENCE THE DREAM)—A play written and directed by Cliff Roquemore. Previews Nov. 5-6. Opens Nov. 7 at 8. (Billie Holiday Theatre, 1368 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-0918.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—Presenting **JUST A NIGHT OUT**, a new musical by Richard and Susan Turner. In previews. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

NEW YORK GILBERT & SULLIVAN PLAYERS—John Rubinstein stars in a one-performance-only concert version of **PRINCESS IDA**, on Nov. 10 at 3. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

NICK & NORA—Barry Bostwick and Joanna Gleason are Nick and Nora Charles in this musical murder mystery—inspired by Dashiell Hammett's "Thin Man" characters—by Arthur Laurents (book), Charles Strouse (score), and Richard Maltby, Jr. (lyrics). Mr. Laurents directed. Also with Christine Baranski and Chris Sarandon. In previews. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

PARK YOUR CAR IN HARVARD YARD—Jason Robards and Judith Ivey in a two-character play by Israel Horovitz. Directed by Zoe Caldwell. Previews through Nov. 6. Opens Nov. 7 at 6:45. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

PERICLES—Campbell Scott has the title role in the nineteenth play in the Shakespeare Marathon. Michael Greif directed. Also with Martha Plimpton and Macintyre Dixon. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

RAGS—Ann Crumb, Steven Keats, and Crista Moore star in this revised version of the 1986 musical by Charles Strouse, Stephen Schwartz, and Joseph Stein. Presented by the American Jewish Theatre and directed by Richard Sabellico. In previews. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

OPENED RECENTLY

AND THE WORLD GOES 'ROUND: THE SONGS OF KANDER & EBB—A musical revue, with a five-member cast that includes Karen Ziémba. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

THE BABY DANCE—Jane Anderson's humorous, affecting play about two couples—Wanda and Al, of Louisiana, who are about to have a child, and Rachel and her husband, of Southern California, who plan to adopt it. The script is composed of sudden sympathy and petty misunderstanding, and three of the performances, under Jenny Sullivan's direction, are exceptional: Linda Purl and Stephanie Zimbalist, as the wives, and Richard Lineback, as Al; he could be a young Henry Fonda. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/28/91.) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

THE BALCONY—The Willow Cabin Theatre Company's production of Jean Genet's play. (INTAR II, 508 W. 53rd St. 886-1889. Closes Nov. 10.)

BEAU JEST—A comedy by James Sherman, which was originally done last year, in Chicago. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

BEGGARS IN THE HOUSE OF PLENTY—Though the hero of John Patrick Shanley's eruptive satire, significantly named Johnny, is—man and boy—the victim of his Irish Catholic family, he is a resilient victim, which is more than can be said for most of his relatives. The action, under Mr. Shanley's direction, trips along in a comic, inventive manner until, weighed down by bitterness, it turns bleak. Loren Dean is fine as Johnny, as are Dana Ivey, Daniel von Bargen, and Jon Tenney as relatives. (11/4/91) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

BON APPÉTIT!—Jean Stapleton in two short operas by Lee Hoiby. The first is a musical staging of Ruth Draper's monologue "The Italian Lesson"; the second is a setting of a Julia Child cooking lesson. Performed in repertory with "Cabaret Verboten." (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

BREAKING LEGS—The Mafia meets Off Broadway. Philip Bosco and Vincent Gardenia play a pair of mobsters who back a new play in order to win a young dramatist for Gardenia's daughter. Tom Dulack wrote the comedy; John Tillinger directed it. With Larry Storch, Ronald Maccone, Nick Wyman, and, above all, Susan Giosa as the daughter who spins the plot. (6/3/91) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

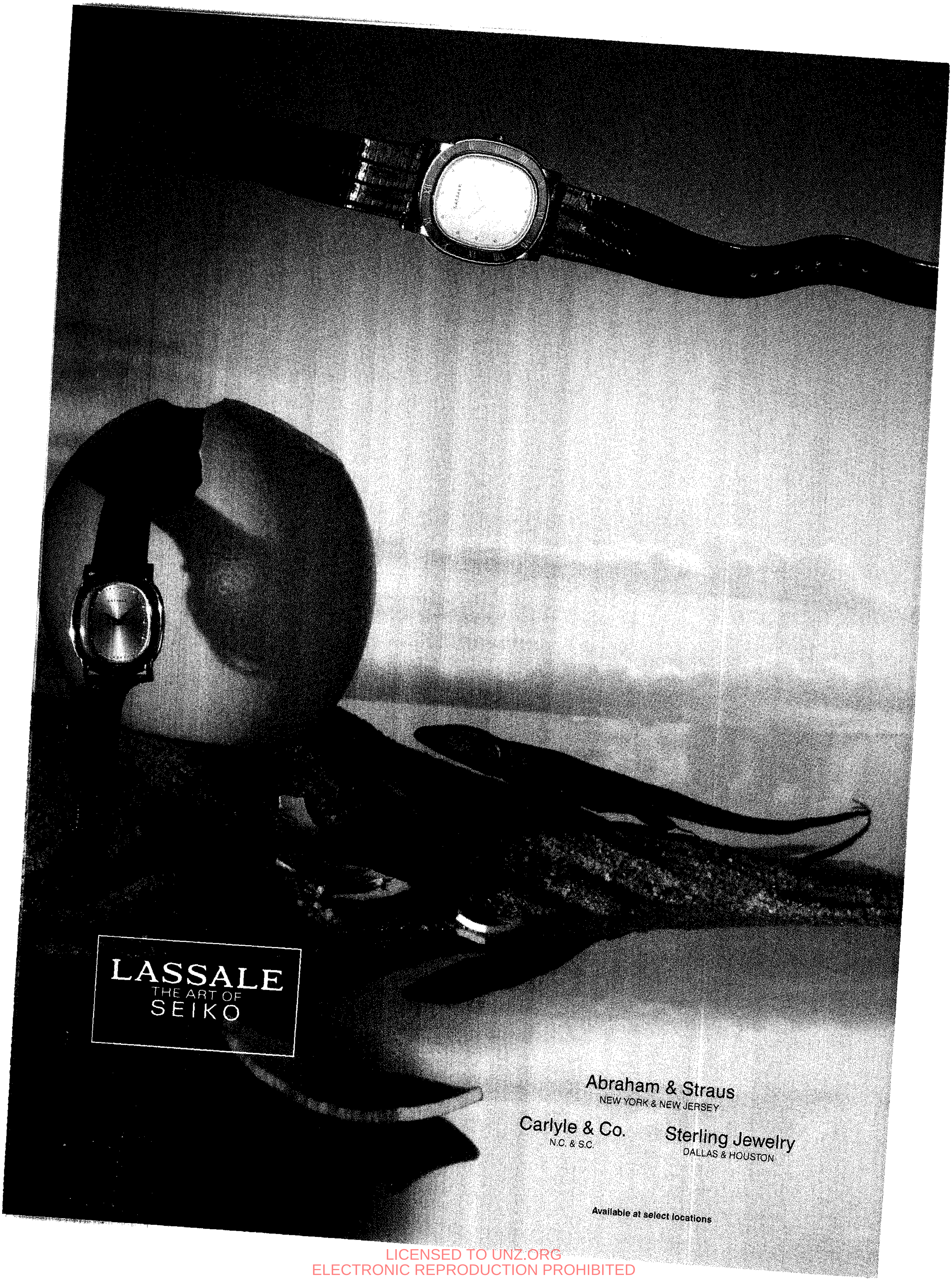
CABARET VERBOTEN—John Rubinstein, Carole Shelley, Mark Nelson, and Betsy Joslyn perform songs and sketches from Germany's Weimar era. Jeremy Lawrence conceived the show, which is running in repertory with Lee Hoiby's "Bon Appétit!" (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes Nov. 24.)

DANCING AT LUGHNASA—How you respond to Brian Friel's wistful autobiographical play depends a good deal on your personality and preoccupations. Either you will find it lovely and lyrical, or it will strike you as the memory play from Hell. (11/4/91) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

DISTANT FIRES—The six characters are construction workers on the job, and what plot there is concerns two of them—one b. and the other w.—who are competing for an opening in the union. The play, by Kevin Heelan, is somewhat short on substance, but is performed so naturalistically that it is hard to imagine the actors—they include Giancarlo Esposito, Todd Weeks, and Jordan Lage—without their hard hats. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 645-8755.)

THE DRESSING ROOM—The first play of Pan Asian Rep's season is by the Japanese dramatist Kunio Shimizu. Adapted by Chiori Miyagawa and based on the translation by John K. Gillespie. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660.)

THE GOOD TIMES ARE KILLING ME—The cartoonist Lynda Barry devised this memory play of words and pop tunes about a racially mixed neighborhood. At the heart of it is the friendship of two little girls, one white, the other black, who are delightfully portrayed by Angela Goethals and Chandra Wilson. The undercurrent of serious comment on race doesn't add much, but every humorous scene scores a bull's-eye. Mark Brokaw directed. (5/6/91) (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)



LASSALE
THE ART OF
SEIKO

Abraham & Straus
NEW YORK & NEW JERSEY

Carlyle & Co.
N.C. & S.C.

Sterling Jewelry
DALLAS & HOUSTON

Available at select locations

SPRITZER

When crossing the wide intersection of 23rd Street with Broadway and Fifth Avenue, don't be surprised if you feel rain on a cloudless night. The Flatiron's getting a full facial, and workers in oilskins are up on floodlighted scaffolds spraying the building with high-powered jets of a mild water-and-detergent solution. It hasn't been cleaned since the late forties, and the process is taking longer than predicted, according to Frank Farinella, of Hurley & Farinella, the firm overseeing the cleaning out and restoration of the landmark building's exterior. (The job also includes refurbishing and partial replacement of the landmark's terra-cotta facing.) The Fifth Avenue side has been cleaned—it has gone from ash gray to a startling Cream of Wheat white—but the face that angles down Broadway was grimier, and the work is slower going. Contractors originally estimated that they could clean it in two hosings, but it has taken as many as six, working from the top down, to lift off the grime. "It's that New York City soot," Farinella explains. "No matter what you call it."

The Homecoming—A revival of the Harold Pinter play inaugurates the Roundabout Theatre's first season in its new Broadway location. With Lindsay Crouse, Roy Dotrice, Daniel Gerroll, and Jonathan Hogan. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

Jean Cocteau Repertory—Presenting two plays in rotating repertory: **THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH**, by Thornton Wilder, and **GENEVA**, by George Bernard Shaw. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

Lips Together, Teeth Apart—Two couples share a beach house on Fire Island over the Fourth of July weekend, in Terrence McNally's very funny play about a number of serious matters. With Hillary Bailey Smith, Jonathan Hadary, Roxanne Hart, and Anthony Heald; directed by John Tillinger. (7/8/91) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Miss Saigon—Oh, the horror! The horror! (4/29/91) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.)

No Cure for Cancer—Denis Leary's one-man show, which premièred at the Edinburgh Festival. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Closes Nov. 17.)

On Borrowed Time—A first-rate revival of Paul Osborn's charming fantasy, which was originally done here in 1938. George C. Scott is Gramps; Teresa Wright is his wife; Matthew Porac is his little grandson; and Nathan Lane is Death, whom he traps in an apple tree. All of them are splendid. Mr. Scott directed. (10/21/91) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

Our Lady of the Tortilla—A comedy written by Luis Santeiro and directed by Max Ferra. Three performances a week are in English, and three are in Spanish. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 869-3530. Closes Nov. 10.)

Pageant—A musical spoof of beauty contests. Book and lyrics by Bill Russell and Frank Kelly and music by Albert Evans. Conceived and directed by Robert Longbottom. (Blue Angel, 321 W. 44th St. 262-3333.)

Penn & Teller Rot in Hell—The dynamic duo are performing their repertoire of tricks Off Broadway. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

A Piece of My Heart—A play by Shirley Lauro, based on the 1986 book by Keith Walker. Presented by Manhattan Theatre Club and directed by Allen R. Belknap. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 581-7907.)

The Real Live Brady Bunch—Episodes from the acclaimed TV series, reënacted by the Annoyance Theatre, of Chicago. Something called "The Real Live Game Show" comes first. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

Return to the Forbidden Planet—Gabriel Barré, Julee Cruise, Robert McCormick, and Louis Tucci are all adorable in this light-minded entertainment, a London import which won the Laurence Olivier Award for best musical in a year when it might have gone to "Miss Saigon" (whose producer's indignation led to the creation of a new award category). The show—a patchwork of beloved pop songs stitched together with Shakespeareana—has almost nothing to do with the cult movie it is based on, and still less to do with "The Tempest." It is more than anything else an occasion to laugh a bit and rock out a lot. One wishes the writer-director, Bob Carlton, had not cluttered up the newly restored Variety Arts (and the production) with the trappings of a spaceship flight in which the audience is meant to take part. But, as one audience member was heard to remark, "Any show that could make Cameron Mackintosh that mad has something to be said for it." (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

Reunion—A revival of the David Mamet play, with Mary McCann and Jack Wallace. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 645-8755.)

The Secret Garden—This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show. Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (5/13/91) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Servy-n-Bernice 4Ever—A drama by Seth Zvi Rosenfeld, with Ron Eldard and Lisa Gay Hamilton. Terry Kinney directed. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-5048.)

Shmulnik's Waltz—A play by Allen Knee. (Jewish Repertory Theatre, 344 E. 14th St. 505-2667. Closes Nov. 24.)

Song of Singapore—A musical with a promising concept: turn a Polish veterans' hall into a Singapore night club, circa 1941, and spill murder and mayhem onto the premises. Unfortunately, the lavish settings (by John Lee Beatty) and the musical talent cannot conceal a very thin story and a host of excruciatingly bad jokes. Another problem: on a busy night the seating arrangements here can be extremely cramped. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 228-0844.)

Unidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love—All is not well in Edmonton, Canada—that's the news in Brad Fraser's play about down-and-outers in one of Canada's provincial capitals. The script, which would have been passé in 1975, is full of desperate young people doing drugs, having sex, leaving telephone messages, committing gory crimes, making prophecies, and crying out in anguish. Tennis, anyone? (9/30/91) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

The White Rose—A play by Lillian Garrett-Groag kicks off the WPA Theatre's new season. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Closes Nov. 17.)

The Will Rogers Follies—The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are somewhat neglected. Keith Carradine makes an engaging, amusing Rogers, but that is not enough, despite Cy Coleman's pleasant score. (5/13/91) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

LONG RUNS

CATS: Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.). . . **CITY OF ANGELS:** Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turned thirty-one in May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.). . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1991½:** This newly revised revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.). . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.). . . **GRAND HOTEL:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.). . . **LOST IN YONKERS:** There's not one glimmer of honesty or authenticity in this family melodrama by Neil Simon. Set in Yonkers during the Second World War, it's about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.). . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.). . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.). . . **ONCE ON THIS ISLAND:** An enchanting musical, set in the Caribbean, by Lynn Ahrens and Stephen Flaherty. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.). . . **PERFECT CRIME:** A murder mystery by Warren Manzi. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401.). . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.). . . **SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION:** You're best off knowing nothing about the John Guare play other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright and the director Jerry Zaks. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. Kelly Bishop now has the lead. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

DANCE

IT'S difficult to know how to tout the work of Eiko and Koma, the Japanese-born couple who will perform their latest piece, "Land," at BAM this week. You can say "The movement is magisterially slow," but that's hardly going to galvanize anybody. You can say "The stage pictures have a rich and fluid subtext of fantasy and feeling," but so does all dance of any worth. We're going to let the couple speak for themselves. Their words come from an evening last March, at Pace, during which they presented an excerpt called "Isidro's Song" as a work in progress, then spoke about it with the critic Joan Acocella. For the record, their speech is rather brisk, especially that of Eiko (the woman of the pair).

KOMA: "Isidro's Song" comes out of the experience we had when we performed in Taos. I never saw such beautiful land in America.

EIKO: We saw Pueblo people there who have never been moved from the land. Their housing comes out of the earth, and has been inhabited for one thousand years.

KOMA: We wanted to have a motif of green.

EIKO: Our last piece, "Passage," was really about red, the color of magma. A previous piece was about the color black. You know, America is

PLAY LA COSTA

So much to do. So easy to do it! Now there's one simple plan that lets you enjoy all the wonders of La Costa—Southern California's most famous resort.

Play golf where the legends play. Our two courses are home to The Infiniti Tournament of Champions.

Tennis? Go for aces on one of our 23 courts. Your choice of *three* different surfaces. With a tennis lesson thrown in.

For rest or rejuvenation—unwind or work out in California's premier spa. Then choose a luxurious body massage or invigorating facial.

A wonderful room. 8 different restaurants. Exclusive boutiques. And that friendly, relaxing La Costa atmosphere. Call (800) 854-5000 today. Come play tomorrow.

$350 La Costa Plan. Rate is single or double occupancy per night, two night minimum. Deluxe accommodations. Unlimited golf, tennis and use of spa facilities. Includes golf cart, club storage and driving range. 1/2 hour facial & massage per night. 1 hour tennis lesson per night. Good 7 days a week.

INFINITI TOURNAMENT OF CHAMPIONS JAN. 7–12

LA COSTA
RESORT AND SPA

Costa del Mar Road, Carlsbad, CA 92009

Just 90 minutes south of Los Angeles.

DANCE–Cont'd

not New York City only; it's color, *big* color. I've never been in a place where color matters as much as in New Mexico. In Japan, there are thousands of cherry blossoms. In Taos, you see one cherry tree and you feel it worked really hard to get there.

ACOCELLA: What is your life together like offstage?

EIKO: We don't take dance classes. We don't use machines. We don't wear high heels. We don't eat bad food.

KOMA: We only watch TV four hours a week.

EIKO: No—less!

KOMA: We don't play any music.

EIKO: We walk a lot. We swim as much as we can. We make pleasure out of physical movement, both with the kids and with ourselves.

KOMA: I feel fortunate to have this job of a professional dancer. When I was at university in Japan I was very busy demonstrating in the streets, and I got very tired.

EIKO: We're dependent on each other, I'm afraid. I wanted to be independent, but we've been together more than fifteen years.

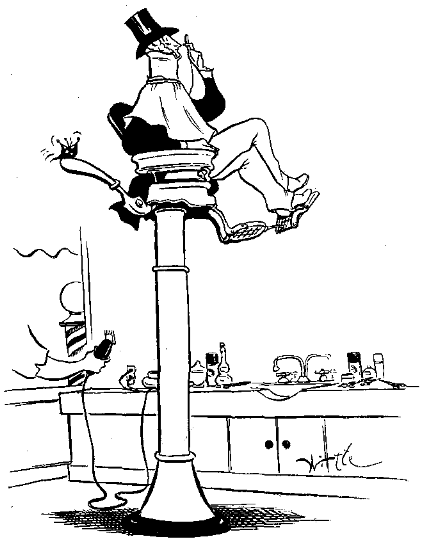
BALLET HISPANICO—Final performances of the engagement. Nov. 5-6 at 8: "Inez de Castro," "Cada Noche. . .Tango," and "Batucada Fantástica.". . . ¶ Nov. 7-9 at 8 and Nov. 10 at 7:30: "Stages," "Café America," "Llamada," "Ola Chica," and "Tres Cantos.". . . ¶ Nov. 9-10 at 2: "Group Portrait of a Lady," "Llamada," "Ola Chica," and "Batucada Fantástica." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

DONALD BYRD/THE GROUP—Presenting "The Minstrel Show," a full-length work, with music by Mio Morales. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Nov. 6-9 at 8 and Nov. 10 at 3.)

BEVERLY BLOSSOM—With her company, in new and repertory works, including "Dad's Ties," "Him & Her & Them," "Eccentricities," and "Entrances and Exits." (Hunter College Studio Theatre, Hunter Hall, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. Nov. 8-9 at 8. For reservations, call 1-718 266-1286.)

JUILLIARD DANCE ENSEMBLE—Presenting an all-Mozart program, including Wendy Hilton and Elizabeth Aldrich's reconstruction of two dances from Mozart's time. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. 769-7406. Nov. 8-9 and Nov. 11 at 8, and Nov. 10 at 3.)

TORONTO DANCE THEATRE—In four New York premières: "Fifteen Heterosexual Duets," "The Court of Lions," "Dreamsend," and "First Music." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Nov. 12-13 at 8. The engagement runs through Nov. 17.)



NIGHT LIFE

CHICAGO B.L.U.E.S., a new club on Eighth Avenue, just below 14th Street, doesn't look much different from the establishment whose space it took over, the recently closed Abilene Café, also a blues joint. A few new photographs of blues greats, maybe, and we don't recall seeing the street sign for East Muddy Waters Drive before, but that's about it. We don't have any problem with this—one goes to a blues club to listen, not to chew over the scenery. Chicago B.L.U.E.S. differs from its predecessor, however, in that it plans to "feature only Chicago-area blues artists working with their regular Chicago blues bands." We were a little confused, then, when we stopped in the other night and found the stage occupied by Johnny Copeland, who is now based in New York but is generally considered a Texas bluesman. We found out later that the club had not gone back on its promise: Copeland was booked a while ago by the Abilene, and the new place was simply honoring the old contract.

Copeland, who was born in Louisiana, spent several decades toiling on the Houston club circuit before gaining wider recognition in the early eighties, when he signed with Rounder Records. Since then, his reputation has soared, and he is now on an equal footing with the top blues artists. We recently came across this quote from the late Lightnin' Hopkins: "Johnny can sing the blues as good as anyone in the world. He's got that good lookin' Texas sound." We agree: Copeland, who is part blues shouter, part soul singer, uses his hard-bitten, muscular voice to great effect. But at this engagement, at least, we found his guitar-playing less fearsome. He seemed to be coasting, and his clean, rounded tone sounded a bit innocuous. He and his able band worked through a set of good-natured party blues, but it wasn't until the last song that Copeland put some bite into his solos. When he did, we had nothing to complain about.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JEFF HARNAR**, who is currently performing in the Oak Room, is a young singer with a lot of presence: a big voice, a big smile, and a big, overtly theatrical manner. His shows usually include old favorites and some nice musical surprises. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty, Harnar is offering "The Warner Brothers Show Book." On Fridays and Saturdays at eleven-thirty, his program is titled "Gershwin's Hollywood." Dining.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—It's everything a cabaret should be: sleek, elegant, intimate, and slighty decadent. It also offers something that other cabarets do not: tapas, which come from the Spanish restaurant adjoining the club. One has never known how seriously to take the wonderfully campy, over-the-top **PHOEBE LÉGÈRE**, and she seems to like it that way. The singer-pianist will be performing here through Nov. 10, with a new show that involves Marlene Dietrich and, somehow or other, a gorilla suit. Légère is a trained pianist, cellist, and accordionist; she has a four-octave vocal range and has written an opera. She has also appeared in "The Toxic Avenger II" and can play piano with one leg hitched up behind her head. **LAURIE BEECHMAN** starts up on Nov. 12.

BITTER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The free passes to this club could pave most of Greenwich Village—and they often do. The Bitter End was all abuzz in the seventies, when it was a stopping point for the sort of singers whose records you can now order from television: Gordon Lightfoot, Melissa Manchester, Neil Sedaka.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—This blue-on-blue club is the place to find big-league jazz artists; it's an institution and it knows it: how many other clubs sell their own belt buckles? The **YELLOWJACKETS** are appearing Nov. 5-10; **LARRY CARLTON** gets under way on Nov. 12. Music from nine. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Next door, there's a bustling, garishly lit market. Within the narrow walls of this venerable piano-and-bass preserve, however, everything is easy on the eyes and ears. The trio of bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, pianist **MULGREW MILLER**, and drummer **YORON ISRAEL** play here Nov. 9. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and **BOBBY SHORT**. Sets at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶Across the hall, in Bemelmans' Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. This is Carroll's fourteenth season at the Carlyle, and earlier this month she released a live album that she recorded here and that includes standards by Kern, Arlen, Bernstein, and Gershwin, as well as one original called "Barbara's Carol."

CAT CLUB, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—Every Sunday night, this club, usually dominated by heavy-metal fans, is ceded to a gang of Lindy Hop enthusiasts called the New York Swing Dance Society. An older couple glides across the floor, lost in a nostalgic reverie; an eager young man, his tie loosened, his face perspiring, throws his date around like a crazed cossack. The **LYNN OLIVER** orchestra is in evidence on Nov. 10. Music from eight to midnight.

CHICAGO B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., near 14th St. (255-7373)—A new club devoted to just what the name suggests. Phil Guy and the Chicago Machine perform through Nov. 5. The Jimmy Dawkins blues band will be here on Nov. 6-7, Fenton Robinson Nov. 8-9, and the Aron Burton blues band Nov. 10-12. Music begins after nine.

CONDON'S, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—In the shadow of the Zeckendorf Towers sits this stucco-walled grotto, whose intimate scale makes it a fine spot for jazz. **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** is here through Nov. 10; the **ANDREW CYRILLE** quintet starts work on Nov. 12. Shows Tuesdays through Sundays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one.

CONTINENTAL DIVIDE, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Young, loud, and rude. N.Y.U. students like it here, as do punks, weekend punks, and anyone with a taste for rough-and-tumble garage-rock music. There's not a lot to look at—except the band and your fellow-patrons. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at ten, Fridays at midnight, and Saturdays at eleven.

DAN LYNCH, 221 Second Ave., at 14th St. (677-0911)—As uninviting a hole-in-the-wall as you're likely to find, this blues bar is dingy, depressingly lit, and located on a block out of a Gus Van Sant movie. In the world of blues, however, this spells authenticity, and the bands here are often worth the trouble. Music from ten nightly.

DELTA 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—Feels like home—not your home, but somebody's. The restaurant-and-bar is a giant junk shop of a place, where the walls are filled with redneck iconography, where the waiters and waitresses scurry around with such things as chicken-fried steak, and where some jumpy young band or other is always stomping around onstage.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through the iffy-looking side door, down the famous fun-house tunnel that's lined with mirrors and corrugated tin, and down a short flight of stairs, you'll find this softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz preserve. **MC COY TYNER'S**

© 1991 Estée Lauder, Inc.

ESTĒE LAUDER
Advanced Night Repair
Protective Recovery Complex

Now
Advanced Night Repair
the most revolutionary complex we've ever created. And we can prove it.

Use it Daily.

And help prevent environmental damage: ultraviolet rays and free radicals that can cause as much as 80% of premature aging.

Use it Nightly.

While you sleep, it will replenish your skin's natural protectants, soothe daily irritation. It's so unique it's patented into the 21st century.

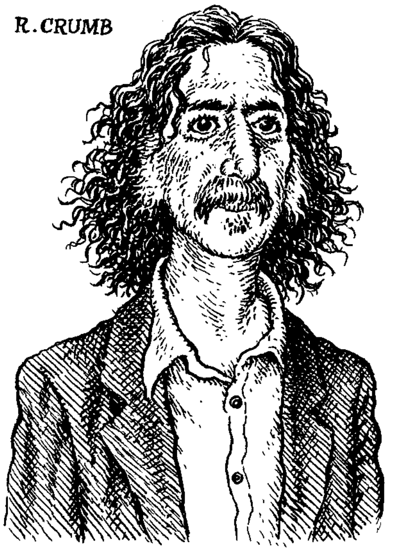
The proof is in the testing. After ten weeks, you could see a 40% reduction in the appearance of little lines; 84% increase in moisturization. Advanced Night Repair has been shown to be three times more effective than original Night Repair in helping skin recover from the effects of daily environmental exposure.

ESTĒE LAUDER

NIGHT LIFE-Cont'd

trio—RON CARTER on bass, AL FOSTER on drums—will be doing their hard-boppin', hard-swinging thing Nov. 5-10, and the willowy Brazilian vocalist ASTRUD GILBERTO kicks off on Nov. 12. Ms. Gilberto, who rose to fame with her 1963 rendition of "Girl from Ipanema," has a cool, vibratoless voice and a graceful, reflective stage manner. The low-key sambas and bossa-novas that she and her band cook up may remind you of Bacharachesque soundtracks from sixties movies; in fact, you may find yourself recalling montages of mod young lovers running in the rain, driving in Beetles, rolling in the grass. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor LES PAUL, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. The musicians set up in the dining room, a clubby-looking space with leather banquettes and well-preserved collectibles: Sunday *Herald Tribune* covers, First World War posters, Hirschfeld cartoons. Up front, at the bar, you can keep your eye on the musicians, the conversationalists, and sidewalk life. The schedule: pianist BILL MAYS Nov. 6-9 (with bassist JOHN GOLDSBY Nov. 8-9); pianist JUDY CARMICHAEL and sax player MIKE HASHIM beginning Nov. 13. Music from about nine-thirty.



Frank Zappa at the Ritz

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—Spiffed-up theatre patrons walk by this club's façade—a Silver Eagle bus, with tires you can kick—and scratch their heads. Inside, big bearded guys with cowboy hats rub elbows at the bar while newcomers study the Texas memorabilia and, upstairs, the display of vintage Gibson guitars. The dining room, where bands hold sway, features a Wright Brothers-era airplane suspended from the ceiling, a dance floor where you can kick up some dust, and a balcony for quiet types. Singer-songwriter JONATHAN RICHMAN is here Nov. 8-9. With the Modern Lovers in the late seventies, Richman produced some of pop's most defiantly whimsical songs—not to mention the oft-covered deadpan rocker "Roadrunner." Since then, his output has had its ups and downs. If he sometimes verges on preciousness, he's also one of the genre's masters of throwaway irony, and he can build a song on the most unlikely conceits: fraying bluejeans, Picasso's pickup techniques. Music after nine-thirty. Dining.

Marquee, 547 W. 21st St. (929-3257)—A rock club, just off the West Side Highway, that is one of the city's main venues for college-radio fare. VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE, who'll be here on Nov. 9, are a funny pure-pop outfit who mix close harmonies, B-52's-style loopiness, and Blondie-esque attitude with some pretty tacky outfits. Their newly released second album, a nutty cosmic thing called "Honey Lingers," includes a cover of the old Partridge Family classic "I Think I Love You." Give the band a listen: to borrow a lyric, you'll be shaking in your go-go boots.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A good sound system, cheap drinks, and a regular-guy atmosphere make this restaurant-bar, home of the Hoboken Sound and of the phrase "jangly guitars," a popular hangout for musicians and their followers. SLEEPY LA BEEF, of whom it has been said "He makes Johnny Cash look like a choirboy," will be here on Oct. 8. LaBeef, a rockabilly cult figure who has been performing since the fifties, is six feet six, weighs nearly three hundred pounds, and never goes anywhere without his black ten-gallon hat; his deep voice hits you like a sonic boom, and he tosses off sharp salvos from a guitar that in his hands looks like a matchstick. CHRIS STAMEY and PETER HOLSAPPLE, who'll be here on Oct. 9, have been favorite sons in the neighborhood of Maxwell's since they formed the dB's in 1978, and by now they probably merit their own wing at the Clam Broth House. Earlier this year, they released a record, called "Mavericks," which is their first collaboration in a good many years. The new material, which spills over with acoustic-guitar strumming and vocal harmonies, is the same variety of thoughtful, inventive pop-folk-rock that they produced over a decade ago.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—There's more to Michael's Pub than Woody Allen, whose occasional Monday-night Dixieland binges have given the place a little star cachet. Non-filmmakers can usually be found onstage here the rest of the week, in a main dining room that strives for the appearance of a British pub but looks more like a good old American family restaurant. Still, there's a real nice red telephone booth when you walk in the door. On Nov. 5, the ROY GERSON SWINGTET, an eight-piece group, kicks off a four-week engagement dedicated to the music of Louis Jordan. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret where a club soda costs, well, a *lot*. There are plenty of niceties if you're so inclined: an ear-popping express elevator in which you can mingle with the famous; tables scattered with plastic diamonds and sapphires; and rest-room attendants who hover near the sink asking "Is the water too warm?" Just now, the club is home to "The Rodgers and Hart Revue," which features some very worthy talent, including ELAINE STRITCH and MARGARET WHITING. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—It may look like a plain old steakhouse, and the photos on the walls may look like Sardi's leftovers, but in the back room you'll find swing bands, Dixieland combos, and couples sprung from the legacy of Fred and Ginger. VINCE GIORDANO AND THE NIGHTHAWKS serve up thirties and forties swing on Tuesdays and Fridays. Show times vary.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—FRANK ZAPPA'S fiftieth birthday will be observed here Nov. 7-10, at eight each night, with disparate entertainments grouped under the heading "Zappa's Universe," as in "Welcome to Zappa's Universe" or perhaps "It's Zappa's Universe—we only live in it." Among those likely to appear (besides the birthday boy, as the evenings' host) are the a-cappella outfits the PERSUASIONS and ROCKAPELLA, the extraordinary rock guitarist STEVE VAI, DALE BOZIO, and pianist LORIN HOLLANDER. Guitarist AL DI MEOLA comes in on Nov. 12. And on Nov. 13 SQUEEZE, who have been playing impeccable, beautifully constructed pop tunes for years, show up for a rare club performance. Their new album, "Play," is one of their best, yet they still haven't achieved anything beyond a large cult following. It's odd. Their shows, filled with sinister, mid-tempo songs that rank right up there with Costello's, are loose, expressive affairs. Shows usually begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming alone or in packs along the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. The weeks beginning Nov. 5 and Nov. 12 belong to flugelhornist ART FARMER'S quintet. The electrified big band of trumpeter MILES EVANS is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This windowless, wedge-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. The décor is homey and a little faded, like an attic full of memorabilia. The BENNY GREEN trio plays here from Nov. 5-10, and on Nov. 12 SUN RA takes up residence with his All-Star Inventions, featuring John Gilmore. Mondays are reserved for the VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA. Music after nine-thirty.

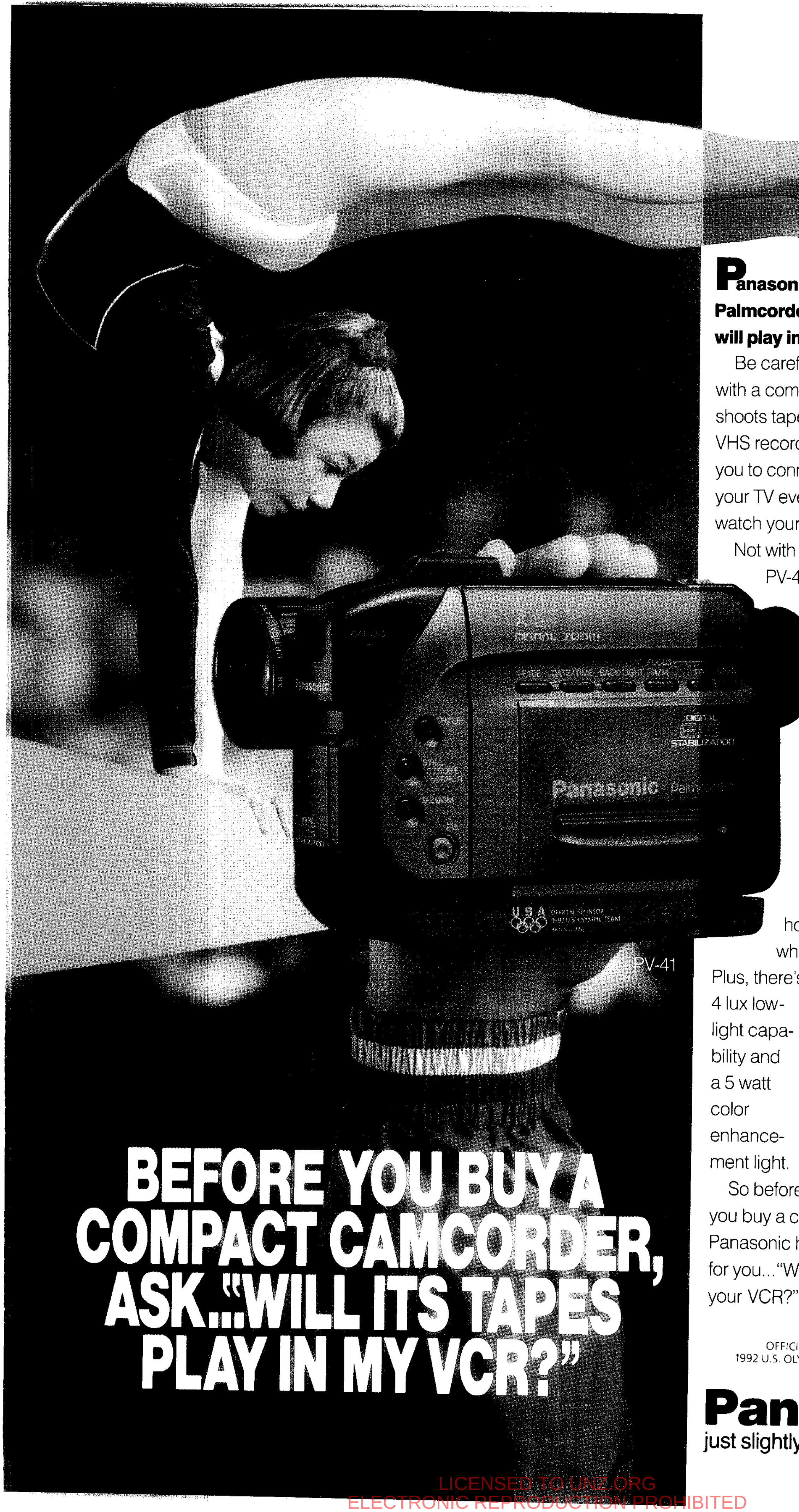
Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—This groovy, right-minded, poly-correct night club and community-service center will host a two-evening benefit for Planned Parenthood. The bookings for the event are eclectic, but they're topnotch across the board. On Nov. 6, PETER HOLSAPPLE, MATTHEW SWEET, and JOAN OSBORNE will be among those sharing the stage. Nov. 13 will include performances by JOHN ZORN and ARTO LINDSAY, SYD STRAW and MARC RIBOT, and BETTY. The club's last Planned Parenthood benefit was a hoot. Apart from the bowls of condoms that were passed around, the evening seemed intended to entertain the troops rather than to preach to the converted. Music both evenings at eight.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

A KLIEG-WHITE circle pointed at the Manhattan sky without a Batman logo is a sure sign that an event has an L.A. sensibility. Two lights were raising the high beams on October 22. For starters, Planet Hollywood opened at 140 West 57th Street. True to the spirit of movie producer/P.H. investor Keith Barish's promise that Planet would be a place where any of us could enjoy a hamburger in the dining room at the same time that Dustin Hoffman was watching a screening in the downstairs lounge, stars were hermetically sealed off while everyone else was diverted with the booze and grub. "Can't I see Bruce for a second?" begged a blousoned girl to a bouncer the size of an upended Camry. "I bet my girlfriend that he does too still have hair." "Hey, Bruce, my man!" one Raiders-capped excludee cried as Willis, with his own hair, strode by. "Hey, Arnie, my man!" the onlooker went on. "Hey, Sly guy, my man!" But no one came to do his bidding. Finally a phalanxed Eddie Murphy approached. The fan got as far as "Hey, Eddie . . ." before one of Murphy's attendants shot him a glance to remind him just whose man Eddie was.

Ann-Margret, on the other hand, belonged to New York. No matter that her Radio City show could have been the rage in 1974; this was Annie's first foray onto our island, and at her after-performance party at Gators everyone tuxed and big-haired accordingly. "I had to be there when she came to town," said a woman in phone-book yellow. "I flew in from Miami just for this." "How did you get away?" asked her acquaintance. "I told Orestes I had to have an abortion." "But you used that when you came up here July 4th." "I know. But, you know, Orestes is deaf in one ear—he never hears anything I say." When her girlfriend reminded her that they had to get back up to Planet Hollywood in time to see Kim Basinger, this ultimate Annie fan made it clear that she had not travelled north on a split mission. "The one with the lips?" she asked. "I wouldn't know her if I fell over her."

That's why they have klieg lights.



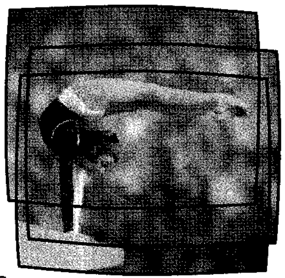
BEFORE YOU BUY A COMPACT CAMCORDER, ASK..."WILL ITS TAPES PLAY IN MY VCR?"

Panasonic introduces the Palmcorder.™ It's VHS! So its tapes will play in your VHS recorder.

Be careful, or you could end up with a compact camcorder that shoots tapes that can't play in your VHS recorder. Instead they force you to connect your camcorder to your TV every time you want to watch your tapes.

Not with the new Panasonic PV-41 Palmcorder camcorder. It's VHS. There are no loose wires or complicated connections. Its tapes simply slip into the included PlayPak which slides into any VHS recorder just like ordinary tape.

This Palmcorder has Digital Electronic Image Stabilization. It can help hold the picture steady when your hand shakes. Plus, there's a 12 to 1 digital zoom, 4 lux low-light capability and a 5 watt color enhancement light.



Without Digital EIS

So before you buy a compact camcorder, Panasonic has a good question for you..."Will its tapes play in your VCR?" ■

USA
OFFICIAL SPONSOR
1992 U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM
36 U.S.C. 380

Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.®

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13			

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY— PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Next Wave Festival—Nov. 5 at 7, Nov. 6-9 at 8, and Nov. 10 at 3: Eiko & Koma in "Land," an evening-length dance work. . . . ¶ Nov. 8-9 at 8 and Nov. 10 at 3: Dennis Russell Davies conducts the Brooklyn Philharmonic. For more information see the listing under "Music" on page 17. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. The festival continues through Dec. 7.)

Moscow Circus–Cirk Valentin—Opening performances of a two-month engagement by this notorious troupe. Bobby Previte composed the score. (Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. For information about show times and tickets, call 586-6510. Through Jan. 5.)

"Sally's Rape: The Whole Story"—A performance piece by Robbie McCauley, performed by Ms. McCauley and Jeannie Hutchins. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Nov. 7-10 at 8:30. Through Nov. 16.)

Blue Man Group—Presenting "Tubes." (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, Saturdays at 7 and 10, and Sundays at 3 and 7; starting Nov. 7.)

"Perfect Courage"—A new work by Rhodessa and Bill T. Jones and Idris Ackamoor. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 650-7100. Nov. 8 at 7:30, Nov. 9 at 8, and Nov. 10 at 2. Through Nov. 17.)

Judith Ren-Lay—In a dance-performance. (P. S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Nov. 7-10 at 8. Through Nov. 17.)

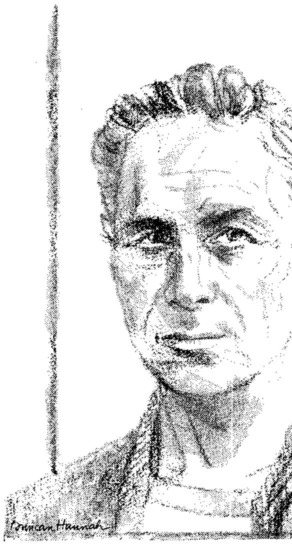
ART

WHILE the Jeff Koons countdown continues, you don't have to hold your breath for that touch of sex in the galleries. Just recently there was Lee Friedlander's magisterial show of nudes, very much without fig leaves and sometimes hairy. (This caused quite a sensation, even though underarm hair on girls was in fashion on campuses in the seventies, where and when some of these pictures were taken.) Then came Alfred Leslie's grisaille paintings from the sixties (Flynn, 113 Crosby Street; through December 21), realist behemoths that include portraits of the artist and his third wife—clothed, as if they were an Adam and Eve already fallen—along with several female nudes lit so glaringly and powerfully that their anatomical details could compete with the target shapes and triangles of color-field abstraction.

Then there are the begats: nineteen-eighties boychiks and prodigals like David Salle, with his mock-Surrealist exercises; Francesco Clemente and his "Kamasutra" *comme chez soi* (Gagosian, 980 Madison Avenue, at 76th Street; through November 16); and Ashley Bickerton, whose high-tech survivalist displays, as regimented as any work by Donald Judd, are equipped, for example, with "personals" by and for erotic subspecialists (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway; through November 9).

It is interesting that nineties newcomers to this feast seem a more introspective, thoughtful lot—more complex, more hung up. Matthew Barney, naked and trussed, scaled the gallery walls for his effortful first show (Gladstone, 99 Greene Street; through November 23), a broad and very generous endeavor involving sculpture, performance, installation, and video, as well as cross-dressing and evocations of the more notorious acts and images associated with both Acconci and Mapplethorpe.

And what about women? Well, there are two shows that at least flirt with the issue of female obsession, which we now know includes running amok with food or in stores. The first (at Fiction-Nonfiction, 21 Mercer Street; through November 9) is a show of bawdy feminist lampoons, such as Deborah Kass's crudely on-target *faux*-Salle. The second, curated by the bumptious Catherine Liu, is "Plastic Fantastic Lover" (Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene Street; through November 15), a good-humored assortment of velvet-gloved and pussy-footing pieces, the most memorable of them being Sylvie Fleury's still-life of shopping bags from Chanel, Bendel—the works. They just sit there in a corner, shoplifting the show. Women today have more perverted things to think about than sex.



Alfred Leslie

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Seurat." A crisply efficient and compartmentalized exhibition of paintings by the short-lived Neo-Impressionist, on the centenary of his death. We belong, perhaps, to a minority in feeling that the Met's installation style has become relentlessly didactic, formulaic, inert. It's as if there were a curatorial conspiracy against visual surprise, as if viewers couldn't be trusted to discover anything at all about art or artists on their own. It's as if works of art were hung so as to make Acoustiguide scriptwriting an easier task. We far preferred the blowsier, Grand Palais edition of this show. Still, whatever its shortcomings, it shouldn't be missed. Seurat's drawings are among the most sublimely painstaking works on paper ever made. A few conjure Filippo Lippi and Dan Flavin in a single breath. Through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ "Neo-Impressionism: The Friends and Followers of Georges Seurat," best taken as a kind of appetizer before the main course, consists of eighty-eight paintings, drawings, and watercolors by Paul Signac, Camille Pissarro, Henri Matisse, and many others. Through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ A selection of a hundred and fifty American watercolors from the museum's collection. Through Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Sixteenth-century Italy will take up permanent residence in a new installation of sculptures, furniture, tapestries, and much more that reveals the influence of Leonardo, Raphael, and Michelangelo. . . . ¶ "Resplendence of the Spanish Monarchy." The Spanish monarchy of the sixteenth century attempted, against considerable odds, to dominate Europe through diplomacy, cunning, and conquest, and succeeded in amassing an empire that spread from the Netherlands to Italy. This breathtaking exhibition centers on eleven very large tapestries of beautifully intricate detail, made by the most respected Flemish craftsmen, and on some of the finest armor ever forged, from Augsburg, in present-day Germany. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "Alphabets." If you find yourself somewhere between the Old Master and the nineteenth-century galleries, this small display of prints of the alphabet is an appealing diversion. Included are an inventive Italian "R" constructed from a pack of playing cards, and Jan Theodor De Bry's highly stylized late-sixteenth-century letters, including an "N" adorned with fish and gourds and having a portrait of Noah at its center. Through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ A small show of twenty-nine nineteenth-century European photographs, by such artists as Le Gray, Baldus, and Nadar. Through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ "The Lotus Transcendent" is a display of about two hundred small sculptures from Thailand, Cambodia, Nepal, and Sri Lanka. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"*Dislocations*" is an exhibition of seven commissioned installations, by Louise Bourgeois, Chris Burden, Sophie Calle, David Hammons, Ilya Kabakov, Bruce Nauman, and Adrian Piper. The show is ambitious, confrontational, bracing, and histrionic throughout: the works form a sort of choral *j'accuse*—a collective reproof of racial, sexual, and class stereotypes, as well as of nationalism, governments, bureaucracies, and war. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ "Pleasures and Terrors of Domestic Comfort" explores the contemporary photographer's supposed preoccupation with the life of the home in more than a hundred and fifty works by Nan Goldin, William Eggleston, Cindy Sherman, Tina Barney, and others. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ A compact, quite brilliant installation of masks and helmets—all twentieth-century, most Western—used for sports, medicine, and the exploration of the sea and outer space. Preserving the life of the wearer is the overt function of each of these objects, and ungodly fear is the emotion each seems to express. A must for fashion amateurs and anthropologists alike, this show is a provocative affirmation of our primal nature, and, as such, perhaps the ultimate coda to the museum's controversial "Primitivism" show of some years back. Through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ An exhibition of drawings, photographs, scale models, and a video related to projects by Tadao Ando, one of Japan's leading architects, who designed this show himself. It's a beautiful but rather chilly mix of two well-known modern Japanese specialties: high-tech corporate production values, and exquisitely rendered, dauntingly pristine structures for life, work, and the spirit—all somehow seen in the abstract. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ The annual "New Photography" series presents recent work by Eberhard Grames, Sheron Rupp, and Stephen A. Scheer. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ A small exhibition of videotapes made with inexpensive video equipment by such artists as William Wegman, Linda Montano, George Kuchar, and Sadie Benning. Through Nov. 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until early 1992.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Unlike most other artists who

Grand Marnier
Liqueur
750 ml (25.4 Fl.oz) · 80° Proof

A GRAND REIGN.

To send a gift of Grand Marnier® Liqueur (except where prohibited by law) call 1-800-243-3787.
Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy 40% alc/vol (80 proof). ©1989 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, N.J.

have died of AIDS, Scott Burton (1939-89), it seems, had enough time to make mature work. This show of the last works he designed, which were fabricated after his death, indicates that this master of functional sculpture was headed in an unanticipated direction. In the post-minimal seventies, Burton cleverly implied a human presence in his exquisite, modernistic sculptures in the form of chairs and tables. These last furniture sculptures are literally figurative: a pair of cherry "Guardian Cabinets" with mirrorlike bronze heads, a Chac-Moolesque granite "Bench Goddess," and a stainless-steel "Slave Table" in the form of a crawling man. The sphinxian arrangement of the sculptures here recalls the artist's performance works, and is rich with both childlike fantasy and sadistic suggestion. Through Dec. 8. . . . ¶ "American Life in American Art." Second floor through Nov. 10; third floor through Jan. 5. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Sigmar Polke." This mid-career retrospective, despite some big problems—the absence of films, for one—comes as a pleasant surprise. It begins in the mid-sixties, with essentially good-natured parodies of minimal and Conceptual art, which are nevertheless underscored by a certain resignation to their hegemony. There is a bewildering and unexplained ten-year gap, right in the middle of the artist's career (essentially spanning the seventies)—no small hole in a show that covers less than three decades. When the exhibition does resume, with early-eighties work, the trickster in Polke returns with a vengeance, teasing with one hand while stroking with the other. From this period come the finest paintings of Polke's career, including the symphonic "Paganini" and the haunting "The Camp." Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "Objects of Myth and Memory." A fascinating exhibition of two hundred and fifty of the nine thousand Native American objects that the museum owns, which have not been on view since the thirties. Some of them are exquisite: a group of extraordinary Mimbres stone figures; a charming Zuni fetish in the form of a bear; a number of haunting kachina dolls. What are most engaging are not the treasures, of which there are a number, but the objects of daily life: games, clothes, pots, baskets, belt buckles, rattles, and hats. Through Dec. 29. . . . ¶ A companion show of contemporary Native American works, including ceramics, elk-horn carvings, and Pomo baskets. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ A thirty-foot-long platform of forged-iron sculptures is the fifteenth installment in Alain Kirili's "Commandment" series. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "Quattrocento," a small exhibition of a few dozen early-Renaissance panel paintings from Italy. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Chiefly Feasts: The Enduring Kwakiutl Potlatch" presents elaborately decorated dishes and bowls, masks, and other objects used in the British Columbian tribe's lavish rituals of hospitality and wealth. . . . ¶ In a "living exhibit," four Tibetan monks will demonstrate over the course of five weeks their ancient craft of doll-making. This involves clay modelling, painting, appliqué, and tailoring; about twenty elaborate dolls will be made. Through Nov. 8. . . . ¶ A show of photographs by Heinrich Harrer, taken in Tibet during the last few years before the Chinese invasion, in 1951. Through Nov. 8. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"Frank Lloyd Wright: Preserving an Architectural Heritage" is a show of more than seventy pieces of furniture, art-glass windows, lights, and other decorative objects spanning sixty years of the artist's career. Through Jan. 19. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The library has reopened with greatly improved interior spaces. The Morgan House (at 37th and Madison) has been purchased and a glass-enclosed garden court constructed to connect the two buildings. The permanent collection is now given three new gallery spaces and is shown off in "Masterpieces of the Morgan Library." Through Jan. 5. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Hallowed Haunts," a show of seventy-three drawings and watercolors by Charles Addams (1912-88), most of which first appeared in these pages. Through Jan. 12. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Merlin, Mordred, Gawain, and Galahad leap off the pages and prints of "King Arthur: Looking at the Legend." Through Feb. 22. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.). . . ¶ A hundred and fifty German Expressionist prints and books—mostly from the period 1910-1930—by Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Käthe Kollwitz, Wassily Kandinsky, George Grosz, and others. Through Jan. 4. (Third Floor Gallery. Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 7:30; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadow Park—"Closet No. 9," by Kenny Scharf, is one of the artist's surreal Day-Glo environments, incorporating paintings, customized appliances, and industrial materials. Through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Fifty photographs, by Reginald Marsh, that depict New York's subways and Coney Island, and that were used by the artist as studies for his better-known paintings and drawings. Through Nov. 10. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

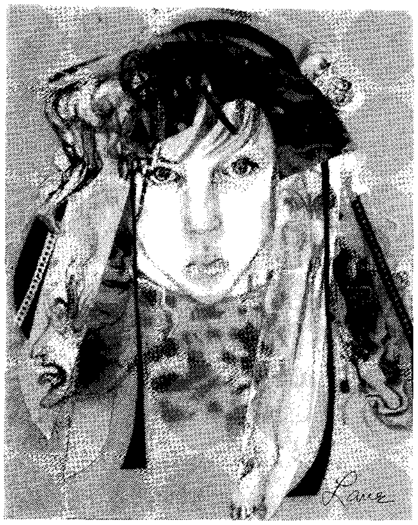
Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Sixty-three narrative canvases painted by Jacob Lawrence between 1938 and 1940. Through Nov. 10. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Richmond Burton—New work by this up-and-coming artist, known for his austerely subtle and beautifully textured abstractions, was eagerly anticipated: the buzz was on. It was therefore heartening to find paintings that looked young, between styles, and not really so tasteful after all. With these works, Burton flirts with illusionism and a carnival mood. Most suggest a theatrical setting, with a clunky, rectangular shape resembling a catafalque at center stage. Their makeup-like colors are mostly in the black-brown-red-pink range, and the strokes look plumpish and wet. Through Nov. 30. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Short List—**JACK BUSH** and **ALFRED MAURER**, Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (open Mondays, through Nov. 9); **RACKSTRAW DOWNES**, Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (open Mondays, through Nov. 16); **CLEVE GRAY**, Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (open Mondays, through Nov. 9); **NANCY GROSSMAN**, Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (through Nov. 9); **JÖRG IMMENDORFF**, Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (through Dec. 21); **MARINO MARINI**, Kent, 47 E. 63rd St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through Dec. 20); **BOB THOMPSON**, Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St. (through Dec. 14).



Self-portrait by Lois Lane

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Louise Bourgeois—Though at MOMA she can currently be heard clanking around her blast furnace, for this show Bourgeois has donned her white gloves. The white and the pink marble pieces with fragments of neoclassical figures—a pair of daintily crossed legs, for example—are, as usual, frozen halfway between rank academicism and a strange sort of campiness. But her hilarious bas-relief of pink breasts, and two Celtic-looking marble-slab monuments with glass suction cups and inner lights—improbable hommages to the old-time medical practice of cupping—are powerful and wonderfully peculiar, the two qualities this *commère* knows best. Through Nov. 16. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Rebecca Purdum / Fielding Dawson—Recent abstractions in this painter's characteristically blurry style. Purdum's lovely swamp-mush effects, however, now seem to be a breeding ground for more distinct illusions. Nocturnal cityscapes, for instance, seem to be gathering form in a couple of these fogs. It's as if she took Monet's "Water Lilies" as her point of departure and is now slowly moving backward—toward "The Terrace at Sainte-Adresse"? / A show of rather innocently rambunctious satirical drawings by Fielding Dawson, known as a chronicler of life in the good old days at Black Mountain College. Dawson's motto, evidently borrowed from van Gogh, is "Exaggerate the essential. . . leave the obvious vague," and the subjects of his caricatures include famous cartoon characters, a number of the usual political suspects, and one Mr. Probst, a faculty meanie from the artist's high-school days. Through Nov. 16. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Short List—**ALEXANDER ARCHIPENKO**, Adler, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 2); **VANESSA BELL** and **DUNCAN GRANT**, Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (through Nov. 16); **FREDERICK BROSEN**, Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Nov. 23); **ANTHONY CARO** and **HANS HOFMANN**, Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through Nov. 16); **TONY CRAGG**, Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Nov. 30); **NICOLA DE MARIA**, Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 30); **SEYMOUR LIPTON**, Babcock, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Dec. 22); **CONRAD MARCARELLI**, Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through Nov. 9); **RICHARD POUSETTE-DART**, ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 7); **HARVEY QUAYTMAN**, McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Nov. 20); **LUCAS SAMARAS**, Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (through Nov. 30); **ABBY SHAHN**, Midtown-Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Nov. 30); **HOUGHTON CRANFORD SMITH** and **MAX BECKMANN**, Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Nov. 27); **DANIEL SPOERRI**, Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 31); **PAVEL TCHELITCHEW**, Rosenfeld, 50 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 14); **JAMES VALERIO** (through Nov. 20) and **LUIS CRUZ AZACETA** (through Dec. 31), Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Ida Applebroog—Relevance has been the constant, cursed, and often elusive quarry of postmodernist artists, who work willy-nilly in a climate of instant obsolescence. But Applebroog, who has never been smothered with adulation, is one of those fortunate painters whose work gets richer and more profound as they become older and wiser. Applebroog's paintings—some multi-panelled, some fragmented and freestanding—take on issues of sacrifice, sexual harassment, aging, health care, and nature, and they're pervaded by an unshakable feeling of injury. They are always colored by a sense of withdrawal and isolation, even when her characters are in the care of others. Through Dec. 14. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

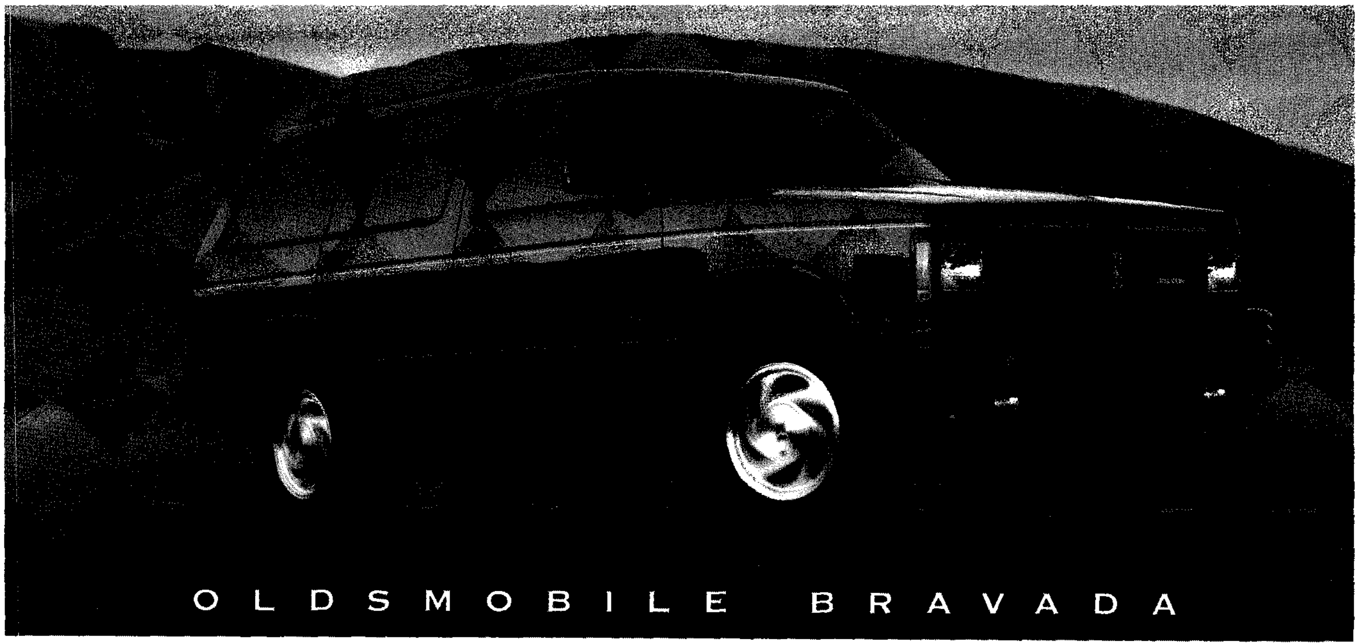
Judith Barry—A rather cold video installation by a very intelligent artist who perhaps expresses herself better in words than in images. The work, titled "Imagination Dead Imagine" (after the Beckett prose piece), is about a loathing for food and bodily wastes and consists of a large cube with video images projected on its four vertical sides. The images are mostly of viscous fluids, such as one resembling a cross between blood and Dippity-Do dripping down a woman's face. Through Nov. 9. (Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St.)

Robbie Conal—This artist, who is perhaps best known for his street posters and billboards,

BRIDGE MAY BE ICY
PAVEMENT ENDS
STOP

THE OLDSMOBILE BRAVADA IS SO INTELLIGENT, IT CAN READ.

Where other vehicles meet the road, Bravada™ communicates with it. **It's SmartTrak.™** An Oldsmobile sport utility exclusive. All-wheel drive sends power where traction is best. Anti-lock brakes apply pressure when it's needed the most. It's two forces working together. Continuously. Intelligently. It's the evolution of four-wheel drive. **It's power.** It's the availability of a new high-performance Vortec V6. 200 horsepower strong. It's the power to tow up to 4,500 pounds.* **It's luxury.** The kind you'd find in a luxury car. It's the Oldsmobile Edge.℠ The most comprehensive owner satisfaction program in the industry. It's Bravada. The vehicle that speaks to your needs while it reads the road. Visit your Oldsmobile® dealer for a test drive or call **1-800-242-OLDS**, Monday–Friday, 8 a.m.–7 p.m. EST.



*With optional towing package. Includes trailer, passengers, cargo and equipment.

Buckle Up, America! ©1991 GM Corp. All rights reserved. GM®

Oldsmobile

THE POWER OF INTELLIGENT ENGINEERING.

is an astute political commentator. The captioned paintings on display here form a survey of his most potent barbs, including a pair of portraits of Tammy Faye and Jim Bakker, captioned "False Profit," and a troika of Reagan, Poindexter, and North, respectively labelled "Hear," "See," and "Speak." About half of the paintings are in shades of gray, which are used to accentuate horrifically craggy and guilt-ridden faces. Though the artist's captions are sharp, his painting technique is mediocre. Through Nov. 16. (Baum, 588 Broadway.)

David Diao—In the seventies, Diao was a respected "formalist" painter; in the eighties, he switched to depicting sometimes clever games of postmodernist commentary about art and history. His current show of new paintings, which address issues of success, is very funny, if a bit lightweight. Included here is a painting of red dots of varying sizes, corresponding to the number of paintings he sold in different years. They reveal the sort of information every artist and dealer fiercely protects, but the information is presented without any qualifications and the piece is much less revealing than it pretends to be. Through Nov. 16. (Postmasters, 80 Greene St.)

Martin Kippenberger—The artist, a post-Polke bad boy, has derived the work here from a play on words—in German, *Kippenberg* would mean "mountain of cigarette butts." The centerpiece of this show is a group of perfect postmodern confections: seven cast-resin floor lamps (which look like cut glass), filled with matches, cigarette packs, and the like. Through Nov. 9. (Nolan, 560 Broadway.)

Liz Larner—An intriguingly severe installation work about a nightmarish, grand-scale loss of identity. It consists of a discoish curved-mirror sculpture hanging in the center of a tin-floored room, with the word "unidentified" painted in gargantuan psychedelic letters on the walls. A heavy metal chain looped several times between a pipe in the gallery's hall and a pipe in a far office suggests an S. & M. relationship between art and business in a harshly graphic way. Through Nov. 16. (303 Gallery, 89 Greene St.)

Richard Long—The central work in this show is an exquisite *allée* forty-eight feet long made of broken slabs of reddish-green slate propped against one another. The effect is that of a geological upheaval; the work conjures images of jagged mountains, cracked ice fields, and bone beds. Also included, on a nearby wall, is one of the artist's energetically executed large mud circles, which establishes a curious male-female juxtaposition. The slate piece is linear and suggests a formation caused by millions of years of natural activity. The mud piece is circular and supple and seems to have been precipitated into existence in a moment. Through Nov. 16. (Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St.)

Ann Messner—The best work yet by an interesting New York sculptor. Messner is at her strongest with near-metaphors, such as a small steel object pierced with pencil-size holes and resting on a bed of red wax. The assemblage looks just enough like a stylized heart to suggest one, while its size and weight make it a perfect weapon. Through Nov. 16. (Fawbush, 76 Grand St.)

Ed Moses—A beautiful show of new paintings by one of the elder statesmen of California abstraction. The artist strikes a subtle balance between forceful form and delicate technique with his layered transparent globule shapes. Through Nov. 23. (Louver, 130 Prince St.)

Mark Schlesinger—New abstract paintings. Each of these clarion-clear compositions consists of three dramatic elements: a dappled or feathered monochrome ground, an intersecting shape, and a culminating, seemingly extruded point of constrasting color. These are subtle, highly evolved paintings. They have a disciplined, understated beauty and a cosmic streak, and are quietly and peculiarly funny. Through Nov. 9. (Lipton, 67 Prince St.)

Han Schuil—Geometric abstractions, in oil on aluminum, by a clever young Dutch artist. These mostly big, bold works evoke the designs of De Stijl; they also suggest international highway symbols. They're handsome and stylish, though maybe a bit pat. Through Nov. 16. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Haim Steinbach—In recent years this artist has seemed to be somewhat stalled, caught between producing repetitive variations on a theme and attempting, often inarticulately, to give form to grander ambitions. The desire to expand the scope of his consumerist work has now brought Steinbach to a more secure place, particularly with an installation work consisting of a barn-type wall, painted milky white, whose two doors the viewer may open. Beyond one door is a surprise that's at once ordinary and metaphorically rich, and beyond the other is a separate work. The pieces here that conform to the artist's familiar shelf-with-objects format may appeal more to the collector than to the mere passerby. Through Nov. 16. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

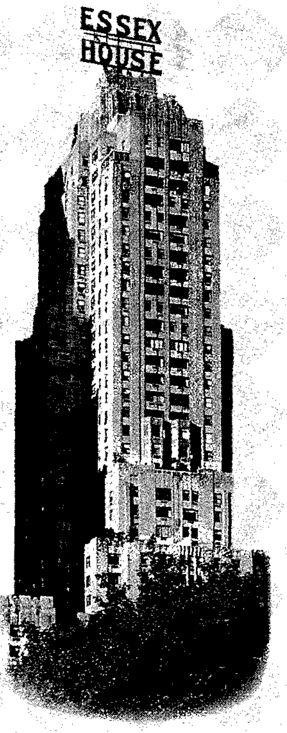
Frank Stella—An exhibition of some of the artist's signature concentric-square paintings made between 1961 and 1974. Though Stella sang many variations on this theme—large canvas, small canvas, thin bands, wide bands—the best ones are the earliest. Through Nov. 16. (RubinSpangle, 395 West Broadway.)

Paul Thek (1933-88)—Paintings on pages torn from newspapers—mostly the *Times* and the International *Herald Tribune*—made between 1971 and 1988. Much of Thek's maverick, wildly visceral body of work involves such dualities as spiritual transcendence and fleshly mortification, ecstatic symbolism and literal putrefaction. He has made reliquaries for rotting slabs of meat, for instance, and during a long sojourn in Europe devised a number of elaborate, evolving environments that were quite a bit farther out—more overtly political, empathic, and countercultural—than related endeavors by near-contemporaries like Ed Kienholz and Joseph Beuys. These plangently pretty café drawings are probably Thek's mildest, most effortlessly expressive stuff. In one picture, God's face is the face of a clock. Through Nov. 13. (Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

"Incognito"—Ranging from Michael Tetherow's resonant paintings made, in part, by "following" the paint to Peter Fend's photo-and-text analysis of an assassination attempt which he contends supports an elaborate conspiracy theory about the refeudalization of Central Europe, this wacky exhibition has gathered a diverse group of artists, all of whom have worked in various ways with questions of authorship. Most of the works have a "parapsychological" component, and there is a particular taste for the crackpot. Included are Barbara Bloom's cheeky, illuminated watermark "drawings" of alleged U.F.O.s; blurry Polaroids made by Ted Serios, supposedly by staring into the lens and thinking them onto the emulsion; and Brian Tucker's installation dedicated to Richard Sharpe Shaver—a science-fiction writer popular in the late forties—who studied the supposed symbols of an ancient race who he was certain manipulated humans from its headquarters inside the earth. Through Nov. 16. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Group Show—An intelligent selection of sculptural works. From Robert Gober's elegiac elongated sink to Katharina Fritsch's dinette table set for some humble worker's de Chiricoesque tea, the works are all about function once removed, and share a deliberate sense of déjà vu. Charles Ray's table of bottomless glass vessels and Rachel Whiteread's plaster cast of a bathtub's negative space both establish haunting inversions. Through Nov. 16. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St.)

Short List—**ford beckman,** Shafrazi, 130 Prince St. (through Nov. 30); **chuck close,** Pace, 142 Greene St. (through Dec. 7); **pat colville,** Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St. (through Nov. 23); **günter förg,** Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway (through Nov. 30); **magdalena jetelová,** Weber, 142 Greene St. (through Nov. 23); **lois lane,** Toll, 146 Greene St. (through Nov. 30); **sol lewitt,** Pretto, 103 Sullivan St. (through Nov. 30); **michael loew,** Pearl, 420 West Broadway (through Nov. 16); **paul marcus,** P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway (through Nov. 23); **tony oursler,** Brown, 23 Watts St. (through Nov. 30); **giulio paolini,** Stein-Gladstone, 99 Wooster St. (through Dec. 21); **barbara rossi,** Kind, 136 Greene St. (through Nov. 16); **richard serra,** Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (through Jan. 11); **jesús rafael soto,** Humphrey, 594 Broadway (through Nov. 9); **paul waldman,** Castelli, 420 West Broadway (through Nov. 16).



ANNOUNCING THE RETURN OF A NEW YORK TREASURE.

AFTER A TWO-YEAR RENOVATION, THE GRAND NEW ESSEX HOUSE HAS REOPENED ON CENTRAL PARK SOUTH. WHETHER YOU RECALL THE HOTEL AT THE HEIGHT OF ITS GLORY OR YOU SIMPLY REMEMBER THE SIGN ON THE SKYLINE, YOU'LL BE HAPPY TO KNOW THAT NIKKO HOTELS INTERNATIONAL HAS NOW RESTORED ONE OF NEW YORK'S GREATEST TREASURES. FOR RESERVATIONS CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR 1-800-NIKKO-US.

ESSEX HOUSE
hotel nikko new york

IT'S EVERYTHING YOU REMEMBER. AND MORE.

160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10019
212-247-0300

Self-portrait by Richard Pousette-Dart

PHOTOGRAPHY

NICK WAPLINGTON, a young English photographer whose work has been championed by Richard Avedon, is having his first exhibition in New York (Burden, 20 East 23rd Street; through November 27). Titled "Living Room," the show bursts with life. All the photographs here are of two families in Nottingham, plus their friends and people from their neighborhoods. Waplington's color images are lively and believable because in making them he became part of these surroundings, seizing the chaos, the fun, the bad times, the movement. There's nothing picturesque about his perspective. If anything, the work is almost hyperactive; while Waplington has avoided formulas of composition, some of these images—of bodies lunging, leaping, falling, and even hanging upside down—seem to have taken on their own anti-formulaic formulas. But there's no sense that this is a photographer who has gone slumming.

In the Aperture book that accompanies Waplington's exhibition, Avedon writes of seeing an example of this work for the first time, when he was teaching a class in London, and saying "Whoever made this photograph has found his eyes." The image that inspired this praise was used for the show's invitation and is also on the book's cover: three small, sweets-eating girls in red-gray-and-white-checked dresses hoovering a lawn and a garden path. The picture is both hilarious and touching—an apt emblem for a group of pictures that capture how much work it is to be part of a family.

SHORT LIST—**TINA BARNEY,** Borden, 560 Broadway (through Nov. 27); **LEE FRIEDLANDER,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through Nov. 23); **ANNIE LEIBOVITZ,** International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; through Dec. 1); **JOEL MEYEROWITZ,** Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through Nov. 23); **IRVING PENN,** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through Nov. 30); **MATTHEW ROLSTON,** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (through Nov. 30); **LAURIE SIMMONS,** Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (through Nov. 16).

MUSIC

MUSICIANS are often best playing the music of their compatriots, the music that is "in their blood," as it used to be expressed, but those who don't come from Germany, Italy, France, Spain, or Russia have to try a little harder to establish this kind of specialty beyond their own borders. The Irish pianist John O'Conor has been doing this with particular diligence with the music of John Field. Field was born in Dublin in 1782, studied with one of the several composers named Giordani who established themselves in the British Isles, and got himself apprenticed to demonstrate new pianos built by the firm of Muzio Clementi, who apparently treated him ill but who took the young man, at the age of twenty, to Paris, where he made his name. He was a celebrated figure in musical capitals (especially those of Russia) for the next three decades. His nocturnes, which clearly anticipate those of Chopin, have stayed in circulation on the fringes of the repertoire. But Mr. O'Conor has looked well beyond these, even to the point of resuscitating and recording no fewer than seven piano concertos by Field. We have not yet heard Mr. O'Conor's interpretations of his compatriot, whose solo music is part of the pianist's Frick Collection program starting at 5:45 P.M. on the twelfth, but we have heard and admired his bracing, pointed Beethoven, whose "Diabelli Variations" takes the major part of the bill.

Another legendary pianist is to be saluted on the seventeenth, which will be declared Paderewski Day in Manhattan in honor of the New York début (a century ago) of one of Poland's greatest musical sons. Observers of Field's playing often praised his poetic, songful lyricism; Paderewski's doesn't have to be read about, since it can still be heard on his many records. It is a marvel. He belonged to the era in which a prominent instrumentalist was expected to compose, and he produced a good deal of music that continues to be worthwhile. His "Minuet in G" was still a common encore piece thirty years ago. There are some exquisite piano miniatures in his catalogue. But there is also an opera with considerable dramatic fire in it, "Manru," which was produced by the Metropolitan Opera at the height of the composer's American solo career. "Manru" ought to be revived. In the meantime, Voytek Matushevski will play his own fantásia on its themes, along with music of Chopin (the same set that Paderewski programmed for his début), Anton Rubinstein, Paderewski's teacher Theodor Leschetizky, and Paderewski himself, on the seventeenth at Carnegie Hall.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 875-5050; for Avery Fisher Hall 875-5030; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 415-5440.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—**AIDA,** with Aprile Millo, Dolora Zajick, Lando Bartolini, and Timothy Noble; conducted by Rico Saccani. (Nov. 4, Nov. 8, and Nov. 12, all at 8.) . . . **DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE,** with Hei-Kyung Hong, Sharon Christman, Jerry Hadley, Håkan Hagegård, and Hans Sotin; Julius Rudel. (Nov. 5 at 8.) . . . With Hei-Kyung Hong, Ruth Welting, Jerry Hadley, Håkan Hagegård, and Hans Sotin; Julius Rudel. (Nov. 9 at 1:30.) . . . **L'ELISIR D'AMORE,** in a new production, with Kathleen Battle, Luciano Pavarotti, Juan Pons, and Enzo Dara; Marcello Panni. (Nov. 6, Nov. 9, and Nov. 13, all at 8.) . . . **COSÌ FAN TUTTE,** with Carol Vaness, Delores Ziegler, Dawn Upshaw, Frank Lopardo, Lucio Gallo, and Renato Capecchi; Leopold Hager. (Nov. 7 and Nov. 11 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—**BRIGADOON,** Lerner and Loewe's tale of romance in the Scottish village that resurfaces once every century. With Michele McBride, Joyce Castle, John Leslie Wolfe, Tony Roberts, and David Eisler; Paul Gemignani. (Nov. 7 and Nov. 13 at 8, and Nov. 9-10 at 2.) . . . With Elizabeth Walsh, Louisa Flaningam, George Dvorsky, Tony Roberts, and Robert Tater; Paul Gemignani. (Nov. 8-9 and Nov. 12, all at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Nov. 17, when the company's season ends.)

LEE HOIBY OPERAS—See under "Bon Appétit!" in Theatre listings.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 5 at 7:30: Claus Peter Flor conducts Mozart's Symphony No. 34, Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 5 (the "Reformation"), and Siegfried Matthus's "Der Wald," a concerto for timpani and orchestra (featuring the Philharmonic's principal timpanist, Roland Kohloff). . . . ¶ Nov. 7-9 at 8, and Nov. 12 at 7:30: Robert Shaw directs Barber's "Prayers of Kierkegaard" and Mozart's C-Minor Mass (K. 427), with soprano Sylvia McNair, mezzo-soprano Susan Graham, tenor Karl Dent, bass Roger Roloff, and the Westminster Symphonic Choir.

DETROIT SYMPHONY—Neeme Järvi conducts Ives' First Symphony, Arvo Pärt's "Cantus in Memoriam Benjamin Britten," and Sibelius' Violin Concerto (with Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg). (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 4 at 8.)

PRAGUE SYMPHONY—Petr Altrichter conducts the orchestra in Haydn's Symphony No. 96 (the "Miracle") and Dvořák's Symphony No. 6; and Justus Frantz is featured in Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 1. (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 6 at 8.)

NEW JERSEY SYMPHONY—Hugh Wolff conducts Copland's Third Symphony and John Harbison's "Remembering Gatsby: Foxtrot for Orchestra"; and violinist Cho-Liang Lin is featured in Ravel's "Tzigane" and the première of George Walker's "Poème." (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 7 at 8.)

NEW YORK POPS—Skitch Henderson conducts music by Irving Berlin and Leonard Bernstein. (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 8 at 8.)

PAILLARD CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—How many members of today's audiences developed a taste for Baroque and Classical music thanks to the seemingly endless stream of recordings issued beginning in the nineteen-fifties by this ensemble, under its founder and (still) conductor, Jean-François Paillard? They're still going strong, and come to town with an all-Mozart program: an early divertimento, the Symphony No. 29, and both Flute Concertos (featuring Michel Debost). (Metropolitan Museum. Nov. 8 at 8.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC—Dennis Russell Davies conducts works that underscore cross-cultural currents in twentieth-century music: Heitor Villa-Lobos' "Choros No. 8"; Peggy Glanville-Hicks' "Etruscan Concerto" (featuring pianist Keith Jarrett); the New York première of Mr. Jarrett's own "Bridge of Light" (featuring violist Patricia McCarty); and the première of Terry Riley's "June Buddhas." Part of BAM's Next Wave Festival. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Nov. 8-9 at 8 and Nov. 10 at 3.)

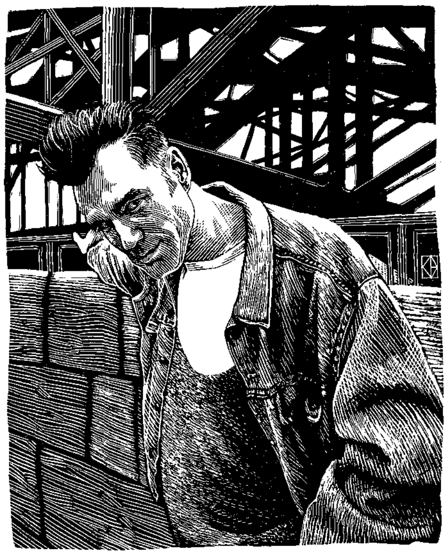
ORPHEUS—The conductorless chamber orchestra performs Haydn's Symphony No. 85 ("La Reine"), the third suite of Respighi's "Ancient Airs and Dances," Britten's "Sinfonietta," and (with soloist Maria Tipo) Mozart's Piano Concerto in E-Flat (K. 271). (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 9 at 8.)

MUSIC—Cont'd

Gregg Smith Singers—Mr. Smith directs his ensemble in a wide-ranging program of sacred and secular works. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Nov. 9 at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

New York Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducts the première of Aaron Jay Kernis's "Symphony in Waves" (a five-movement work whose reputation for monstrous difficulty precedes it) as well as Webern's arrangement of Five German Dances by Schubert and Beethoven's Fifth Piano Concerto (the "Emperor"), featuring Shura Cherkassky. (92nd Street Y. Nov. 9 at 8 and Nov. 10 at 3.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directs the chorus, orchestra, and soloists in Mozart's "Litany in B Flat" (K. 125) and Haydn's "Mass in the Time of War." (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Nov. 10 at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)



Morrissey

Richard Tucker Music Foundation Concert—This annual vocal all-star event goes all-American this year, in performers as well as repertoire. The evening features American songs, arias, and musical-theatre pieces (by Barber, Bernstein, Blitzstein, Bolcom, Copland, Foster, Gershwin, Griffes, Ives, Joplin, Menotti, Moore, and Weill, among others) sung by Kathleen Battle, Renée Fleming, Jerry Hadley, Marilyn Horne, Sherrill Milnes, Robert Merrill, Maureen O'Flynn, Samuel Ramey, Tatiana Troyanos, Carol Vaness, Frederica von Stade, Dolora Zajick, and others (many of whom have benefitted from foundation grants). Leontyne Price will preside over the event (as well as sing), and James Conlon will conduct the Collegiate Chorale and members of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. A benefit concert. (Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 10 at 6.)

"Mozart Masses in Concert"—The McGill University Sinfonietta and Chamber Singers, directed by Timothy Vernon, perform Mozart's Missa Brevis (K. 49) and "Litaniae Lauretanae" (K. 195). The concert is rounded out by a symphony, a motet, and a church sonata. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 10 at 8.)

Ascension Music Chorus and Orchestra—Dennis Keene directs Mozart's "Litaniae Lauretanae" (K. 195) and Haydn's "Lord Nelson" Mass, with various soloists. (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. 254-8553. Nov. 10 at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Charles Dutoit conducts Rachmaninoff's "The Rock," Shostakovich's Symphony No. 15, and Brahms' Violin Concerto (featuring Pinchas Zukerman). (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 12 at 8.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Richard Bradshaw conducts Elgar's First Symphony, Bloch's "Schelomo" (featuring cellist Eric Gaenslen), and Siegfried Matthus's "Night Scenes in the Park." (Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 13 at 8.)

RECITALS

Stephen Drury—The pianist performs works by Charles Ives, Elliott Carter, John Cage, and John Zorn. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 5 at 8.)

Yo-Yo Ma and Jeffrey Kahane—The cellist and the pianist perform Beethoven's A-Major Sonata, Op. 69; Prokofiev's Sonata, Op. 119; and transcriptions of works by Gershwin (by Jascha Heifetz) and Bernstein (by Mr. Ma). (92nd Street Y. Nov. 6 at 8.)

Four Nations Ensemble—Tenor Paul Elliott joins fortepianist Andrew Appel to perform a group of Schubert songs (his "Gesänge des Harfners," a set of three poems from Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister"), and Beethoven's cycle, "An die ferne Geliebte." The concert also includes chamber music for strings and piano, by Haydn and Mozart. (Friends' Meeting House, 15 Rutherford Pl., between 2nd and 3rd Aves. Nov. 6 at 8. For information about tickets, call 1-718 622-3695.)

Cosmopolitan Chamber Players—Violinist Eric Grossman, cellist Daniel Gaisford, and pianist Sandra Rivers perform works by Bartók, Barber, Tania León, and Gershwin (excerpts from "Porgy and Bess," as arranged by Jascha Heifetz). (New York Academy of Art, 419 Lafayette St. Nov. 7 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 873-7784.)

Bargemusic—Violinist Nai-Yuan Hu plays works by Paganini and Kreisler; cellist Ronald Thomas and pianist Christopher O'Riley perform Strauss's Sonata, Op. 6; and all join for Ravel's A-Minor Piano Trio. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Nov. 7 at 7:30 and Nov. 10 at 4.)

Maria Tipo—In her first New York recital in more than thirty years, the distinguished Italian pianist performs twelve sonatas by Domenico Scarlatti and the four Ballades of Chopin. (Metropolitan Museum. Nov. 7 at 8.)

Japan Academy of Chamber Music—A quartet from this consortium performs works of Japanese composers (Takehiko Gokita, Michio Mamiya, and Toru Takemitsu) and three Americans (Ives, Joan Tower, and John Corigliano—the last two of whom have been honored with the prestigious Grawemeyer Award). Flutist Robert Stallman assists. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Nov. 7 at 8.)

New York Philomusica Chamber Ensemble—Offering chamber music by Haydn, Brahms, and Hindemith. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 7 at 8.)

Frank Zappa Celebration—Including a performance of Satie's "Socrate" (in an English translation by Virgil Thomson), with tenor Paul Sperry. Nov 7-10 at 8. See under the Ritz in Night Life listings.

Paul Neubauer and David Shifrin—The violist and the clarinettist present a recital of works by Mozart, Max Bruch, Debussy, and Hindemith, assisted by pianist Margo Garrett. (Weill Recital Hall. Nov. 8 at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Performing Schubert's Quartet in B-Flat Major (D. 112) and Beethoven's Quartet in C Major (Op. 59, No. 3—the third "Rasumovsky"). (Metropolitan Museum. Nov. 9 at 7.)

Kronos String Quartet—Performing recent works by Michael Daugherty, H. M. Gorecki, Hannibal Peterson, Terry Riley, and John Zorn; assisted by vocalist Tulivu-Donna Cumberbatch. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 9 at 8.)

Music at the Institute—The Ukrainian cultural center opens its season by presenting chamber works by Mozart, Dvořák, Erwin Schulhoff, and Borys Lyatoshynsky. Performers include the Lysenko String Quartet, violinist Oleh Krysa, violist Paul Neubauer, cellist Suren Bagratuni, and pianists Juliana Osinchuk and Thomas Hrynkiv. (Ukrainian Institute, 2 E. 79th St. 772-2884. Nov. 9 at 8.)

Shostakovich String Quartet—In its New York début, the Russian ensemble presents quartets by Schumann (his third), Borodin (his second), and Shostakovich (his thirteenth). (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Nov. 9 at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Eletheria Kotzia—In her New York début, the Greek guitarist performs premières of works by Stephen Dodgson, Máximo Diego Pujol, and two of her compatriots—Kiriakos Giorginakis and Dimitri Zampas—as well as pieces by Albéniz and Tippett. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 9 at 8.)

Maria João Pires and Augustin Dumay—The pianist and the violinist perform works by Mozart, Brahms, Ravel, and Debussy. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 10 at 3.)

Brooklyn Friends of Chamber Music—Violinist Todd Phillips, violist Ah Ling Neu, and cellist Tonino Lysy present music by Bach, Beethoven, and Bartók. (Kane Street Synagogue, 236 Kane St., between Court and Clinton Sts., Brooklyn. Nov. 10 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

An die Musik—The chamber group presents music by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, as well as a new piece by Jerzy Sapieyevski. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 10 at 4.)

Goliard Ensemble—Performing chamber music by Beethoven (his "Kakadu" Variations, for piano trio), Debussy, Henze, and Joseph Schwantner (his "Sparrows," featuring soprano Carolann Page). (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 10 at 7:30.)

Misha Amory—Violist, performing sonatas by Bach, Hindemith, and Hall Overton, as well as Schumann's "Fantasiestücke" (Op. 73) and Britten's "Lachrymae." Pianist Thomas Sauer assists. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 11 at 8.)

John O'Conor—The Irish pianist performs Beethoven's "Thirty-three Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli," as well as four impromptus by Schubert and three nocturnes by the early-nineteenth-century Irish composer John Field. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Nov. 12 at 5:45.)

Mikhail Yanovitsky—Pianist, in his New York début, performing Bach's "Goldberg Variations," Beethoven's last sonata (the C-Minor, Op. 111), and Scriabin's Fifth Sonata. (It's not as long as it sounds; he's not taking the repeats in the Bach.) Presented by Young Concert Artists. (92nd Street Y. Nov. 12 at 8.)

American Academy in Rome Concerts—Composers who have worked under the Academy's auspices will be on hand to speak about their compositions, following performances by Juilliard students and guest artists. This opening evening features works by Martin Bresnick, Thomas Oboe Lee, and John Thow. (Paul Recital Hall, Juilliard School, 60 Lincoln Center Plaza. Nov. 12 at 8. For information about tickets, call 517-4200.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Red Hot Chili Peppers—This quartet of hyperactive Hollywood pagans has come into its own with "Blood Sugar Sex Magik," an excellent new album of rap-funk-rock that has splashed their tattooed, bare-chested, karate-kicking selves all over MTV and landed them in the Top 20. Three of these concert dates quickly sold out, and the fourth probably will, too. "When people come to our shows it's this big molten tornado of psychedelic energy that they get caught up in," lead singer Anthony Kiedis recently told a writer from *Newsday*. That intense energy may be of the mildly dim-witted, testosterone-saturated kind, but who needs to think while dancing your brains out? (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. Nov. 11-12 and Nov. 15-16 at 8.)

Morrissey—As the co-star of the most important British pop group of the eighties—the Smiths—Steven Patrick Morrissey altered a generation's idea of what a great pop song could mean to your everyday life. The band was as prolific as Elvis Costello, and its songs were everywhere on the British charts in the mid-eighties. By 1988, after a well-publicized divorce from his sterling guitarist, Johnny Marr, Morrissey was on his own, writing songs with new partners and, against all odds, keeping his mischievous, confrontational style sharp. In this reprise date of his first solo tour—he appeared at the Garden earlier this year—Manchester's greatest star brings with him a new, boisterous neo-rockabilly band that ably shakes some of these new tunes up. Morrissey has become his own cover star, but shining through all the posing is a pop-music treasure—a capricious talent. (Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 794-9300. Nov. 11 at 8.)

Albert Thimann and Ensemble—With Andy Statman. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Nov. 6 at 8.)

"Ragtime to Broadway"—Judy Kaye, Renée Manning, Nurit Tilles, and others. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Nov. 7 at 8.)

"Highlights in Jazz"—A salute to Louis Armstrong and Bix Beiderbecke, with Arvell Shaw, Dick Sudhalter, and others. (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 346-1715. Nov. 7 at 8.)

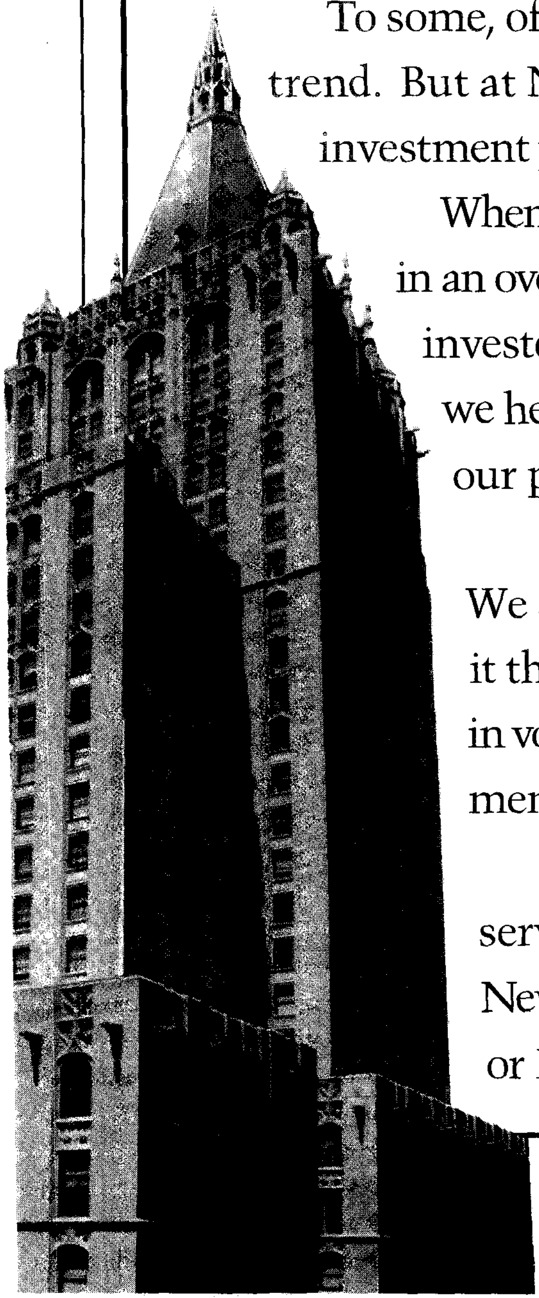
Ahmad Jamal—Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Nov. 8 at 8.

Vernard Johnson—St. Ann's Church, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn. 1-718 858-2424. Nov. 9 at 8.

Jethro Tull—Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Nov. 10-11 at 8. . . . ¶ Nassau Coliseum. Nov. 14 at 7:30.)

Rod Stewart—Nassau Coliseum. Nov. 12-13 at 8.

New York Life is large, conservative, and dull. Reassuring in times like these, isn't it?



Things are a bit shaky these days in the financial world. Investors are getting a lot less adventuresome. And words like "stability" and "security" are coming back into vogue.

To some, of course, this is just the current economic trend. But at New York Life, we've had a conservative investment policy for 146 years.

When the financial community tied its money up in an overheated real estate market, we were modest investors. When others embraced junk bonds, we held back. (In fact, 95 percent of the bonds in our portfolio are investment grade.*)

Does that make us large and conservative? We should say so. And as for dull, we look at it this way: If being exciting means investing in volatile junk bonds, that's the kind of excitement we can all do without.

For information on any of our products and services, call your local New York Life agent or 1-800-695-4331.

NEW YORK LIFE

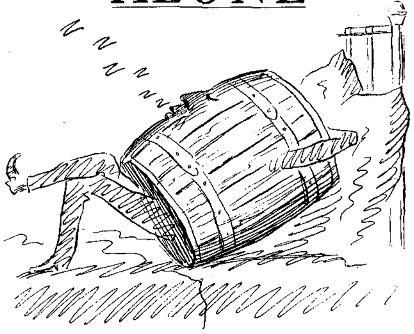
The Company You Keep.®

*As of December 31, 1990; includes New York Life Insurance Company and New York Life Insurance and Annuity Corporation, a Delaware Corporation.

©1991 New York Life Insurance Company, 51 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010. All rights reserved.

New York Life Insurance and Annuity Corporation, 51 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010.

IT SLEEPS ALONE



A FRUGAL AND ANONYMOUS SCOT, LONG YEARS AGO, observed that the oaken casks which had been used for bringing sherry, port, or madeira into the country, might be employed thereafter to *mature malt whisky*.

A PRIME NOTION IT TURNED OUT TO BE. The casks (particularly those that had contained sherry) imparted both a lustrous golden colour and a beguiling hint of redolence to the malt.

SO SUCCESSFUL WAS THE PRACTICE, in fact, that soon all the malt whiskies (among them The Macallan) were matured in this way. But time passed.

SHERRY CASKS ONCE TO BE HAD FOR A FEW PENCE NOW COST SCORES OF POUNDS. And first one and then another *faint-heart* settled for more expedient alternatives, with the result that today The Macallan is the last malt whisky to be *exclusively* so matured. However...

A PROFUSION OF OPTIMUM RATINGS IN SUNDRY 'BLIND' TASTINGS of top malts has convinced us of the wisdom of our solitary course. Putting it another way, you might say *our virtue is your reward.*

THE MACALLAN.
THE SINGLE MALT SCOTCH.

Sole U.S.A. Distributor, Remy Amerique, Inc., NY, NY
Scotch Whisky 86 Proof, 43% Alc./Vol © 1991

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Jets—Vs. the Indianapolis Colts, Nov. 10 at 1.

Rangers—Vs. the Montreal Canadiens, Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Vs. the Toronto Maple Leafs, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Capitals, Nov. 13. (Game time, 7:30.)

Islanders—Vs. the Boston Bruins, Nov. 4 at 7:35.

Devils—Vs. the Montreal Canadiens, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia Flyers, Nov. 12. (Game time, 7:35.)

Knicks—Vs. the Milwaukee Bucks, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Vs. the Orlando Magic, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Vs. the Charlotte Hornets, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Vs. the Nets, Nov. 12. (Game time, 7:30.)

Nets—Vs. the Miami Heat, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Vs. the Detroit Pistons, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Vs. the Utah Jazz, Nov. 13. (Game time, 7:30.)

(The Jets play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, 1-516 538-6600; the Rangers and Knicks at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Devils and Nets at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

Pat Riley, head coach of the Knicks

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Nov. 6 and Nov. *12*, at *12:30. . . . At the Meadowlands*: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. . . . **trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8, and Tuesdays at 1.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Wetlands—The Audubon Society is sponsoring a day-long seminar concerning the marshy regions of New York City, particularly those on Staten Island: why they're in danger and what can be done to save them. The seminar starts at 9 A.M. on Nov. 9 at the Staten Island Museum and includes a field trip to Blue Heron Pond. For reservations, call 1-718 720-0251.

Harlem School of the Arts—On Nov. 10, notable musicians—including Barry Harris, *Dwike Mitchell, Randy Weston, and Valerie* Capers—will be at this uptown venue for a day of concerts to celebrate American music; on the previous day, Nov. 9, a number of big bands will play. (645 St. Nicholas Ave. For a schedule of events, call 926-4100.)

New York Songs—A revue, of sorts, meant to uplift the spirits of downtrodden and cynical New Yorkers. A chorus and soloists will perform city-oriented works by Porter, Sondheim, Al Carmines, and Rodgers and Hart; readings about the city will round out the program. (Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S. Nov. 10 at 11 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Dog Art—Painted, carved, and sculpted purebreds are being exhibited at Sardi's on Nov. 13, starting at about 11 A.M. In the afternoon, after a luncheon (which is open to the public), a panel of judges from the Dog Fanciers Club will select what they consider to be the most winning interpretations of canines. (234 W. 44th St. For information about tickets, call 1-201 837-1253.)

National Postage Stamp Show—A philatelist's heaven. (Madison Square Garden. Nov. 7, from noon to 7; Nov. 8, from 10 to 7; Nov. 9, from 10 to 6; and Nov. 10, from 10 to 4:30. No tickets necessary.)

Garrison Keillor's American Radio Company—With Emmylou Harris. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Nov. 9 at 5:45.)

Poetry Broadsides—Rare editions of poems by John Updike, Robert Lowell, Joyce Carol Oates, Ezra Pound, and others will be on view at Columbia's Rare Book and Manuscript Library (W. 116th St., between Broadway and Amsterdam Ave.) through Nov. 14.

Symposium—A day of talks—by Dan Kiley, John Fitzpatrick, Isabelle Greene, Darrel Morrison, and Richard Haag—about the particular traits of American (as opposed to British) landscape design. (New York Botanical Garden, the Bronx. Nov. 12, from 9 to 4. To register, call 220-8720.)

Talks—Nov. 6 at 6: Gordon Lish talks about writers. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. For information about tickets, call 930-0571.). . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 8: Helen Vendler will give a lecture called "An Audience for Poetry?" (Jerome Greene Hall, Columbia University, Amsterdam Ave. at 116th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 8: Roz Chast, Ed Koren, Lee Lorenz, and Mischa Richter talk about cartoons. Slides will be shown. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. For information about tickets, call 875-4124.). . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 8: Deirdre Bair, Edmund Morris, John Richardson, and Sally Bedell Smith talk about writing biographies of living subjects. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 6: Kurt Masur, conductor of the New York Philharmonic, talks about his work. (Rose Building, 165 W. 65th St., tenth fl. For information about tickets, call 875-5440.). . . ¶Nov. 13 at 6: Herman Badillo talks about city politics. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. For information about tickets, call 930-0571.)

Prose Readings—Nov. 6 at 7: Greil Marcus reads from "Dead Elvis." (Brentano's, Fifth Ave. at 48th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 8: Charles Johnson and Paule Marshall read from their own prose. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.). . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 8: Harold Brodkey reads from his new novel. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799.). . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 8: Martin Amis reads from "Time's Arrow." (Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 8: Garrison Keillor reads from his new book. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. For information about tickets, call 875-4124.). . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 8: Jane Smiley reads from her new novel. (Three Lives & Co., 154 W. 10th St. No tickets necessary.)

Poetry Readings—Nov. 7 at 8: Lou Reed reads from his own poetry. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. For information about tickets, call 875-4124.). . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 8: Susie Mee acts out the poetry of Wordsworth and Blake. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 7: David Lehman, Alfred Corn, John Koethe, Elizabeth Macklin, Robert Polito, and Katha Pollitt read from their own poetry. (New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, 124 E. 58th St. For reservations, call 831-6224.). . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 7: Toi Derricotte and Stephen Dunn read from their own poetry. (French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. 355-6100.). . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 8: New York cabbies read from their own poetry. (Castillo Cultural Center, 500 Greenwich St., suite 201. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Memoranda—Election Day is Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Veterans Day is Nov. 11. The parade starts at 10 from the corner of Fifth Ave. and 39th St. . . . ¶ The store windows on Fifth Ave. will be dressed for the holidays starting Nov. 12.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "The Boy Who Cried Bitch" (directed by Juan Jose Campanella), with Harley Cross and Karen Young.
Theatre 2: "Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Rapture" (Michael Tolkin), with Mimi Rogers.
Theatre 4: "The Commitments" (†).
Theatre 5: "Exposure" (Walter Salles), with Amanda Pays, Peter Coyote, and Tcheky Karyo.
Theatre 6: "Life Is Sweet" (†).

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Nov. 4: Theatre closed.
Nov. 5-7: "Wings of Desire" (1988, Wim Wenders; in German, French, and English), with Bruno Ganz, Solveig Dommartin, and Otto Sander.
Nov. 8-10: "Notebook on Cities and Clothes" (1989, Wenders), a documentary; and "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972, Wenders; in German).
Nov. 11: Theatre closed.
Nov. 12-13: "Paris, Texas" (1984, Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell; and "The State of Things" (1983, Wenders).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Ricochet" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Fisher King" (†).
Theatre 3: "29th Street" (George Gallo), with Danny Aiello, Anthony LaPaglia, and Lainie Kazan.

Loews Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "Frankie & Johnny" (†)
Theatre 2: "Dead Again" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 7: "Rambling Rose" (Martha Coolidge), with Laura Dern, Diane Ladd, Lukas Hass, and Robert Duvall. From Nov. 8: "All I Want for Christmas" (Robert Lieberman), with Harley Jane Kozak, Jamey Sheridan, and Ethan Randall.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 7: "Frankie & Johnny" (†). From Nov. 8: "Strictly Business" (Kevin Hooks), with Tommy Davidson, Joseph C. Phillips, and Halle Berry.
Theatre 5: "Other People's Money" (†).
Theatre 6: "Highlander 2: The Quickening" (Russell Mulcahy), with Christopher Lambert, Virginia Madsen, Michael Ironside, and Sean Connery.
Theatre 7: "House Party 2" (†).

Cinema Village 12th Street, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 6: A program of films by Henry Jaglom.
Nov. 7: "Eating" (Henry Jaglom).
From Nov. 8: "Small Time" (Norman Loftis).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Homicide" (David Mamet), with Joe Mantegna.
Theatre 2: "Billy Bathgate" (Robert Benton), with Dustin Hoffman, Nicole Kidman, Steven Hill, Loren Dean, and Bruce Willis.
Theatre 3: "The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe" (†).
Theatre 4: "Homicide."
Theatre 5: "Antonia and Jane" (Beeban Kidron), with Imelda Staunton and Saskia Reeves.
Theatre 6: "Year of the Gun" (John Frankenheimer), with Andrew McCarthy, Valeria Golino, and Sharon Stone.
Theatre 7: "The Story of Boys and Girls" (Pupi Avati, in Italian).

Cinema Village 3rd Avenue, between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"Festival of Animation 1991."

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Little Man Tate" (†).
Theatre 2: "Ricochet" (†).
Theatre 3: "Curly Sue" (John Hughes), with James Belushi, Kelly Lynch, and Alisan Porter.
Theatre 4: "The Butcher's Wife" (Terry Hughes), with Demi Moore and Jeff Daniels.
Theatre 5: "The Fisher King" (†).
Theatre 6: "Two Evil Eyes" (George Romero and Dario Argento), with Harvey Keitel.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Deceived" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Highlander 2: The Quickening" (Russell Mulcahy), with Christopher Lambert, Virginia Madsen, Michael Ironside, and Sean Connery.

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Shattered" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Tom Berenger, Bob Hoskins, and Greta Scacchi.
Theatre 2: "Billy Bathgate" (Robert Benton), with Dustin Hoffman, Nicole Kidman, Steven Hill, Loren Dean, and Bruce Willis.
Theatre 3: "Year of the Gun" (John Frankenheimer), with Andrew McCarthy, Valeria Golino, and Sharon Stone.
Theatre 4: "Iron Maze" (Hiroaki Yoshida), with Bridget Fonda, Jeff Fahey, J. T. Walsh, and Hiro Murakami.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Other People's Money" (†).
Theatre 2: "Frankie & Johnny" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 7: "The Butcher's Wife" (Terry Hughes), with Demi Moore and Jeff Daniels. From Nov. 8: "Strictly Business" (Kevin Hooks), with Tommy Davidson, Joseph C. Phillips, and Halle Berry.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Nov. 7: "The Hitman" (Aaron Norris), with Chuck Norris, Michael Parks, Alberta Watson, and Al Waxman.
From Nov. 8: "All I Want for Christmas" (Robert Lieberman), with Harley Jane Kozak, Jamey Sheridan, and Ethan Randall.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Ricochet" (†).

Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Year of the Gun" (John Frankenheimer), with Andrew McCarthy, Valeria Golino, and Sharon Stone.
Theatre 2: "Iron Maze" (Hiroaki Yoshida), with Bridget Fonda, Jeff Fahey, J. T. Walsh, and Hiro Murakami.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"29th Street" (George Gallo), with Danny Aiello, Anthony LaPaglia, and Lainie Kazan.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"My Own Private Idaho" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 7: "The People Under the Stairs" (Wes Craven), with Brandon Adams, Everett McGill, Wendy Robie, and A. J. Langer. From Nov. 8: "Strictly Business" (Kevin Hooks), with Tommy Davidson, Joseph C. Phillips, and Halle Berry.
Theatre 2: "House Party 2" (†).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Rambling Rose" (Martha Coolidge), with Laura Dern, Diane Ladd, Lukas Hass, and Robert Duvall.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Highlander 2: The Quickening" (Russell Mulcahy), with Christopher Lambert, Virginia Madsen, Michael Ironside, and Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 12: "The Butcher's Wife" (Terry Hughes), with Demi Moore and Jeff Daniels. From Nov. 13: "Cape Fear" (Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Nick Nolte, and Jessica Lange.

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 12: "Billy Bathgate" (Robert Benton), with Dustin Hoffman, Nicole Kidman, Steven Hill, Loren Dean, and Bruce Willis. From Nov. 13: "Beauty and the Beast," a Walt Disney animated film.
Theatre 2: "Antonia and Jane" (Beeban Kidron), with Imelda Staunton and Saskia Reeves.
Theatre 3: "Paradise" (Mary Agnes Donoghue), with Melanie Griffith, Don Johnson, and Elijah Wood.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Fisher King" (†).
Theatre 2: "Curly Sue" (John Hughes), with James Belushi, Kelly Lynch, and Alisan Porter.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Black Robe" (Bruce Beresford), with Lothaire Bluteau.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Frankie & Johnny" (†).
Theatre 2: "Little Man Tate" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Nov. 7: "Homicide" (David Mamet), with Joe Mantegna.
From Nov. 8: "Overseas" (Brigitte Roüan; in French), with Nicole Garcia, Marianne Basler, and Roüan.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Other People's Money" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Frankie & Johnny" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "House Party 2" (†).
Theatre 2: "The People Under the Stairs" (Wes Craven), with Brandon Adams, Everett McGill, Wendy Robie, and A. J. Langer.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 7: "The Butcher's Wife" (Terry Hughes), with Demi Moore and Jeff Daniels. From Nov. 8: "Strictly Business" (Kevin Hooks), with Tommy Davidson, Joseph C. Phillips, and Halle Berry.
Theatre 2: "Billy Bathgate" (Robert Benton), with Dustin Hoffman, Nicole Kidman, Steven Hill, Loren Dean, and Bruce Willis.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 12: "The Architecture of Doom" (1989, directed by Peter Cohen; in German), a documentary. From Nov. 13: "Images of the World and the Inscription of War" (1988, Harun Farocki).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "The Wages of Fear" (1953, Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck.

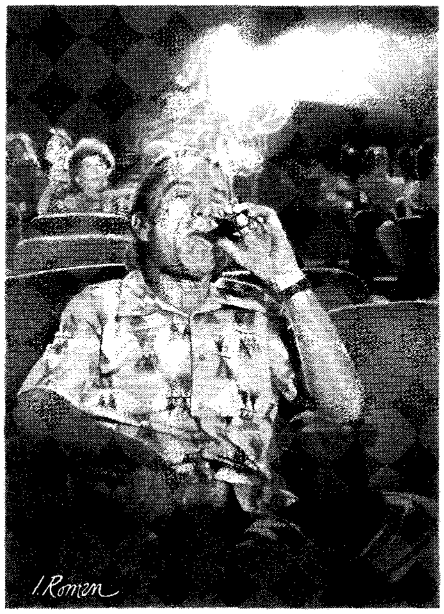
Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "My Own Private Idaho" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Own Private Idaho" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Nov. 7: "Iron Maze" (Hiroaki Yoshida), with Bridget Fonda, Jeff Fahey, J. T. Walsh, and Hiro Murakami.
From Nov. 8: "The Looney Tunes Hall of Fame."

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Butcher's Wife" (Terry Hughes), with Demi Moore and Jeff Daniels.
Theatre 2: "The People Under the Stairs" (Wes Craven), with Brandon Adams, Everett McGill, Wendy Robie, and A. J. Langer.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Black Lizard" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Mother's Castle" (Yves Robert, in French), with Julien Ciamaca; and "My Father's Glory" (Robert, in French), with Ciamaca.
Theatre 3: "Whore" (Ken Russell), with Theresa Russell.
Theatre 4: "Paris Is Burning" (†).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Iron Maze" (Hiroaki Yoshida), with Bridget Fonda, Jeff Fahey, J. T. Walsh, and Hiro Murakami.
Theatre 2: "Billy Bathgate" (Robert Benton), with Dustin Hoffman, Nicole Kidman, Steven Hill, Loren Dean, and Bruce Willis.
Theatre 3: "City of Hope" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 7: "Homicide" (David Mamet), with Joe Mantegna. From Nov. 8 "Strictly Business" (Kevin Hooks), with Tommy Davidson, Joseph C. Phillips, and Halle Berry.
Theatre 5: Through Nov. 7: "Frankie & Johnny" (†) From Nov. 8: "All I Want for Christmas" (Robert Lieberman), with Harley Jane Kozak, Jamey Sheridan, and Ethan Randall.
Theatre 6: "Year of the Gun" (John Frankenheimer), with Andrew McCarthy, Valeria Golino, and Sharon Stone.
Theatre 7: "Other People's Money" (†).



At the Coronet,
Robert De Niro in "Cape Fear"

Theatre 8: "Highlander 2: The Quickening" (Russell Mulcahy), with Christopher Lambert, Virginia Madsen, Michael Ironside, and Sean Connery.
Theatre 9: "29th Street" (George Gallo), with Danny Aiello, Anthony LaPaglia, and Lainie Kazan.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: (Separate admissions) "The Hitman" (Aaron Norris), with Chuck Norris, Michael Parks, Alberta Watson, and Al Waxman; and "House Party 2" (†).
Theatre 2: "House Party 2" (†).
Theatre 3: "The People Under the Stairs" (Wes Craven), with Brandon Adams, Everett McGill, Wendy Robie, and A. J. Langer.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Nov. 7: "The Butcher's Wife" (Terry Hughes), with Demi Moore and Jeff Daniels. From Nov. 8: "All I Want for Christmas" (Robert Lieberman), with Harley Jane Kozak, Jamey Sheridan, and Ethan Randall.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "The People Under the Stairs" (Wes Craven), with Brandon Adams, Everett McGill, Wendy Robie, and A. J. Langer.
Theatre 2: "The Hitman" (Aaron Norris), with Chuck Norris, Michael Parks, Alberta Watson, and Al Waxman.
Theatre 3: "The Fisher King" (†).
Theatre 4: "Shattered" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Tom Berenger, Bob Hoskins, and Greta Scacchi.
Theatre 5: "Get Back" (Richard Lester), with Paul McCartney.
Theatre 6: "Iron Maze" (Hiroaki Yoshida), with Bridget Fonda, Jeff Fahey, J. T. Walsh, and Hiro Murakami.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Commitments" (†).

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Dead Again" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Barton Fink" (†).
Theatre 2: "Barton Fink" (†).

Loews Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"The Man in the Moon" (Robert Mulligan), with Sam Waterston, Tess Harper, and Gail Strickland.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Shattered" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Tom Berenger, Bob Hoskins, and Greta Scacchi.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Butcher's Wife" (Terry Hughes), with Demi Moore and Jeff Daniels.

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Year of the Gun" (John Frankenheimer), with Andrew McCarthy, Valeria Golino, and Sharon Stone.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "City of Hope" (†).
Theatre 2: "Europa Europa" (†).
Theatre 3: "La Belle Noiseuse" (Jacques Rivette, in French), with Michel Piccoli, Emmanuelle Béart, and Jane Birkin.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"29th Street" (George Gallo), with Danny Aiello, Anthony LaPaglia, and Lainie Kazan.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Billy Bathgate" (Robert Benton), with Dustin Hoffman, Nicole Kidman, Steven Hill, Loren Dean, and Bruce Willis.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 7: "The Fisher King" (†). From Nov. 8: "All I Want for Christmas" (Robert Lieberman), with Harley Jane Kozak, Jamey Sheridan, and Ethan Randall.
Theatre 3: "Other People's Money" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 7: "Curly Sue" (John Hughes), with James Belushi, Kelly Lynch, and Alisan Porter. From Nov. 8: "Strictly Business" (Kevin Hooks), with Tommy Davidson, Joseph C. Phillips, and Halle Berry.
Theatre 5: "Little Man Tate" (†).
Theatre 6: "Frankie & Johnny" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "House Party 2" (†).
Theatre 2: "Highlander 2: The Quickening" (Russell Mulcahy), with Christopher Lambert, Virginia Madsen, Michael Ironside, and Sean Connery.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "The People Under the Stairs" (Wes Craven), with Brandon Adams, Everett McGill, Wendy Robie, and A. J. Langer.
Theatre 2: "Iron Maze" (Hiroaki Yoshida), with Bridget Fonda, Jeff Fahey, J. T. Walsh, and Hiro Murakami.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "House Party 2" (†).
Theatre 2: Theatre closed.
Theatre 3: "Other People's Money" (†).
Theatre 4: "Ricochet" (†).
Theatre 5: "Curly Sue" (directed by John Hughes), with James Belushi, Kelly Lynch, and Alisan Porter.
Theatre 6: Through Nov. 7: "House Party 2" (†). From Nov. 8: "Strictly Business" (Kevin Hooks), with Tommy Davidson, Joseph C. Phillips, and Halle Berry.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Billy Bathgate" (Robert Benton), with Dustin Hoffman, Nicole Kidman, Steven Hill, Loren Dean, and Bruce Willis.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Little Man Tate" (†).
Theatre 2: "Terminator 2: Judgment Day" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger, Linda Hamilton, Edward Furlong, and Robert Patrick.
Theatre 3: "Deceived" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Frankie & Johnny" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Highlander 2: The Quickening" (Russell Mulcahy), with Christopher Lambert, Virginia Madsen, Michael Ironside, and Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: "The People Under the Stairs" (Wes Craven), with Brandon Adams, Everett McGill, Wendy Robie, and A. J. Langer.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through Nov. 7: "Lucky Star" (1929, directed by Frank Borzage; silent), with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.
From Nov. 8: "Dial M for Murder" (1954, Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 4: "Rififi" (1955, Jules Dassin; in French), with Jean Servais; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960, François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.
Nov. 5: "Lenny" (1974, Bob Fosse), with Dustin Hoffman, Valerie Perrine, and Gary Morton and "Janis" (1975), a documentary about Janis Joplin.
Nov. 6: "The Red House" (1947, Delmer Daves), with Edward G. Robinson, Lon McCallister, and Judith Anderson; and "D.O.A." (1950, Rudolph Maté), with Edmond O'Brien.
Nov. 7: "The French Connection" (1971, William Friedkin), with Gene Hackman, Fernando Rey, Roy Scheider, Tony LoBianco, and Marcel Bozzufi; and "Dirty Harry" (†).
Nov. 8-9: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949, Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Miracle in Milan" (1951, De Sica; in Italian), with Francesco Golissano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and Emma Gramatica.
Nov. 10: "The Seven Samurai" (†).
Nov. 11: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931, G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya; and "The Blue Angel" (1929, Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers.
Nov. 12: "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (1943, Roy William Neill), with Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce, and Lionel Atwill; and "The Woman in Green" (1945, Neill), with Rathbone and Bruce.
Nov. 13: "Jezebel" (†) and "The Letter" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Nov. 4 at 2:30: "Il Giudizio Universale" (1961, directed by Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with De Sica, Alberto Sordi, and Silvana Mangano. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 3 and Nov. 5 at 6: Two programs of Swiss animated films, 1972-1991. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 6 and Nov. 8 at 2:30: "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow" (1964, De Sica; in Italian), with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 6:30: A program of films by Larry Jordan, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at noon: "Il Boom" (1963, De Sica; in Italian), with Sordi and Gianna Maria Canale. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 2:30: "Amore e Chiacchiere" (1956, Alessandro Blasetti; in Italian), with De Sica and Gino Cervi. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 6 and Nov. 9 at 2: "General della Rovere" (1959, Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with De Sica. . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 3 and 6: "Half the Kingdom" (1989, Francine E. Zuckerman and Roushell N. Goldstein), a documentary. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at noon and Nov. 10 at 2: "It Started in Naples" (1960, Melville Shavelson), with Clark Gable, Sophia Loren, and De Sica. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 3 and 6 and Nov. 9 at 2:30 and 5: Two programs of films from the 18th International Animated Film Festival, held in Annecy, France, earlier this year. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 6 and Nov. 10 at noon: "Marriage—Italian Style" (1964, Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at noon and Nov. 11 at 2:30: "Il Vigile" (1960, Luigi Zampa; in Italian), with De Sica, and Marisa Merlini. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 5 and Nov. 11 at 6: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (†). . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 2:30 and 5: A program of animated films by Lejf Marcussen, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 5 and Nov. 12 at 2:30: "A Brief Vacation" (†). . . . ¶ Nov. 11 at 3 and 6: A program of animated films by Shamus Culhane.

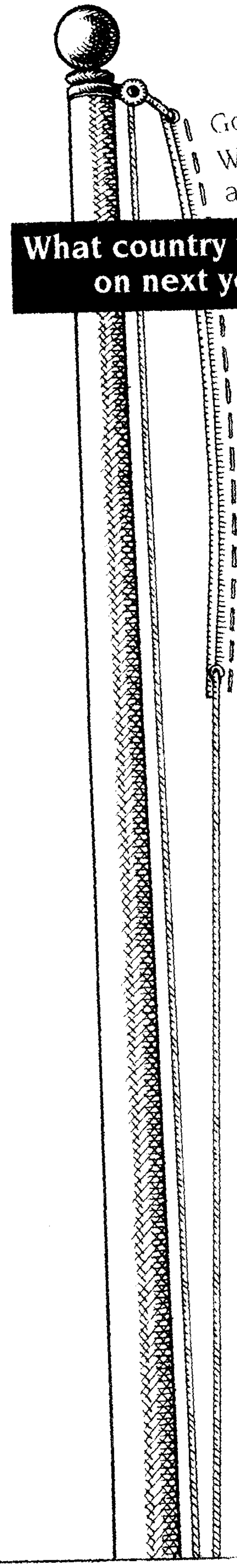
Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Nov. 6 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955, Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabelle Corey and Roger Duchesne. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Tatie Danielle" (1991, Etienne Chatiliez; in French), with Tsilla Chelton.

Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619)—Nov. 12 at noon: "Star Wars" (1977, George Lucas), with Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, Carrie Fisher, Peter Cushing, and Alec Guinness.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718-784-0077)—Nov. 9 at 2: "The Legend of Valentino" (1975, Melville Shavelson; a TV film), with Franco Nero, Suzanne Pleshette, and Yvette Mimieux. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 4: "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1920, Rex Ingram; silent), with Rudolph Valentino, Alice Terry, and Wallace Beery. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 2: "Lombardi, Ltd." (1919, Jack Conway; silent), with Bert Lytell and Alice Lake. . . . ¶ Nov. 10 at 4: "The Conquering Power" (1921, Rex Ingram; silent), with Rudolph Valentino and Alice Terry.

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—Selections from Jack Benny's appearances on his own weekly television show and in specials. Showings Tuesdays and Wednesdays at noon and 4, Thursdays and Fridays at noon, 4, and 6, and Saturdays and Sundays at noon and 4.

92nd Street Y, Lexington at 92nd St. (996-1100)—Nov. 13 at 7:45: "Voyager," with Sam Shepard, Julie Delpy, and Barbara Sukowa. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, will be present.



What country will you depend on next year for fuel?

Goodness, how dependent we've become on foreign oil. Who'd ever think that when it came to heating our homes and fueling our cars we'd have to rely so much on unpredictable foreign sources. Aren't we tired of being held hostage to whatever prices these countries want to charge? Isn't it time we depended on ourselves for our own fuel and energy? Well millions of Americans already are, by using domestic natural gas. In fact, virtually all of the natural gas used in North America is produced right here in North America. And it's being delivered through a natural gas pipeline that's over one million miles long. (And growing.) It's a dependable and continuous flowing pipeline network including advanced pipeline technologies. Gas is not only accessible, abundant, and efficient, but it's also the world's cleanest burning fossil fuel. And perhaps most importantly, it's ours. Truly, the energy of America.

Use Natural Gas.
We'll all breathe easier.

© 1991 AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

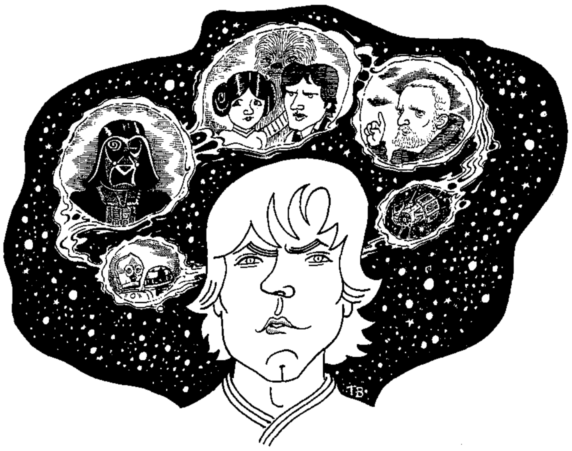
(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

Barton Fink—The Coen brothers' macabre comedy about a blocked writer in 1941 Hollywood is densely packed with allusions, clever dialogue, ingenious visual jokes, startling plot twists, and imaginative atmospheric effects, yet it feels thin. It's an empty tour de force, and what's dismaying about the picture is that the filmmakers (Joel Coen directed, Ethan Coen produced, and they wrote the script together) seem inordinately pleased with its hermetic meaninglessness. Fink (John Turturro), the protagonist, is a left-wing New York playwright—obviously based on Clifford Odets—who signs a contract to write screenplays in Hollywood. His first assignment is a wrestling picture for Wallace Beery. He can't get started on it: he sits in his seedy, depressing hotel room, stares at the typewriter, and feels defeated. The Coens treat this emblematic figure of thirties culture with merciless contempt. They quickly expose him as a phony, a buffoon, and a talentless hack, and then spend the rest of the movie punishing him. The picture is designed to visit ever more grotesque indignities on a character who's pitiful from the outset; there's not much fun in that. And there's no fun at all in Turturro's hyperactive performance: the way he plays this leftist intellectual, the movie might as well have been called "The Nutty Pinko." The Coens' interests are purely academic, and their prankish formalism becomes very irritating in the course of the picture. Also with John Goodman, Michael Lerner, John Mahoney, Judy Davis, and Tony Shalhoub. The movie won awards for best picture, best director, and best actor (Turturro) at the 1991 Cannes Film Festival.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/9/91.) (Carnegie Hall Cinemas)

Black Lizard (1968)—Was Yukio Mishima a fan of the early, funny Woody Allen? This gaudy film version of his seriously decadent stage drama (based on a detective novel by Edogawa Rampo) plays like his answer to "What's Up, Tiger Lily?" It's no more than a curiosity, but not an idle one. Female impersonator Akihiro Maruyama is the distaff jewel thief of the title, who, as a sideline, robs human beauties of their souls and turns them into statues. The movie is swinging sixties trash with dash, filmed in "Shochiku GrandScope" and color that might have leaked out of a yo-yo factory. The director, Kinji Fukasaku, is a hype-happy hack, and the hero, supposedly Japan's top sleuth (played by Isao Kimura), is distinctly unmemorable. But the closing sequence is ripest camp, with Mishima himself showing up as one of the antiheroine's once-living dolls, a man so masculine that his hair won't stop growing even when he's in suspended animation. Written by Masashige Narusawa. In Japanese.—M.S. (Quad Cinema.)

A Brief Vacation (1973)—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a Calabrian peasant who is a factory worker in Milan; resentful, beaten down to a morose stupor, she's also oppressed by her husband (Renato Salvatori), who uses her sexually as if she were a farm beast he owned. When she collapses and is sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, the schizoid picture leaves this working-class grimness behind; it's swoony romanticism from then on. Clara discovers art and spirituality, and she finds a frail, dewy-eyed lover (Daniel Quenaud) who drips nobility as only a narcissistic bad actor can. Sedately sentimental, with Adriana Asti playing a feverishly frisky, dying music-hall entertainer in the gallant-waif Piaf style. Cinematography by Ennio Guarnieri. In Italian.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Nov. 10 and Nov. 12.)

City of Hope—This panorama of Northeastern urban life is filled with intrigue and conflict. Yet it plays as if it were still on the drawing board. The writer, director, and editor, John Sayles, lays out the action so that every class and ethnic group participates in the corruption and the possible redemption of fictional Hudson City, New Jersey. In the major plot developments, a white professor is accused ot having sexually approached one of two black kids who mugged him, and an urban-renewal project leads to arson and death. Sayles sketches the racial and economic agitations that leave the the city in a state of tense inertia. The naturalistic design doesn't allow the three dozen characters to spring to unruly, independent life. Nick (Vincent Spano), the morally drifting son of the city's major contractor, is a poor choice for a unifying hero. He's unspecific and archetypal—an overgrown mixed-up kid. In keeping with today's delayed maturity cycle, he's twenty-eight, not eighteen. The enormous cast includes Joe Morton, Tony LoBianco, Barbara Williams, and Josh Mostel.—M.S. (Chelsea Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza.)


At Donnell Library Center,
Mark Hamill in "Star Wars"

The Commitments—Alan Parker's film is a loose, friendly musical comedy about the brief career of an Irish soul band. The Commitments are the brainchild of an energetic young music enthusiast named Jimmy Rabbitte (Robert Arkins), who lives in a poor Dublin neighborhood. He puts together a ten-piece group that learns, eventually, to play precise and spirited versions of soul classics in the Memphis style. The music of the Commitments isn't original, but that doesn't prevent it from being enormously entertaining: the band's hard-won proficiency charms us. Parker concentrates on the day-to-day details of rehearsals and performances; he seems to revel in the complexity of the group's musical, emotional, and sexual interactions, and he does full comic justice to the petty irritations of life in a band. What holds the Commitments together is a combination of Jimmy's ingenuity, their common pleasure in making music, and the daily challenge of responding to their fellow band members' provocations with quick, profane humor. The kids' verbal sparring is another kind of music—maybe the true sound of Dublin soul. Until the last half hour, when the direction gets a little pushy, the picture has an offhand, unassuming grace. Most of the Commitments are played by young Dublin musicians who answered a casting-call advertisement. They're a vivacious and spontaneous crew. The screenplay is by Dick Clement, Ian La Frenais, and Roddy Doyle, from Doyle's novel. The songs are great—chosen, with unusual intelligence, from the repertoires of Otis Redding, Aretha Franklin, Wilson Pickett, and other soul giants.—T.R. (8/26/91) (Angelika Film Center, and Ziegfeld.)

Dead Again—This murder mystery, directed by Kenneth Branagh from a wildly complicated screenplay by Scott Frank, wears its inanity on its sleeve. It shuttles breezily between the present day, in which an L.A. detective named Mike Church (Branagh) is trying to discover the identity of an attractive amnesiac (Emma Thompson), and the late forties, in which a European composer and conductor (also Branagh) may or may not have murdered his pianist wife (also Thompson). These stories are, of course, connected: the amnesiac might even be a reincarnation of the conductor's wife, stabbed to death with a pair of scissors forty years earlier. Branagh makes no attempt to disguise the script's preposterousness. He revels in it, both as actor and as director. The mood of the picture is both frivolous and spooky, and the suspense often seems a function of sheer giddiness: as the movie dances, with drunken insouciance, toward the simultaneous climaxes of its two stories, the tension we feel is partly fear that Branagh won't be able to maintain his precarious balance. Finally, the picture does come crashing down. When it's time to wrap up the mystery, the movie leaves too many of the plot's enigmas unresolved, and Branagh's insouciance loses its charm. Also with Derek Jacobi, Andy Garcia, Hanna Schygulla, and (in a hilarious cameo) Robin Williams.—T.R. (9/9/91) (Loews Village Theatre VII, and Loews Festival.)

Deceived—Goldie Hawn gives her most emotional performance in years as a wife who suspects her husband (John Heard) of philandering, chicanery, and worse. Hawn's maturity is less a revelation than a delayed proof of the gifts her fans have known she's been keeping under wraps. When she expresses her doubts, anxieties, and sexual quaverings, her empathic and comic powers intensify. The film is only half a good thriller. It's tense and involving when the heroine is figuring out her husband's real identity. Then she makes one dumb move after another. As she loses her poise, the plot loses its sense. Still, the director, Damian Harris, does a smooth job of navigating the action's fresh antique-art milieu, and there's a funny parody scene of kiddie-whipped adults. Mary Agnes Donoghue and Derek Saunders wrote the script, from a story by Donoghue.—M.S. (Gramercy, and Embassy.)

Dirty Harry (1971)—This right-wing fantasy about the San Francisco police force as a helpless group (emasculated by the unrealistic liberals) propagandizes for para-legal police power and vigilante justice. The only way that the courageous cop Dirty Harry Callahan (Clint Eastwood) can protect the city against the mad hippie killer (Andy Robinson) who terrorizes women and children is by taking the law into his own hands. Harry, who knows what justice is and how to carry it out, is the best there is, a Camelot cop; he got his nickname because he's the dedicated troubleshooter who draws the dirtiest assignments. He is our martyr—stained on our behalf. As suspense craftsmanship, the picture is trim, brutal, and exciting; it was directed in the sleekest style by the veteran urban-action director Don Siegel, and Lalo Schifrin's pulsating, jazzy electronic trickery drives the picture forward. It's also a remarkably single-minded attack on liberal values, with each prejudicial detail in place—a kind of hardhat "The Fountainhead." Harry's hippie adversary is pure evil: sniper, rapist, kidnapper, torturer, defiler of all human values. This monster—who wears a peace symbol—stands for everything the audience fears and loathes. The action genre has always had a fascist potential, and it surfaces in this movie. It was a big success, and Eastwood played Harry again in four sequels: "Magnum Force" (1973), "The Enforcer" (1976), "Sudden Impact" (1983), and "The Dead Pool" (1988). With Reni Santoni, Harry Guardino, and John Vernon. Written by Harry Fink and his wife, R. M. Fink, Dean Reisner, and also John Milius (uncredited).—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 7.)

Europa Europa—This superb film by the Polish director Agnieszka Holland is based on the memoirs of Salomon Perel, a German Jew who spent much of the Second World War passing for Aryan in an élite Hitler Youth academy. The movie dramatizes this almost inconceivable survival story with a surprisingly light touch. It bounds from one jaw-dropping episode to the next with the speed and the unnerving neutrality of a picaresque adventure, and never pauses to judge its ambiguous hero; it's content to let the ironies of his situation collect around him like reflections in dressing-room mirrors. His family's flight from the Nazis begins in 1938, on the eve of his bar mitzvah. Solly (played by a remarkable young actor, Marco Hofschneider) lands first in Lodz, Poland, and then in the Soviet Union, where he becomes a star pupil in a Communist school. After the Wehrmacht invades Russia and takes him prisoner, he reincarnates himself as an orphaned "pure" German, an Aryan child wandering in the barbaric eastern wilderness. By the time he is initiated into the Hitler Youth, he has already run through several identities, and has proved himself capable of playing his roles with conviction and enthusiasm. We remain, however, constantly aware (as he is) of what his Nazi disguise conceals—his circumcised penis, the irreversible and unambiguous sign of his identity as a Jew. Holland uses this physical evidence of Solly's Jewishness as the fulcrum of the movie's delicately balanced narrative and moral tensions. Also with Julie Delpy, Andre Wilms, Halina Labonarska, and Rene Hofschneider. The real Salomon Perel appears, as himself, in the movie's final scene. In German and Russian.—T.R. (7/1/91) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Fisher King—This one-hundred-and-thirty-seven-minute endurance test is the story of a former New York City "shock jock" (Jeff Bridges) who befriends a schizoid former medievalist (Robin Williams) and joins his quest for the Holy Grail. The gonzo filigree of the director, Terry Gilliam, surrounds this fable of redemption with pseudo-originality. The allusion-mongering of the writer, Richard LaGravenese, gives it delusions of grandeur. At heart, the film is no different from a whole string of Hollywood movies centering on mysterious madmen who may be legendary heroes. As usual for this drippy kind of film, Williams' throwback character, Parry—short for Parsifal—is supposed to inspire everybody with his virtuous whimsies. But Gilliam doesn't know how to give the fantasy any sentimental charm, and he's hell on the actors, including Mercedes Ruehl as Bridges' earthy lover and Amanda Plummer as Williams' gawky amorous ideal. They mug; Gilliam takes mug shots. The movie is a peculiarly irritating failure—a leaden piece of uplift.—M.S. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Gemini, and World-wide Cinemas. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Nov. 7.)

Frankie & Johnny—The movie version of Terrence McNally's 1987 play "Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune" is a sweet-tempered romantic comedy whose main characters are a New York coffee-shop waitress, Frankie (Michelle Pfeiffer), and a short-order cook, Johnny (Al Pacino). McNally, adapting his two-character play for the screen, has expanded and drastically rearranged his original story. He and the director, Garry Marshall, have attempted to place Frankie and Johnny in a variety of settings, to stretch the narrative out over a longer period, to surround the lovers with lots of other people—and to incorporate all this extra material without dissipating the emotional tensions of the main characters' relationship. Although the new characters and settings sometimes give the movie the feel of a sitcom, the filmmakers keep the basic principles of romantic comedy in view, and the stars' performances elevate the material. Pacino brings out the comedy and the ambiguity of a middle-aged man's sense of emotional rebirth: he's exuberant, touching, and a little scary. And Pfeiffer is extraordinary; her Frankie is a superbly detailed rendering of a woman with a fanatically conservative heart. The strength of the play was its simplicity and its directness; the movie preserves those qualities by telling the story in the ordinary, straightforward Hollywood manner. This is a vehicle for Pacino and Pfeiffer, and they're more glamorous than the characters they're playing, but, in a weird way, their star power is perfectly appropriate here: it's the

The Coach travel bag
requires no travelling to acquire.
800 262-2411 ext. 41

No. 502, $490
12½" x 11" x 9"

Made of a specially developed luxurious, lightweight leather, the Coach Cabin Bag combines classic design with striking style. Its supple, weather-resistant exterior is decidedly refined, and is fully lined with a soft, cotton blend twill. Suitable for overhead and under seat storage, this carry-on is truly a pleasure to carry. Colors: Black, British Tan. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ask about our rush delivery and gift wrapping.

COACH
BY PHONE
800 262-2411 ext. 41
Or if you would rather write, please do.

Name

Address

City State Zip

☐ Black ☐ British Tan

Quantity Color

Please charge my: ☐ American Express ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa

Card Number

X

Signature Expiration Date of Card

Please return coupon to Coach Leatherware, 300 Chubb Avenue, Lyndhurst, New Jersey 07071
Sales tax, shipping and handling will be charged where applicable. 41

meat-and-potatoes stuff of big-budget movie entertainment. Kate Nelligan and Nathan Lane are standouts in a large supporting cast, which also includes Hector Elizondo and Jane Morris.—T.R. (10/21/91) (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, U.A. East, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Chelsea Cinemas; through Nov. 7.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. This extraordinary film, with its melancholy glamour, is perhaps the only one that records the half-hearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represent. In Italian.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Nov. 9 and Nov. 11.)

At Theatre 80 St. Marks, Lionel Atwill . . .

House Party 2—There's one heaven-sent dream sequence of the hero, Kid, rising up in a circle of cloud-borne, boogying college students clad in orange graduation robes. It's funny just to see his wedge of hair literally brush the vapors. For the most part, though, this sequel is as scattered as the first film and a lot more familiar. Kid decides to forgo his rap ambitions as half of Kid 'N Play and enter college. But Play hands over Kid's enrollment money to a record-world scam artist; later, to make amends, Play comes up with the idea of raising money with a pajama party (or "pajama jam" or "jammy jam"). The cast includes some engaging low comedians, especially Martin Lawrence as a would-be d.j. off on his own frequency; at his best, he operates as a staticky Greek chorus. But the gags are usually lame or shaggy. And the inspirational quotes from Marcus Garvey and James Baldwin, as well as a subplot about political correctness, stick out from the story the way Kid's hair does from his pop-eyed face and gangly body. Christopher Reid is Kid, and Christopher Martin is Play; co-starring Tisha Campbell, Queen Latifah, and Georg Stanford Brown; written by Rusty Cundieff and Daryl G. Nickens; produced and directed by Doug McHenry and George Jackson.—M.S. (Loews Village Theatre VII, Manhattan Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 23rd St. West Triplex, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

The Letter (1940)—Bette Davis's forty-third movie; it marked her tenth year in films, and it is one of her few good vehicles. Somerset Maugham's melodrama (generally believed to be based on an actual incident) had been a Broadway success for Katharine Cornell and was filmed—memorably—in 1929 with Jeanne Eagels. (Those blessed with movie-loving parents may still retain images of Eagels' corrupt beauty, and of her frenzied big scene when the heroine tells off her husband.) The central figure is the wife of a rubber-plantation owner—a woman of such unimpeachable respectability that she can empty a gun into her lover and get away with it (in the courts, at least, because in Singapore the white ruling class must stick together). Davis gives what is very likely the best study of female sexual hypocrisy in film history. Cold and proper, she yet manages to suggest the passion of a woman who'd kill a man for trying to leave her. She is helped by an excellent script (by Howard Koch) and by two unusually charged performances—James Stephenson as her lawyer and Herbert Marshall as her husband. The cast also includes two formidable women—Frieda Inescort, who seems ineffably absurd as the lawyer's wife, and Gale Sondergaard, whose performance as the Eurasian woman was actually taken very seriously by many people. With Bruce Lester, Cecil Kellaway, Victor Sen Yung, Willie Fung, Tetsu Komai, and Doris Lloyd. The insistent music is pure, adulterated Max Steiner. It demeans William Wyler's clear, taut direction and the erotic awareness he brings to the material.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 13.)

Life Is Sweet—In this wonderful new comedy, the English writer and director Mike Leigh ("High Hopes") takes us into the domestic life of a lower-middle-class family in Middlesex. The characters are, by conventional standards, ordinary, but they aren't dreary, and their actions aren't predictable; the movie doesn't treat anyone as a type. Wendy (Alison Steadman) is an attractive, ebullient middle-aged woman who's always on the move, always doing something. Her husband, Andy (Jim Broadbent), is an amiable dawdler, a guy who starts ambitious home-improvement projects and never quite gets around to finishing them. They're the parents of a ludicrously mismatched set of twins: Natalie (Claire Skinner), a quiet, serious, dignified girl; and Nicola (Jane Horrocks), who hates her life and responds with snarls and contemptuous epithets to even the most innocuous attempts at conversation. Leigh doesn't give us an obvious narrative hook—a clear sense of what the story is going to be about or what sort of dramatic revelations he might have in store for us. And, despite Nicola's bratty outbursts, the tone is light and casual. The movie even throws in some extended slapstick sequences featuring an oddball family friend played by Timothy Spall: we're never able to settle into a single mood. Leigh doesn't manipulate our responses; he roughs them up a little, though. By means of a dense texture of tiny behavioral details and disconcerting shifts of style, he attempts to reshuffle our emotions. He prepares us to accept the moments of piercing, almost miraculous clarity that arise, as if by accident, at the end of his best films. In this picture, he builds up to a conversation between Wendy and Nicola that is perhaps the most extraordinary scene in recent movies. Also with Stephen Rea.—T.R. (11/4/91) (Angelika Film Center.)

Little Man Tate—Fred Tate (Adam Hann-Byrd) is a seven-year-old intellectual prodigy who lives with his single, working-class mother, Dede (Jodie Foster). The screenplay, by Scott Frank, presents the young hero as one unhappy whiz kid: Fred's public-school education doesn't challenge him, and his classmates treat him like a freak. Nobody comes to his birthday party. The picture (which was directed by Foster) is frustrating, because it seems reluctant to explore with any rigor the special problems that a boy like Fred might have. The filmmakers keep falling back on pathos and on the easy irony that the main character is, despite his extraordinary gifts, an ordinary boy with the normal emotional needs of any seven-year-old. By the end of the movie, his precocious intelligence has lost its distinctive qualities, and he's no more than an exotic variant of a standard type: the lonely, misunderstood kid who yearns for love and acceptance. Our interest in Fred actually diminishes in the course of the picture; Frank and Foster introduce a unique hero and then spend two hours stripping him of his individuality. Also with Dianne Wiest, David Pierce, P. J. Ochlan, and Harry Connick, Jr.—T.R. (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

My Own Private Idaho—The third feature by the independent filmmaker Gus Van Sant ("Mala Noche," "Drugstore Cowboy") is like an exploded version of the previous two, and it scatters meanings all over the landscape. It's a beautiful disaster, like a bomb test in the middle of nowhere. The movie is set primarily in Van Sant's familiar territory—the seedier parts of Portland, Oregon—and its main characters are a pair of young hustlers, Mike (River Phoenix) and Scott (Keanu Reeves), who sell their bodies on the street. Mike is a narcoleptic: every time he blacks out, he has lyrical dreams composed of imagery from his childhood. Scott, who is the son of Portland's mayor, is modelled on Shakespeare's Prince Hal; the Falstaff character here is a scruffy gay cokehead called Bob (William Richert), and his scenes with Scott are stylized variations of incidents from both parts of "Henry IV" (hence also variations on Orson Welles' "Chimes at Midnight"). Van Sant takes a lot of chances, and visually the movie is so imaginative, so fiercely alive, that it carries us along. But when the over-all design of the picture becomes clear, we feel cheated rather than enlightened. Scott turns into a villain; Bob is ennobled as a symbol of outlaw freedom; and Mike takes on the aura of a holy fool, the Prince Myshkin of the Portland meat market. Van Sant's vision is disappointingly trite and schematic. Phoenix, however, gives a superbly intelligent and intuitive performance.—T.R. (10/7/91) (Plaza, and Waverly.)

and Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce in "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon"

Other People's Money—The film version of Jerry Sterner's 1989 play is an attempt to turn the corporate-takeover frenzy of the Reagan era into the material of farce. The main character is a greedy, unscrupulous Wall Street wizard known as Larry the Liquidator (Danny De Vito), who's trying to buy—and close down—a small, stable, profitable New England wire-and-cable company. This family business is run by a benign patriarch (Gregory Peck), who is meant to embody the old-fashioned values of American free enterprise: he hates debt, cares about his workers, and wears cardigan sweaters around the office. Shuttling between the opposing camps is Kate Sullivan (Penelope Ann Miller), a young lawyer with a devious mind and good legs: she represents the wire-and-cable company, but she and Larry are manipulative soulmates, and in the course of negotiations their enthusiastic gamesmanship evolves into a weird kind of courtship. The director, Norman Jewison, and the screenwriter, Alvin Sargent, are old pros, and they set up the movie's intricate plot with admirable clarity. But they're conscientious to a fault. They lay out the moves and countermoves of the takeover battle so deliberately that even the Great Communicator himself might be able to follow the story. The movie feels like two hours of exposition; when it's over, we're still waiting for the fun to start. And the attempt to merge De Vito's trademark comic-vulgarian persona and the attributes of a romantic leading man doesn't come off at all. De Vito's performance is a Schwarzenegger-like exercise in image adjustment: it's not acting, it's spin control. Also with Piper Laurie and Dean Jones.—T.R. (Loews Village Theatre VII, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, Chelsea Cinemas, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Paris Is Burning—Jennie Livingston's documentary about gay black and Latino men who compete in drag balls is a beautiful piece of work—lively, intelligent, exploratory. The drag queens we see here seem to be holding up a mirror to the world of the empowered as they see it in movies, TV shows, and magazines. In the ballroom, some present them-

INTRODUCING DIAMANTE. PROOF THAT A GRACIOUS HOST CAN ALSO BE A STIMULATING ONE.

The proof is presented in a series of revelations.

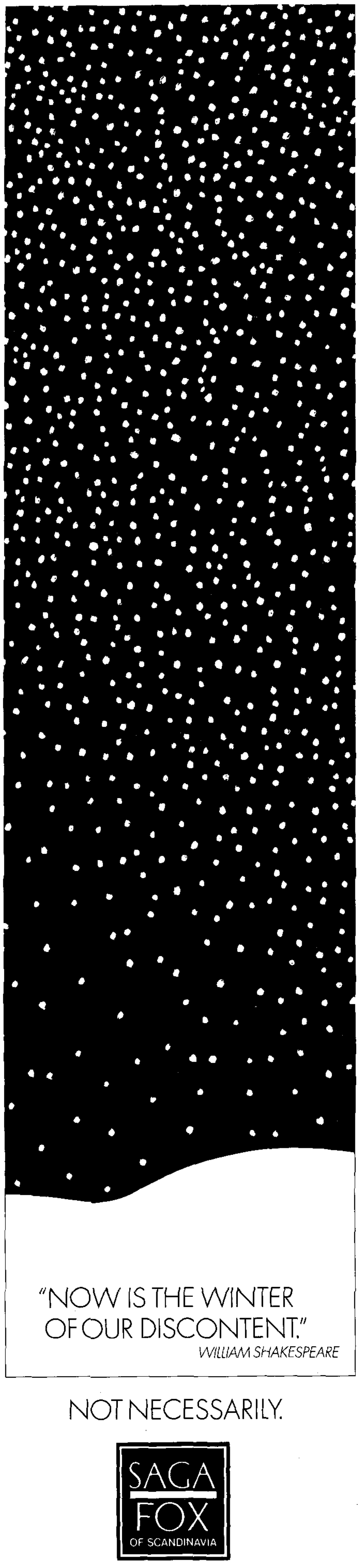
First you notice the richness of the interior. The many small courtesies, such as the ignition key light and automatic door lock. And the seat, which supports you with almost no sense of pressure against your legs, hips and back.

You might conclude that this is a modern, well-crafted luxury car. But then it reveals a gratifying exuberance as well. A dramatic rush of power. Athletic steering response. It feels not just competent, but eager to perform.

Welcome to the new Mitsubishi Diamante. Conventional "luxury" and "performance" labels do not apply here. It is the best of both, without the limitations of either.

A panel of 49 international judges recently evaluated the Diamante in detail. And then named it Japan's "Car of the Year." To make your own evaluation, please call 1-800-447-4700 for your nearest Mitsubishi Motors dealer.

MITSUBISHI
The word is getting around.™



selves as elegant, glamorous women in designer outfits, and walk with the hip-swinging slouch of runway models, while others adopt more mundane personas: college students (of both sexes); military men; Wall Street businessmen; aristocrats at play, dressed for yachting or riding to hounds. The criteria by which all these turns are judged is verisimilitude—"realness." The material is almost too rich, too suggestive. Everything about the ball culture signifies so blatantly and so promiscuously that the movie induces a kind of semiotic daze. Livingston is smart enough not to reduce her subjects to the sum of their possible meanings, perhaps because she realizes that the way the drag performers manipulate image and fetishes and the iconography of popular culture is for many of them a sophisticated form of humor. The most self-aware of the gay men in this picture revel in the ironies of their social and sexual identities, and Livingston makes us appreciate the comic grace and the strange wisdom of that approach. Like all the best documentary filmmakers, she does her subjects the honor of allowing them to retain some of their mystery. Edited by Jonathan Oppenheim.—T.R. (3/25/91) (Quad Cinema.)

Ricochet—A black political figure on the rise is suddenly tagged in public as a sexual sleazebag. "The Clarence Thomas Story"? No, just the latest shock schlock from director Russell Mulcahy (the "Highlander" films), with Denzel Washington as a cop-turned-assistant-D.A. and John Lithgow as the vengeful, psychopathic hit man who'll stop at nothing to frame him. Extremism can be fun, but not when it's as calculated, sadistic, and nonsensical as it is here; the two stars bring slumming to new pits. Washington has the more amusing and unpredictable turn as a man willing to push the edge of the legal envelope. But the hero's innocence and eventual triumph are never in doubt: Justice Thomas, eat your heart out. Steven E. de Souza wrote the script, from a story by Fred Dekker and Menno Meyjes.—M.S. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Eastside Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—Trudy, a crazy bag lady, has taken upon herself the task of showing visiting extraterrestrials the variety of life on earth. She has an umbrella hat that picks up signals from everywhere and turns her into a living TV set, with lots of channels and great reception. She's played by Lily Tomlin, and every person whose life flashes onto Trudy's psychic screen is played by Lily Tomlin, too. Tomlin gives us a clear, sharp picture every time: she's a high-definition actress. This astonishing one-woman show, presented on Broadway in 1985, was written for Tomlin by her longtime collabotator Jane Wagner. The belated film version, directed by John Bailey, adds some distracting visual effects, but it mostly does justice to the extraordinary talents of these women. Nothing interferes with the dazzling rhythm of Tomlin's performance, and the piece is constructed so that its themes build up an inexorable momentum. The characters who flash across the screen turn out, in the end, to be connected to each other in ways we couldn't have anticipated. And it's immensely gratifying to see all the different personalities gathered together in one woman. This is probably the only solo theatrical performance that truly deserves to be called democratic.—T.R. (10/7/91) (Village East Cinemas, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

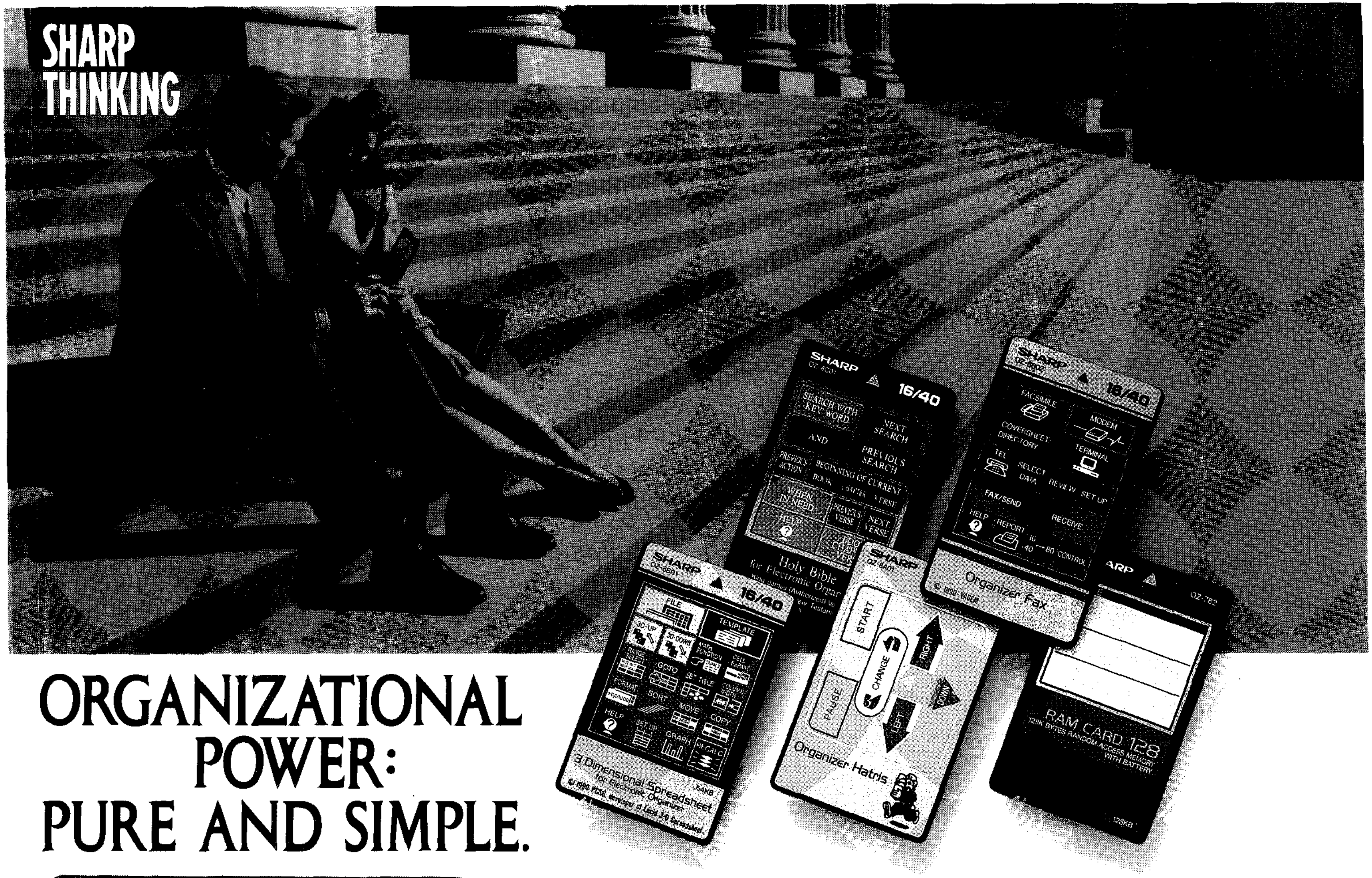
The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This three-and-a-half-hour epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated, but no one has come near it. With Toshiro Mifune and Takashi Shimura. (For a period in the fifties it circulated, in a much shorter version, under the title "The Magnificent Seven," but in 1960 that title was appropriated by an American version of the story, with the samurai changed to gunmen.) In Japanese.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 10.)

Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll—A one-man show in which Eric Bogosian plays, in succession, ten characters, none of whom interact with or refer to any of the others; each inhabits his own eerily self-contained world. The surprising thing about this acting tour de force is that its radically disparate parts really add up to something: in rock-and-roll terms, it's a concept album, not just a collection of singles. This picture, directed (erratically) by John McNaughton, was filmed in concert-movie style, with multiple cameras and before a paying crowd, and Bogosian looks relaxed and confident. In the past, his performances often felt desperate, coercive; he seems more willing now to allow the audience some freedom in responding to his characters. There's a real progression in the course of the film, from characters who provoke immediate, visceral reactions to characters whose effect on us is more ambiguous. Bogosian warms us up with surefire stuff to prepare us for the riskier, more demanding material in the final part of the show. His last three monologues are the funniest in the movie—probably the finest work he has ever done.—T.R. (9/23/91) (Angelika Film Center.)

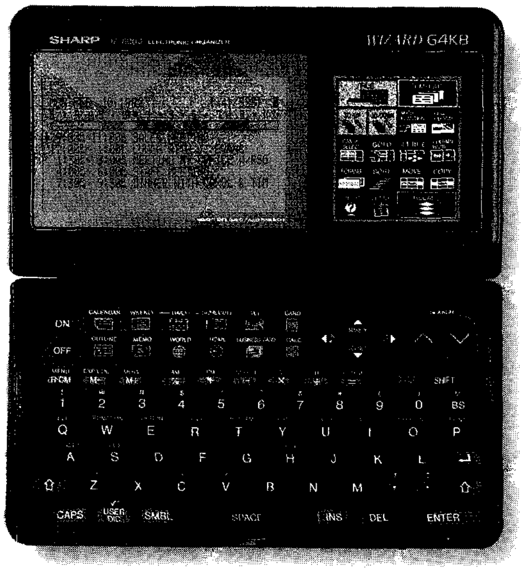
In 1937, when the Bette Davis vehicle "Marked Woman" became a smash, Warner Brothers' director of publicity and advertising called her "a female Cagney." He was right: like Cagney, she both held on to a live-wire identity and showed an astounding range. A year later, she met her best director, William Wyler, who re-created antebellum New Orleans to showcase her portrayal of a petulant coquette named Julie in "Jezebel" (playing November 13 at Theatre 80 St. Marks). Wyler knew how to modulate Davis's locomotive energy. When Julie flouts convention by wearing red instead of white to a high-society ball—upsetting her well-behaved beau (Henry Fonda)—you see through the roguishness to the thwarted poetry and individuality at her core. She's sick of her sensitive, intelligent fiancé's concentration on business and reliance on propriety. She's also self-destructive. Caught in Wyler's lens, those Bette Davis eyes contain multitudes. "Jezebel" is the rare movie in which the regeneration of a "bad girl" is satisfying. She's a rebel who needs a cause, and at the end she finds one, going off triumphantly (possibly to her own death) to brave an epidemic and nurse Fonda through the yellow fever.

With a screenplay by Clements Ripley, Abem Finkel, and John Huston, from a play by Owen Davis, Sr., "Jezebel" was intended to cash in on the first wave of "Gone with the Wind" fever. (The lead role was Davis's consolation for not landing Scarlett O'Hara.) Wyler ended up beating David O. Selznick's epic to the screen and leading Davis to her second Academy Award. Of course, Julie's social whirl lacks the scale and grandeur of Selznick's panorama—Wyler's heroine doesn't get to confront the whole Civil War and Reconstruction, only restrictive manners and a rampaging disease. But "Jezebel" is an elegant, focused movie, and Davis gives it fire. It highlights her angelic highs and devilish lows—she's as magnetic when she begs for Fonda's forgiveness as she is when she tries to win him back from his Northern wife, equating herself, the South, and New Orleans with all gut feelings and sexuality.

WIZARD®


SHARP
THINKING
SHARP 16/40
Holy Bible for Electronic Organizer
Organizer Fax
3 Dimensional Spreadsheet for Electronic Organizer
Organizer Hatris
RAM CARD 128

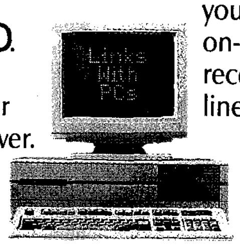
ORGANIZATIONAL POWER: PURE AND SIMPLE.


SHARP
WIZARD 64KB

The Wizard® OZ-8000 has all the power you need to stay on time, on track and in control. Eleven built-in functions and a raised typewriter keyboard make it easy to store, retrieve and sort phone numbers, important dates, your schedule, memos and more. You don't need to enter DOS commands. Just touch any function key and the Wizard displays the information you want.

EASY TO EXPAND.

Insert any optional Wizard software card for easy access to more power. The Wizard's patented touch-screen turns each card into a customized keypad. Choose from reference, business, entertainment, telecommunications and memory expansion cards that are as easy to use as the Wizard itself.


Links With PCs

EASY TO EXCHANGE DATA.

With the optional Organizer-Link and cable, you can load files from your PC into your Wizard, or download work done on your Wizard to your PC.

EASY TO COMMUNICATE.

An Organizer Fax/Modem gives you the power to send a fax directly from your Wizard. Or, connect with on-line services to send and receive data over direct phone lines and even from a cellular phone. To learn how easy it is to organize your business and personal life, call 1-800-321-8877. In Canada, call 1-416-890-2100. And ask for the dealer nearest you.

SHARP®
FROM SHARP MINDS
COME SHARP PRODUCTS™

© 1991 Sharp Electronics Corporation.

"HOLA MAMA. ¡FELIZ

Crisp clear connections to

DIA DE LAS MADRES!

Mexico bring AT&T customer Conchita Weaver

ES CONCHITA, ¿COMO

closer to her family.

ESTA LA FAMILIA?"

–Conchita Weaver

AT&T

1 800 874-4000
© 1991 AT&T

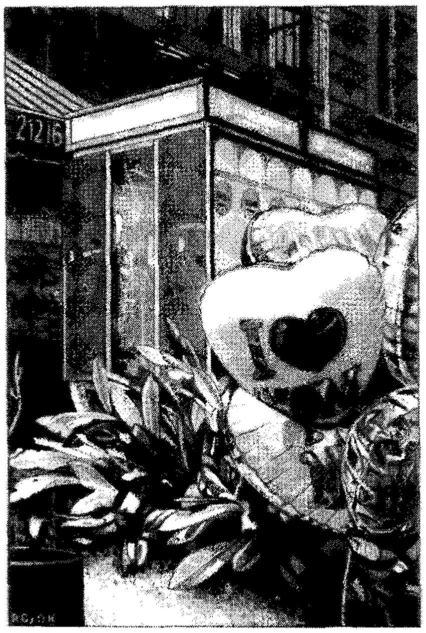
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

"NONPROFIT" is a word we've always liked the sound of, but until recently we hadn't given much thought to what it meant, either in the dictionary sense or in the sense of its meaning to society. What brought the question to mind was the news that the University of Bridgeport might be on the brink of selling itself, for fifty million dollars, to an offshoot of the Reverend Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church, and the statement by the chairman of the university's board of trustees that he and his colleagues had a "fiduciary duty" to entertain such an offer, in view of the financial predicament in which the school found itself after a severe decline in enrollment and a long faculty strike.

The plight and plans of the University of Bridgeport made us aware of some equally strange noises that have been coming from other corners of the nonprofit world. In thousands of schools around the country, students now view commercials for soft drinks, candy, sneakers, and other youth-oriented products as part of an educational video service, known as Channel One, that is provided (free, of course) by Whittle Communications. On public television—an institution conceived with the idea of opening the airwaves to programs that would not depend on advertising—a long and steady expansion of the formerly nominal on-air credits for corporate donors has led to announcements, called "enhanced underwriting," that can be all but indistinguishable from commercials. PBS, according to its director of corporate support, Steven Bass (as quoted in *Fortune*), is "a different way for companies to get into the mind of the consumer." When a public-affairs program called "The Kwitny Report" was discontinued by PBS's Channel 31, PBS executives were lavish in their praise for the show; the only thing going against it, evidently, was its failure to attract corporate support. Two months ago, public-TV stations broadcast a program called "Eat Smart," which was partly funded by Nestlé and the Kellogg Foundation. The show's producer reacted angrily to the suggestion—raised by a review in the *Times*—that decisions about its content might have been influenced by the identity of its underwriters. But he and his associates would hardly be human if at some point in the show's development they did not pause to consider the probable reaction of Kellogg and Nestlé, and the likelihood of obtaining funds from them in the future; and, in any case, the need to address such questions indicates that public TV is no longer so very different from commercial TV, where producers have been issuing denials of this sort for years.



In fact, there are programs today that would be equally at home in either venue. Late one evening a few weeks ago, we were washing dishes to the accompaniment of a show on which an affable and easygoing host named Charlie Rose was interviewing Dan Rather. "Why do you think ABC News with Peter Jennings is No. 1 now, and CBS, with Dan Rather at CBS Evening News, is not No. 1?" Rose asked, in one of the tougher moments of a show devoted largely to an attempt to get his guest to say whether he expected to be anchoring the news one, two, or three years hence. All this was taking place—we know, because we had to check our dial to be sure—on PBS's Channel 13.

Everywhere a person looks these days, the line between the profit and the nonprofit sectors seems to be blurring. Of course, this is a tendency that can be viewed simply as a sad story of worthy institutions struggling to sustain themselves in bad times—bad times for the economy as a whole, and especially for the nonprofit portion of it, what with cutbacks in government funds and in tax benefits for private donors. But something else seems to be happening, too, which cannot be so easily pinned on the recession, since it has affected groups that no one would consider endangered. Organizations intended by their founders and workers to be free of the marketplace have been finding themselves waist-deep in it. Environmental groups, because they compete among themselves and with other charities, have become profligate in their use of junk mail; no one can overlook the absurdity of sending out multi-page solicitations that call on citizens to help save trees—but no group seems able to resist doing it, either. As soon as one outfit finds a new way of generating income, every similar outfit seems to feel compelled to adopt the same approach. Nonprofits don't have worries about dividends or price-to-earnings ratios, but other worries—about ways to preserve jobs, about the competition for talent and funds, about big-donor pressure to become "self-sufficient"—appear to have the same effect: they turn the failure to explore an opportunity to go after money into an unpardonable offense.

What was most unsettling about the Bridgeport story was not the idea of a church's owning a university, or even the Unification Church's reputation for exercising a strong grip on the thinking of its members, although a number of university people—students and teachers—argued that this particular body could not be trusted to uphold academic freedom as firmly as, say, the Roman Catholic Church has upheld it at Georgetown and Notre Dame. What struck us was the apparent readiness of an institution that had been one thing throughout its history (the school was founded in 1927) to become another almost overnight because of an offer of money. In the for-profit world, this sort of metamorphosis is common. Who raises an eyebrow anymore when, say, the American Can Company announces its decision to stop making cans, to rename itself Primerica, and to concentrate on financial services? Or when MCA, the parent company of Universal Pictures, accepts a takeover bid by one of the giants of the Japanese electronics industry after years of legal battles against, and denunciations of, that industry? But the nonprofit world had seemed immune to such sudden wholesale transformations. Indeed, that immunity was what it had seemed to be all about. What unites nonprofit groups is a decision to be guided by a particular idea, whatever it may be, and to keep other considerations secondary. This sort of constancy is in itself, it seems to us, a cause as worthy of support as any of the disparate causes around which such groups have formed.

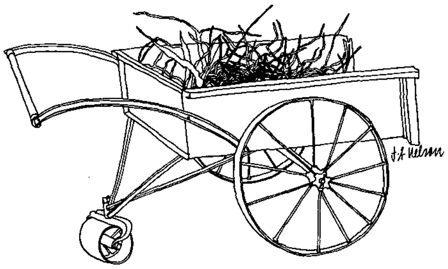
"Now, suddenly, the Moonies are not going to be a few oddballs on campus, they'll own the campus," a professor of engineering, Lawrence V. Hmurcik, told the *Times* after the Bridgeport negotiations came to light. If such a thing could actually happen, we wondered, what other developments might follow? Would the Salvation Army go into the motel business? Would Alcoholics Anonymous make a hostile bid for control of the American Red Cross? It was a relief to learn, the week before last, that the trustees of the University of Bridgeport had decided not to go through with the deal, and we would like to think that what swayed them was something more than a belated discovery that their would-be purchasers were really offering only about ten million up front.

• •

Reunion

A TALMUDIC proverb says that if a person saves one life it is as if he had saved the whole world. We were reminded of this recently when we attended a bagels-and-sushi breakfast thrown by San Francisco's Holocaust Oral History Project to honor the Charlie Battery of the 522nd Field Artillery Battalion, an all-Japanese-American battalion, which liberated Dachau.

Eric Saul, a historian who helped organize the event, explained to us that the 522nd was part of the legendary 442nd (Go for Broke) Regimental Combat Team, the most decorated regiment in the history of the American military and the one with the highest casualties: it received an average of three medals per man and spearheaded some of the war's harshest battles. "The nisei—the second generation of Japanese in America—talk only among themselves and only very vaguely about their accomplishments," Mr. Saul said. "We keep finding out little secrets about the battles they won, the people they saved." The breakfast was shortly to be held in the project's offices, on the second floor of an old brick building south of Market Street, and the office walls were covered with photographs of Japanese-American soldiers, sitting in jeeps, or eating their C rations, or pulling on helmets, or just goldbricking. Toll Okazaki, who was one of a dozen enlistees from the Heart Mountain internment camp, in Wyoming, showed us a picture of his younger self, peering out from a group on the back of a transport truck. He told us that the soldiers who were from Hawaii liked to hand out nicknames. Leaning closer to a row of pictures, he pointed out Sluggo and Sharkey, then matched the photographs with white-haired men standing on the other side of the room. His own nickname, he said, had been Slack-Ass, but that was a comment on the fit of his pants rather than on his work habits.

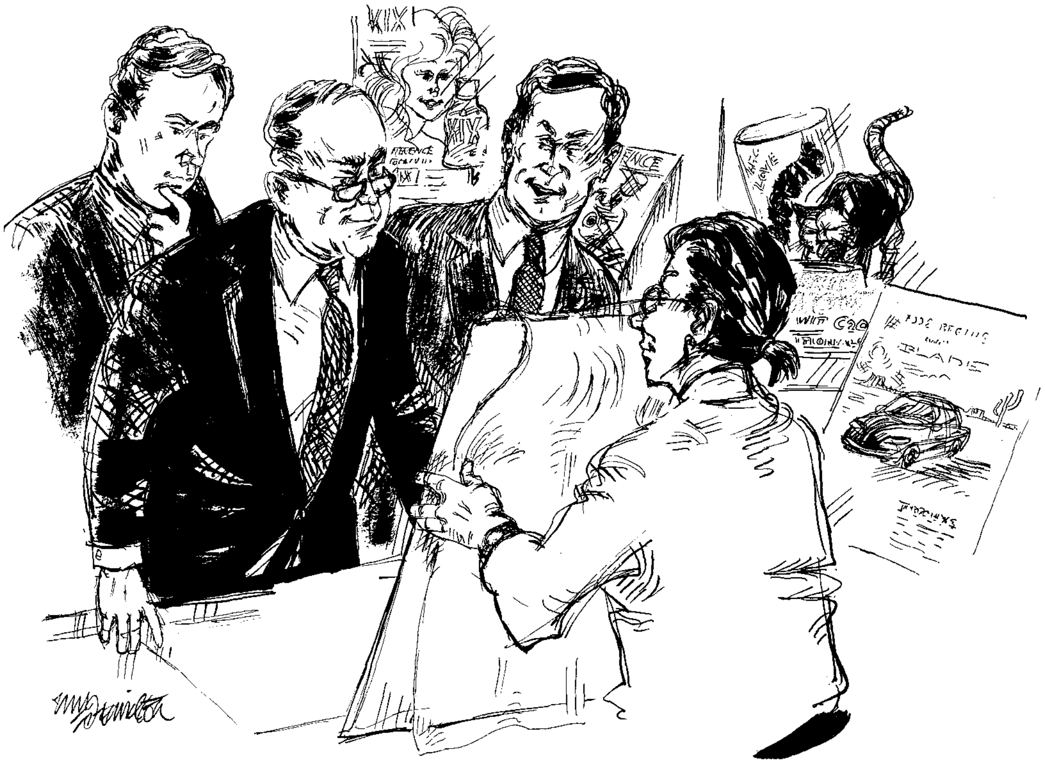


Mr. Saul said that the Japanese-American soldiers had been ordered by the Army never to reveal that they were the ones who liberated Dachau, and he speculated that the American government hadn't wanted men of Japanese descent to be seen getting credit for the liberation. "They were threatened with a court-martial if they told anyone, so most of them never did," he said. "Besides, many of the nisei had been brought up to observe the ancient customs of their parents: Never bring shame on your family, never tell a lie, and never brag about what you do."

We said we wondered why these men, a third of whom came out of America's internment camps, would have volunteered to fight for a country that had branded them enemy aliens.

Rudy Tokiwa, who was only sixteen when he left Poston, Arizona, Camp Two to join the 442nd, and was consequently one of the few men present whose hair was still black, explained, "When the government asked for volunteers, many of us got together and talked about joining the Army. We said that if we want to live in this country—and it is the only country we know—we had better show that we're as loyal as anyone else. If there are no volunteers, it will give the President a real good reason to say, 'It's a good thing we put them there. See—they're not loyal.' So we joined." Mr. Tokiwa added that his father, a First World War veteran who had subsequently been denied American citizenship because he was Asian-born, was ridiculed by other internees when his son enlisted.

By ten o'clock, several hundred guests had arrived—among them some forty survivors of the Holocaust—and were



“We’ve checked, and it’s fine with women.”

• •

sitting in rows of folding chairs to listen to the morning’s program. A round of applause was offered for the men of Charlie Battery, and they stood up shyly. Another was offered for the Holocaust survivors, and they rose, too. Twenty or so people spoke of their experiences in the camps, European or American, and many of them remarked on the irony of one interned people’s freeing another. George Oiye, who helped organize the Charlie Battery reunion, remembered standing outside Dachau soon after the liberation. “When we got there, it was snowing,” he said. “And we saw what looked like lumps in the snow. But they weren’t lumps. They were the dead bodies in striped suits.”

Janina Cywinska, a sixty-two-year-old Catholic woman who had been interned in Dachau when her family was caught smuggling weapons to Jewish resisters, sat behind the lectern throughout the proceedings, dabbing her eyes and occasionally clutching Mr. Oiye’s hand. When it was her turn to speak, her voice faltered. She told the crowd that she tried not to think back on her experience at the camp—she tried to put the horrors she’d witnessed out of her mind—but that she would never forget the day the Japanese-American soldiers handed her back her freedom. “I was standing with a blindfold on, waiting to be shot, but the shot didn’t come,” she explained. “So I asked the woman next to me, ‘Do you think they’re trying to make us crazy, so we’ll run and they won’t have to feel guilty about shooting us?’ She said, ‘Well, we’re not going to run. We’ll just stand here.’ So we stood and stood, and suddenly someone was tugging at my blindfold. He tugged this way and that way, and then he jumped up, because he was short, and he pulled it off. I saw him, and I thought, ‘Oh, now the *Japanese* are going to kill us.’ And I didn’t care anymore. I said, ‘Just kill us, get it over with.’ He tried to convince me that he was an American and wouldn’t kill me. I said, ‘Oh, no, you’re a Japanese, and you’re going to kill us.’ We went back and forth, and finally he landed on his knees, crying, with his hands over his face, and he said, ‘You are free now. We are *American* Japanese. You are free.’ ”

After the speeches, the group turned its attention to two rows of tables that stretched the length of the room: one held bagels and cream cheese, lox, vast mounds of flaked smoked fish, and four kinds of sushi; the other was heavy with cakes and cookies and the sticky-sweet red punch served at bar-mitzvah receptions everywhere.

We waited our turn behind Ernest Hollander, another survivor of Dachau. A few minutes earlier, Mr. Hollander had told the stories of his brothers’ and his father’s murder in a flat, rapid manner, almost as if he were talking about people he didn’t know. Now, as he stood before the buffet, he was smiling. “I feel like I got something off my heart by being able to say thank you to some of these people I never knew for giving me a second chance at life,” he said. “I feel better.”

Sister

MAXENE ANDREWS, the girl singer, was in town last week. Although Maxene has been singing for more than fifty years, she is still a girl singer, in the same way that Joe DiMaggio is still a center fielder: she defines the type, rather than having merely occupied the role. Maxene was one third of the Andrews Sisters—the other thirds being her sisters, Patty and LaVerne—and in the nineteen-forties the Andrews Sisters were the most successful girl singing group ever. In the fifties, they fell by the wayside a little (“We had a little dip after that fella in the mid-fifties became popular,” Maxene says. “I always block his name”), but they kept right on singing, and in the seventies they got a break from Bette Midler, who re-recorded their old hit “Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy (of Company B)” and set off a small Andrews Sisters revival. Now they have landed—Maxene in person, the two other sisters in spirit (LaVerne has died, and Patty is retired)—in the embrace of Paul Taylor, whose “Company B,” a new work set to Andrews Sisters songs, is the first hit of the new dance season here.

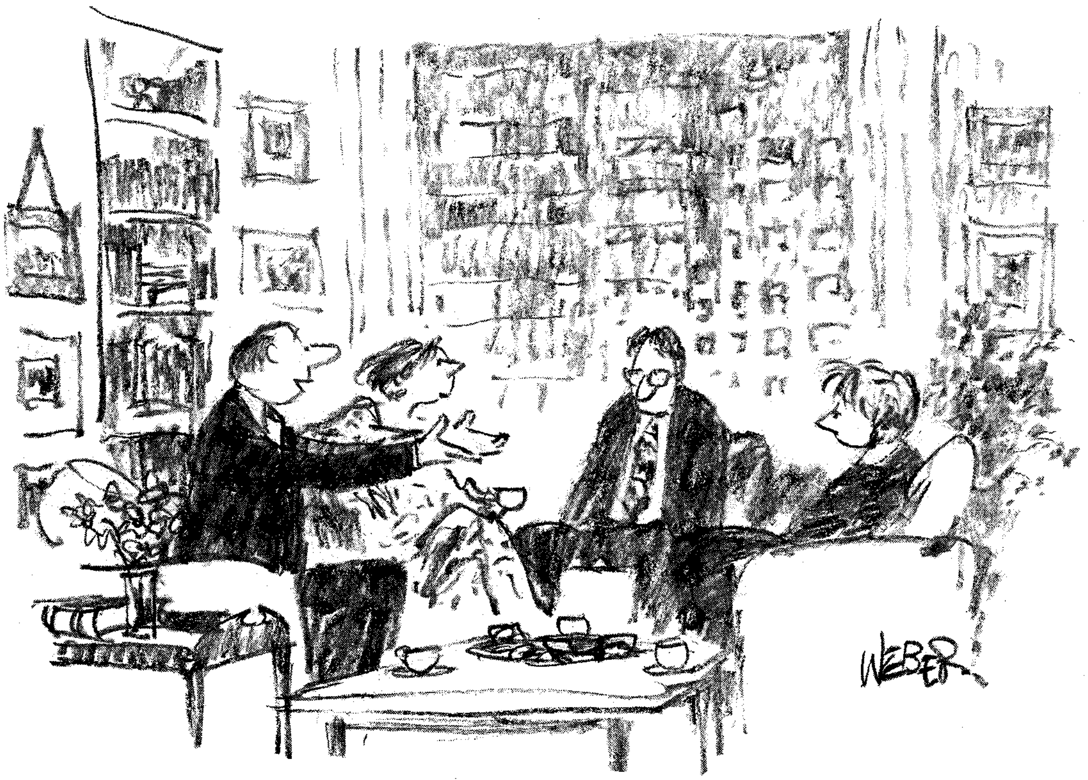
Maxene Andrews, who grew up in the Midwest, loves New York, and when we went to see her the other day, over at the Singers Forum, on West Twenty-first Street, where she was rehearsing with her accompanist—she still gives regular concerts—she was in a terrific mood. Maxene is an all-out, world-class talker, whose sharp eye and sharp intelligence shine through the carefully worked surface of her wonderful personality ("My mother used to be full of homilies. She said to us, 'Never let it bother you that you're not beautiful. You all have'—she'd slow down—'wonderful personalities.' Those were words we really tried to live by"), and she talked to us about many subjects, including Bugsy Siegel ("The Andrews Sisters opened up the Flamingo in '46, and he was one handsome son of a gun, only you never called him Bugsy. You said 'Good morning, Benny,' bright as you could, and kept moving"), Bing Crosby ("The first thing that you learned about Bing was that he was the epitome of the perfect singing companion. The second thing you learned was that though he was a great, great gentleman he could be just a little moody. If that hat was planted firmly on his head, don't kid around; if that hat was real jaunty—why, then you could kid him. A little"), and Abbott and Costello, with whom the Andrews Sisters were teamed in several movies, including the classic service comedy "Buck Privates" ("I've never known anyone who wanted to be a star as badly as Lou Costello did, or who really enjoyed movie stardom more"). But mostly she talked about the Andrews Sisters.

"I've become a Paul Taylor camp follower," she told us. "I saw 'Company B' originally when the Houston Ballet performed it, and I like it even more here in New York. The Taylor dancers seem to have more of a jazz style, don't they? They *swing* those songs. You know, last night they got called back for an encore. That doesn't happen every night at 'Swan Lake.' I feel so lucky, what with this piece and the concerts. These are the happiest years of my life. I am more interesting, and more interested—in things and people. I've been singing for such a long time, too, only never better than now.

"We got into show business when we were very young. In 1932, we were already singing. LaVerne was about seventeen, Patty was twelve, I was fourteen. Three Minneapolis girls with a Greek father and a Norwegian mother. We all loved the Boswell Sisters. The Boswells had broken the barrier between semiclassical and New Orleans jazz for white singers. We imitated them—even their accents. We must have sounded pretty good, because we got signed up by a big unit show. Unit shows—one orchestra and a lot of acts—were the dying gasp of vaudeville. That show closed just about every beautiful R.K.O. theatre in the Middle West. But the managers took a rich sense of responsibility for my sisters and me. They taught us the discipline of the theatre: you showed up half an hour before the curtain went up, and you never peeked through it.

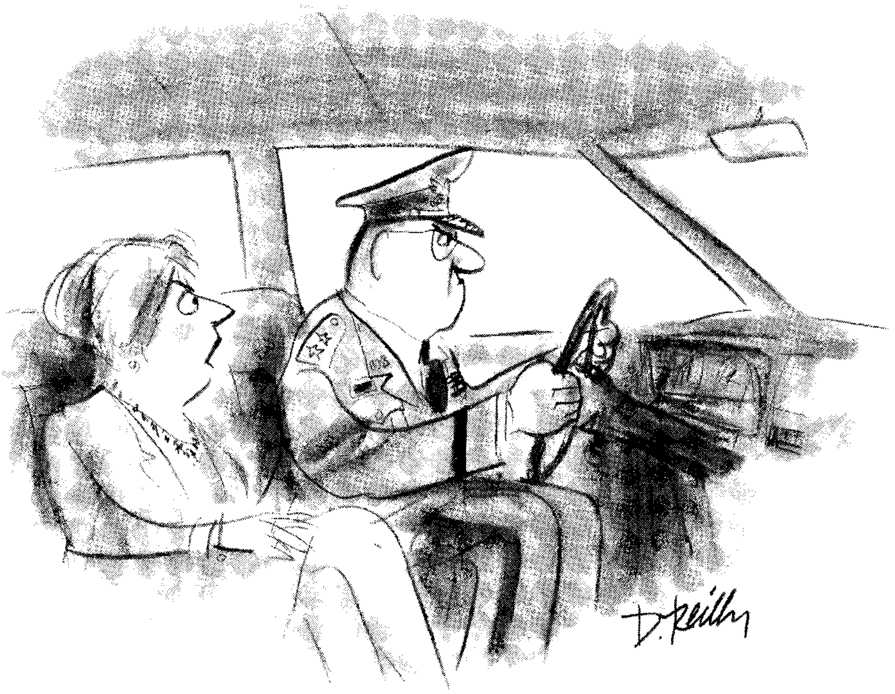
"LaVerne had a wonderful musical memory. She figured things out. She would listen to a Boswell Sisters record and then teach me and Patty the parts. She loved swing music, too. Once—I forget where, maybe in Cleveland—we heard a band playing and they had three trumpets, in harmony, and she said, 'There, kids, we have to learn to sing like those trumpets.' But after the unit show closed we had a hard time getting work. Nobody wanted a girls' trio.

"Our father, being Greek, never really wanted his daughters out on the road singing. But we had a feeling that if there was going to be any success for us at all we'd better come to New York. So we came here, with Mama and Papa, right in the middle of the summer of 1937. We didn't know that there was an exodus every summer. God, we were dumb kids. Fresh kids. But a friend in the music-publishing business gave us a piano in an empty office in the Brill Building. We would arrive at the music publisher's, and work from nine in the morning to six at night, singing in the room. Brother, was it a funny place! Downstairs in the lobby, or even right outside on the street, the comics would be doing their routines to nobody at all, like crazy people, just hoping that an agent would come along and book them into the Catskills.



"Listen, you guys, it's O.K. to sell your apartment at a loss. It's a badge of honor."

"That summer, LaVerne said, 'Kids, we have to decide if we're going for jazz or the public.' We knew a lot of musicians, and we decided to go for the public if we had a chance. We finally had an audition for a band that was opening the Green Room of the Hotel Edison. We went and we sang 'When It's Sleepy Time Down South,' and the leader—not to mention his name, the louse—said, 'Yeah. I can't use you.' We were fighting back tears, and then, on our way out, this one, lone woman in a booth said, 'Hey, kids. Could I buy you a Coke?' She was related to the man who owned the hotel. She said, 'I want them on the broadcast Saturday night.' We showed up that first Saturday in the Green Room, but she wasn't there. She lived in Brazil, or something. But the bandleader said 'One song,' and we got to sing one chorus—that was all—of 'When It's Sleepy Time Down South.' Then we slunk out. The Edison had a nice soda fountain off the lobby, and the next night we went in there for a soda. We were leaving New York. We'd had our shot. You might say that it was the low point of our career. Then this fellow walks in, and says his name is Lou Levy. He was this much above being a zoot-suiter. He had pointed-toe shoes, with the wide snap-brim hat, and the pockets in the back of his jacket. We were terrified of zoot-suiters. But he told us that Dave Kapp, who, with his brother Jack, founded Decca Records, had been at a Tommy Dorsey opening at the Hotel Commodore and over the radio in a taxi on the way home had heard us singing on the broadcast from the Edison, and he wanted to sign us to Decca. So we went to Decca, and made all those records.



"Well, you don't have to bite my head off—I didn't cancel the Cold War."

"We only really became aware of how popular we were when we went overseas during the war and all the servicemen just mobbed us. But we were never the kind they put up as pinups, on the planes or anything. I'd say that they might have a picture of the Andrews Sisters up next to a picture of their own girl, of their mom. It didn't bother us one bit. We were adorable—we wanted to be adorable. Those boys kidded us all the time—only, not mean or anything. They passed us word that the war was over while we were in Naples, entertaining all these boys who were going to be sent to the Pacific. And we didn't believe it at first. We thought it was just another stunt."

Here is Maxene Andrews' favorite story about New York: "Goes like this. Fall, 1940. The first Andrews Sisters record was called 'Why Talk About Love,' and it sold three records. One to me, one to LaVerne, one to Patty. But Jack Kapp, the president of Decca, didn't seem discouraged, and he said, 'Don't worry. I've got a hit song I want you to record for me.' It was a Gershwin tune, 'Nice Work If You Can Get It.' But we needed a B side for the record. The zoot-suiter, who eventually became our manager, had an idea. He told us he knew all these Yiddish songs from his childhood. He said to us, 'Kids, there's a million Jews in New York. If we got three Gentile girls singing Yiddish songs to them, it'll *kill* the people.' So he taught us this song, phonetically, in Yiddish—'Bei Mir Bist Du Schon.' Well, in those days Jack Kapp had everything piped from the studio into his office, two floors up. He heard us singing the B side, and he phoned down. 'Kids,' he said, 'stop everything. Let's see if we can get the boys to give that thing an English lyric, and then you're gonna have a hit!' The boys were Sammy and Saul—Sammy Cahn and Saul Chaplin. They were working together in those days. Cut to Christmas. We still had no money. No hits, either. We'd got used to going without food. But we wanted to buy Christmas presents for our parents and for our dog. So we borrowed twenty-five dollars from a friend, and we went to this big drugstore on Broadway and we bought a box of powder for our mother, a box of White Owl cigars for our father, and a box of Red Heart dog food for the dog. The next morning, our father woke us up very early. Well, seven or eight o'clock. 'Keeds, keeds,' he said, 'follow me!' We got dressed, and we followed him to Broadway and Forty-fifth. There was a little record store there, and somebody had put a speaker up outside. Traffic was blocked, all directions. The cops were there, trying to move people along. And our song was playing from the speaker—'Bei Mir Bist Du Schon,' over and over again. The traffic was blocked, and people were saying, 'Play it again! Play it again!' And everyone was dancing, and my father was smoking a White Owl cigar, and—oh, all I wanted to do was say, 'That's us singing, that's *us* singing.' "

BILT-RITE

BILT-RITE CONSTRUCTION, INC., laid off three of its four employees on the second Friday in August. They were Steve Heagan, thirty-seven; Paul Mylicki, twenty-eight, a casual member of the Diablo Bandits motorcycle gang; and Ronnie Ramsey, twenty-four and probably the most responsible of the group. Certainly he was the most vulnerable financially. He was married and had two kids and a house, and Ralph Correggio, Bilt-Rite's owner, agonized over how Ramsey and his wife were going to cover their mortgage.

Heagan, who had worked as a carpenter for twenty years and had almost gotten into a fistfight recently with a city building inspector, was in a different position; he was divorced, childless, and lived in a trailer park on the Berlin Turnpike. He owned his mobile home outright. Mylicki bounced around. He stayed with his parents, with various friends, or in apartments and houses the motorcycle gang sometimes rented.

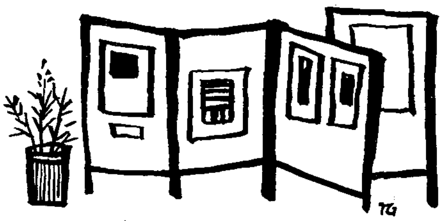
Rich Lacroix, the company's fourth employee, wasn't laid off, because he was on workmen's comp. He had broken his leg in March, when a flat of two-by-fours he was unloading exploded. Lacroix had cut the metal strap that held the boards together, and they had rearranged themselves into a pile of sticks. There was no obvious explanation. The weather was hot for March, and perhaps the wood had expanded after being bound on a cold day in Maine. Or perhaps the boards had gotten wet and had swelled. In any case, Lacroix was almost buried. He suffered bruises and cuts all over his body. He was lucky he wasn't knocked off Bilt-Rite's high-rise truck; when the accident happened, the bed of the truck was at roof level in the Cote Hill subdivision. Lacroix's broken shin mended in time, but he was left with a persistent infection in his leg, and he was on and off work. When he did show up, it was unofficially, and Ralph made up the difference between the compensation payments and Lacroix's regular pay.

Four or five independent carpenters and laborers—men so often subcontracted by Bilt-Rite that they played on the company softball team—were told there would be no more work for them, and Mindy Correggio, Ralph's sister, who helped with paperwork two afternoons a week, also was put out of a job. Mindy took classes at Southern Connecticut State University and found work occasionally as a model. She and Lacroix had a sputtering flirtation going on the days when Lacroix managed to come to work, and Ralph wondered what would happen to these two now that they wouldn't have an automatic excuse to see each other.

One at a time, he summoned Heagan, Ramsey, and Mylicki to his office. It seemed the best way to break the news, but of course the minute Heagan was out the door he told the other two. Ralph was surprised to hear them all mention the softball team. He said that anyone who wasn't too depressed could come to his house that evening for pizza, but it turned out there was a game at seven-thirty. The Bilt-Rite Construction Commandos played in the C Division of the city league.

"Go ahead," he told Mylicki, the third to ask. Mylicki wanted to know about the rest of the schedule, and Ralph said the league fee was paid, and as far as he was concerned the team could finish the season. Ramsey ran the softball; Ralph was nothing but an occasional sub. "I'll put off the pizza until nine," he said.

Ten or fifteen minutes later, his former employees and several people from QualiTex—which shared the old two-story factory Bilt-Rite rented downtown—were throwing a football around in the parking lot. QualiTex salesmen fleshed out the softball team. They had heard about the layoffs and had come to commiserate. Men in T-shirts and men in oxford shirts and ties dashed around and insulted each other and drank from a case of beer Ralph had put on the hood of Ramsey's car. The parking lot and equipment yard were surrounded by a fence topped with razor wire, and beyond that were the railroad tracks that ran from New Haven to Springfield. It was sunny and hot, although it had rained heavily that morning. There were puddles on the asphalt, and beyond the fence the sumac trees, which created a jungle every year by the railroad tracks, seemed to be steaming.



"Grobak told Mylicki he should buy an industrial sewing machine," Lacroix said. "Did you hear that?"

Halfway across the lot, Mylicki was yelling at Dave Grobak, the QualiTex materials manager, "I ought to nail your ass! My dignity's insulted!" He was waving a compressed-air nail gun he had taken from the back of his pickup.

"You can wear a little skirt if you want," Grobak told him, grinning.

"QualiTex needs somebody to sew insulating covers for turbines," Lacroix said to Ralph. "Some retired guy was doing it in his basement, but he's in the hospital with a stroke. Mylicki thinks he'll lose his balls if he does any sewing."

Ralph had his back against Ramsey's car, and he could feel the hot metal and glass through his shirt. His face was turned up, and his eyes were closed, and he smiled as Lacroix went on to recount his latest argument with Mindy. "God," he said. "I don't know why, but it's always great hearing about you two."

The six-o'clock softball game, Division B, went off as planned, although the diamond at Sipisky Park was muddy. But the Post Office Rowdies, Division C, didn't show up for their seven-thirty game with the Commandos. "Fuck, fuck, fuck," Mylicki chanted, slamming his bat rhythmically into a puddle by the on-deck circle as he and the others waited. He discovered that he could splash muddy water onto Heagan, who was at the plate rapping out ground balls to the infielders.

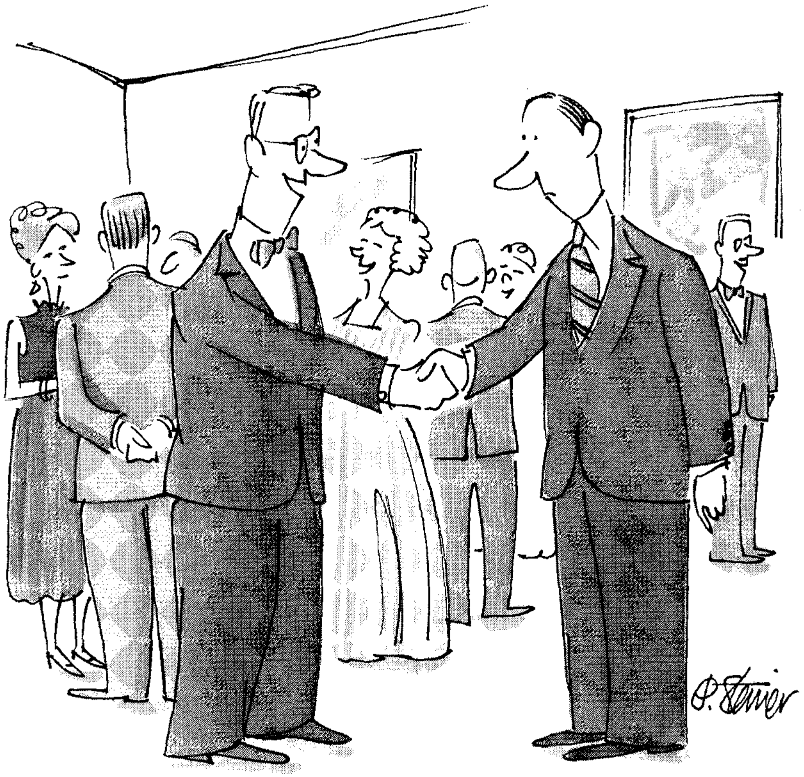
Lacroix was hanging around, still unable to play, and Grobak, at third base, was needling him. "You the company pet or something?" he said. "How come you're the only one who's still got a job?"

Players skidded around, chasing each other and throwing mud in handfuls, and then Grobak was upended in a puddle by Mylicki and Heagan, who were yelling, "Dunk the yuppies!" At that point a few of the other QualiTex people retreated to their cars.

When Ralph's former employees

surrounded him, he grabbed a bat. "No way," he said. "I only came to help you guys out." He had worried—unnecessarily, it seemed—that some of the softball regulars might not show up, because of the layoffs.

Grobak, laughing, and slick with mud, said something to Ramsey and Heagan, and then a bunch of the players ganged up on Mylicki and stripped off his shirt—not a regular orange Commandos team jersey but a T-shirt he'd picked up back when the President was making an issue of flag-burning. It had an American flag on the chest, along with the words "Burn this one, asshole!" and it had been popular with motorcycle gangs. While the others held Mylicki down, Grobak tried to burn the shirt with a cigarette lighter, but he couldn't get it to catch.



"Quote, Bill, unquote."

• •

RALPH CORREGGIO wasn't out of business, exactly. Although it had no employees and no office, Bilt-Rite was still incorporated and was more or less meeting its debts. Ralph had made two hundred and fifty thousand dollars over the previous three years, and had built and paid for his house, although there was no garage and the upstairs wasn't finished. By mortgaging the house, he was able to meet payments on the fifteen undeveloped acres he owned at Cote Hill. His option to buy fifteen more acres there was abandoned. His wife, Paula, whose job as director of the senior citizens' center paid thirty-five thousand dollars a year (Ralph thought this was incredible), was able to cover the mortgage while he worked at whatever small jobs he could scrape up—roof repairs, storm-window replacements, garage-to-bedroom conversions, short-notice labor with his father, Rollo, a plumber—in order to meet the loans on his equipment. The construction forklift (bought used for fifteen thousand dollars), the lift-bed truck (bought used for twenty-five thousand dollars), the various nail guns and air compressors were now in his back yard and basement. His lease downtown expired at the end of the month. That was lucky; the rent would have broken him. There was no way he could sell his equipment; the market was flooded with equipment. Draper Quality Homes and Sagazzi & Sons had gone out of business before Bilt-Rite, and more thoroughly. Ralph, meanwhile, looked with envy at DeConcitti, one of the oldest builders in town and still hanging on, thanks to a contract for public housing for the elderly. Bilt-Rite had tried for that project, too. On an offer of seven hundred and eighty thousand, it had been underbid by a hundred and twenty dollars. That had been the end, Ralph felt, although later, when he had more information, he decided the end really had come a week earlier, when Larry Magnin, the city building inspector, had visited the last of the houses Bilt-Rite had under way at Cote Hill.

That particular morning, Ralph, who didn't like mud, had been standing in the residual glop in the ditch by the foundation where the water would be connected. From down there, little could be seen but dirt, the concrete wall, and the midsummer sky, which was the color of jet exhaust. Presently he heard Magnin complaining, "These are nine inches apart."

Magnin, perched on a ladder, was talking about the staples in the plywood facing on the second floor. The standard building-code interval for nailing off plywood was six to eight inches. Ralph could hear him arguing downward at Heagan, who had done the work. Heagan should have known better; he was the man in charge when Ralph wasn't around.

"I can tell you to nail every two inches if I want to," Magnin said.

"That's about the size of your—"

Magnin came down the ladder with blood in his eye, and Ralph intervened just in time. He walked Magnin over to the Building Department's orange pickup truck.

"I don't talk to morons without an appointment!" Heagan yelled after them. "Call my secretary!"

"This whole thing is simple," Magnin said. "You guys are trying to drive me crazy, right? He wants to see if I'm going to make you put the scaffolds back up and put nails in between the nails, all because of one inch. They're nine inches apart. All of them. Don't tell me that's an accident."

"One inch isn't going to make the house fall down," Ralph said.

Now Mylicki was getting involved. "Have your attorney talk to my attorney!" he yelled from a second-floor-window space. "Have your massage parlor talk to my massage parlor!"

"If I have to stand here and listen to this I'm going to slug somebody in the mouth," Magnin said.

Ralph and Magnin drove off for a

cup of coffee. There were stray boards and scraps of insulation along Cote Hill Road. The insulation looked like pink moss. Weeds had crept into the grass surrounding the two completed houses. The grass itself was just starting to come in. On the far side of the field, maple trees made a lumpish line in the haze. Cote Hill had been the city's last dairy farm.

"If you guys are going to act like this, I can make it tough for you to do business in this city," Magnin said.

"Don't worry about it," Ralph told him. "We'll be out of business in a few weeks."

"I like to get along with people."

"You like to push people around. You made us put bridging all over the Pheasant Creek condos, and there wasn't anything about that in the rules. Now suddenly you're a maniac for rules."

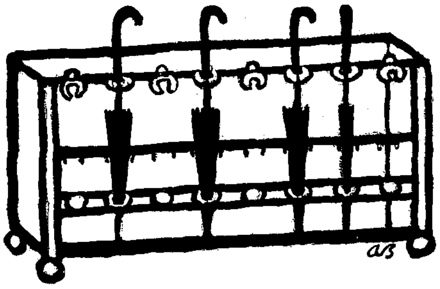
Pollard Street, which skirted Cote Hill, ended by Bess Eaton Donuts, on the corner of Sharpe Avenue. Magnin was listening to Kenny Rogers on his dashboard tape player, and as they turned into the lot he said, "Shut up a minute, this is my favorite part," and reached for the volume knob. Rogers was singing "You Gotta Know When to Hold 'Em," and when Magnin had the truck parked he leaned his head back and closed his eyes. "You ought to pay attention," he said. "There's a lot of wisdom in this song."

Ralph got out of the truck and went into the doughnut shop. He returned a few minutes later and handed Magnin a cup of coffee through the open window. He didn't get back in. Past the parking lot there was a drainage ditch and a fence with a surf of litter at its base, and, beyond that, cars shot like disconsolate rockets along the northbound lanes of I-91. The air was sticky and smelled as if it had passed over a giant French-fry vat (there was a McDonald's across the street), and it seemed to Ralph that all over the city people were irritable with one another and were fed up with what they were doing.

"Just tell me what to do about the nails, O.K.?" he said to Magnin. "I don't care what it is, just make up your mind. When I have to deal with crap like this it makes me so mad I don't care about the serious stuff."

"I don't care if you go out of business," Magnin said. "What do you think of that? I'm just doing my job. I just want to get through the year and take my kids to Disney World at Christmas."

"If you're wondering why Heagan did it, it was probably to get on your nerves," Ralph said. "You're right. That's one of the things I like about him. He knew you'd notice something stupid like that and get mad. But it didn't work too good, because you still managed to get a coffee break out of it. I'm sick of arguing with you guys."



"If you waste my time with this petty shit, I'm going to waste yours, too."

"Waste your time?" Ralph asked. "Heck, we wouldn't dream of it. We're putting the other nails in. Quality is our watchword. It'll take somebody four or five hours and it won't make the house any sturdier, but we're going to do it. In fact, we're going to put six nails in all those places. Then you can come around and tell us to pull five of 'em out."

When Magnin had dropped him back at Cote Hill, Ralph told Heagan to restaple the plywood on his own time—that evening and the next day, if necessary. "You're lucky you're still alive," he said. "He trapped me in his truck and made me listen to Kenny Rogers. That's the worst torture

---

THIS TIME OF YEAR

Parked cars on the street have pale leaves
plaqued to their roofs and windscreens
after the storm, and the same sodden
mosaic is pressed into the pavement
(the pattern fallen cloth scraps mark
on a tailor's floor). This time of year
the last leaves on the trees are stained
with the watered colors of Mother's chiffon,
crêpe, and sharkskin prewar frocks.

This time of year, my mnemonic
for the date of Daddy's birthday was:
If the eleventh is Armistice Day,
it's the seventh—an association
hard to detach from such concepts as Father,
and God and birth and death, et cetera,
when my father had gone to the war.
Nightly, in the double bed,
Mother and I read "Mother India"
together, enthralled by the gory details,
and tried to imagine him there.

They always happened in November
(several consecutive Novembers—
he must have come home then—Mother's
mouth would soften in remembrance):
our worst battles. To break his hold
and her power. There was much
damage. A normal adolescence.
This time of year, between the dates
of their deaths, with a swirl of brittle leaves,
foggy muslin veils, and ice-blue glitter
(does it come too late, that promise?),
the forgotten returns. As if
for some purpose. Stronger than ever.

—Ruth Fainlight

• •

How well do you really know your household pets?
I'm so glad she's finally getting out of the house. Her constant babbling and insipid baby talk are degrading. She's obviously blown her mind by watching excessive amounts of '60s-sitcom reruns.
Let's go barf on her couch!
G. SKALISKY
FACT CORNER- It's a documented fact that four out of five cats are aliens from outer space. Space pets are everywhere and know everything. Don't be fooled! (See diagram on left.)

I've ever been through in my life."

Later on, Ralph's wife, Paula, and his father, Rollo, claimed Magnin had taken Ralph to the doughnut shop because he was looking for a bribe. "What did you want him to do," Rollo said, "paint you a sign?"

Ralph said, "Why would he look for a bribe from someone who's three hundred thousand dollars in debt? How much does he think he'd get?"

"Nobody said this guy was smart," Paula said.

"IT'S a bad sign in a business," Grobak said. "You guys didn't like the people who were moving into the houses. You didn't like your own customers."

"So what?" Ramsey said. "We don't like you, either."

"We don't suffer fools gladly," Mylicki told him, having picked up the phrase somewhere, probably from Lacroix, who came out with lines like that. Mylicki had biker's hair—it reached his shoulders—and a ratty beard. Tattoos extended down each arm past the ends of the short sleeves of his softball jersey.

"You must not like yourself very much," Lacroix told him.

They were crowded around a table at Keegan's Tavern, and there was hardly room for all the beer bottles and elbows. If there was any meaning to the occasion it was that they were trying to remain friends with Grobak, who had been unhappy about being thrown in the mud, as it turned out. He said that when he thought about it later it didn't seem like the usual fooling around—there was something hostile about it. Worse, the pizza party at Ralph's house afterward had ended wildly when Grobak made an obscene remark about J.F.K., and Heagan, to everyone's surprise, attacked him. No one had seen Heagan since, although Grobak said Heagan had called him at work on Monday to apologize. Lacroix, one of several people trying to break up the fight, had been kicked on his infected shin and had spent four days on crutches. That night Ralph told Paula it had been the worst day of his life. "I throw three people out of work, I have the softball team over to cheer everybody up, and World War Three breaks out."

Ralph thought Keegan's overdid it with the air-conditioning. Shivering, he wondered if he would carry in his stomach for the rest of his life the cold, greasy feeling of finishing out the summer as a part-time player on the company softball team that had outlasted his company. On the far side of the room he could see the green shirts of the Sagazzi & Sons players. Sagazzi was in the A Division and the team actually wore matching baseball pants; Jerry Sagazzi was the shortstop. Ralph would have preferred retirement as a Bilt-Rite softball sub, but Heagan hadn't shown up since the fight, and that meant Ralph was needed in right field.

Keegan's Tavern and Lamertino's Restaurant, which were connected by a hall holding rest rooms and a telephone and a cigarette-vending machine, were on the Sharpe Avenue strip, down the street from Bess Eaton Donuts. As usual, Keegan's was full of construction workers. Many of them were unemployed, but they still wore the uniform. In this part of Connecticut most had not biker's hair but a style that wasn't quite as long. When they were out with their girlfriends, it was neatly combed and blow-dried so that it swept sideways above the ears. The men tended toward stone-washed jeans and thermal-underwear tops, some with the sleeves ripped out, and had a way of walking that seemed tired in the legs and hips.

Across the table, Mylicki and Grobak started to laugh, and Mylicki got his hands around Grobak's neck and forced him halfway under the table. He was still after Grobak about his sewing-machine proposal.

"I got a profession," Mylicki said. "When I was a baby, my mother took me on her knee and said, 'Son, I want you to build condos.' " Shaking Grobak, he chanted, "Build 'em cheap, build 'em shitty, build 'em just like DeConcitti."

"We weren't that bad," Ralph objected. All his former employees except Lacroix had worked for DeConcitti at one time or another. The company had a bad reputation, and people were always coming and going.

"If you want somebody to sew, why don't you ask me?" Ramsey said to Grobak, surprising everyone. "I'll do it. I'm fucking desperate."

Ramsey, in black pants and a black vest, was slouched in his chair, his skinny arms and his chest and stomach exposed. His stomach was soft-looking, like a woman's. He had a bizarre habit of wearing leather vests, or muscle shirts, or T-shirts cut off above the navel, such as football players wear. He must have weighed a hundred and forty pounds. He had long black hair. "You're really knocking the girls out," Lacroix often told him.

They got up to go, and Ralph swung by the men's room. On the way out he got into an argument with Tony Pintone, an outraged-neighbor type who had opposed the Pheasant Creek condos Bilt-Rite had finished in the spring. Half the units were unsold and had been repossessed by the bank.

"You guys should be in jail," Pintone said. He was buying cigarettes.

"You don't like 'em, why don't you pay me to tear 'em down?" Ralph said.

Pintone, had started a Bee Avenue neighbors' group to fight the condo project. The group had delayed the job for a year by objecting to condos in an R-1 zone, but finally the Planning and Zoning Commission had given Bilt-Rite a variance; the P.Z.C. was always siding with builders back then. Pintone was still upset about the ruling, and also about the way he had been treated. Once, at a public meeting, Ralph had called him "Pintone, or Flintstone, or whatever your name is."

"I didn't see your Turkish-whorehouse Cadillac in the lot," Ralph said now. "Did you sell it?"

"You guys should be shot," Pintone told him, but then Ramsey and Mylicki came along, and it was over.

"I hate *that guy!*" Ralph yelled when they were outside. "Where's his car? I'm going to piss on the door."

"He wouldn't notice. It's a piss-colored car," Lacroix said. "Let's throw some rocks."

Instead, they climbed into their pickups and drove off, one after the other. Ralph wondered when they'd see each other again. An acid haze drifted along the tops of buildings and telephone poles as he turned onto Sharpe Avenue. The city seemed trapped in gray, overcooked air, even at night. After a few blocks, Ralph recognized in his mood the same dread he'd felt as a child late in the summer, when school loomed just ahead. Back then, too, the last August weather had seemed to announce that the fun had gone on for too long and everyone was going to suffer.

IN September, Mylicki rode his motorcycle to Florida to look for work. He had a brother there. No one had heard from Heagan. Ralph replaced a garage roof, helped his father with a few plumbing tasks, then spent three weeks reconditioning boilers at a factory in Naugatuck—it was a Quali-Tex customer, and Grobak had got him the job. Ralph cut the corroded pipes from the insides of the boilers with a blowtorch, then de-scaled the walls with a pneumatic chisel. He was surrounded by purple smoke and flying grit, and he came home at night with welts on his arms and back where flecks of hot metal had burned through his welder's smock.

At Papa Gino's on a Friday night in October, Dave Grobak's wife, Laura, told Ralph that the only reason she still had her job at InterBay Bank in New Haven was because she and Dave had a mortgage there. "They're cutting people right and left," she said, "but it's kind of an inside joke. They've got so many foreclosures they don't want to get rid of anybody who owes them money."

Ralph's sister, Mindy, had come to dinner, too, fresh from her first modelling job in six months—she had worn lingerie for a J. Wolf advertising supplement. Recounting her day, she said, "What I kept thinking about is these women's magazines. About ten times a year they have a story about 'A Day in the Life of a Model,' and the girl always says, 'It's not easy! It's hard work! I'm so bizzee!' Well, that's a lot of crap. I spent one day standing around and I made three hundred dollars. Those guys should try being waitresses."

"When're these pictures coming out?" Dave Grobak asked.

"Forget it."

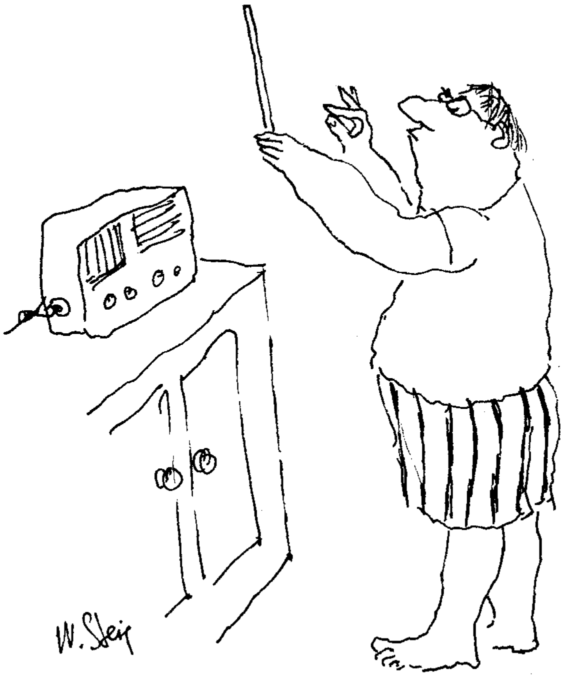
"Lacroix's going to pass out copies," Ralph told him.

Lacroix was late. Eventually they saw his truck turning in to the lot. Despite the hour—it was almost dark—and the time of year, the restaurant's automatic sprinkler system was on. It drenched the small front lawn, the sidewalk, and part of the street, and Lacroix had to circle well out onto Sharpe Avenue as he came from the parking lot to the door.

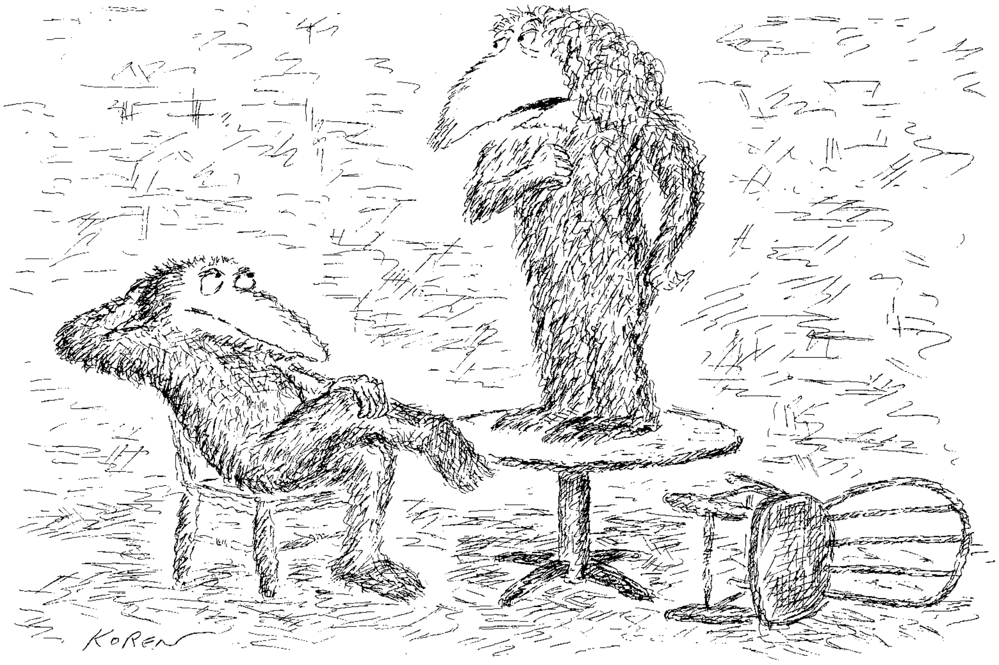
"Ever since he got banged up he's completely irresponsible," Mindy grumbled. "He thinks he can turn up late—he thinks he can do anything he wants."

"Since?" Ralph asked. "He's always been that way."

Lacroix's leg was still intermittently inflamed, and often he had a mild cold. The hospital had done diagnostic tests, but the results were inconclusive. The drugs he received seemed to help, but when he stopped taking them the infection flared up again. Since he was still drawing compensation for the injury and had time on his hands, Ralph had talked him into taking fall courses at S.C.S.U. Lacroix had gone to college for a couple of years before quitting to work construction, and Ralph thought



Andante Sostenuto



"When it comes to loving someone, I never seem to get it right."

• •

going back would be good for him. He and Mindy were sharing rides to classes—over the last month, the two of them had split up and had gotten back together.

"I'm glad you guys patched it up," Ralph told her.

"Everybody thinks it's O.K. to just talk about us," Mindy announced. "It's like we're soap-opera characters."

"You said it," Paula told her.

"He apologized, O.K.? He always apologizes. He always says he's a terrible person and I shouldn't have anything to do with him, but he really likes me, so that's supposed to make everything O.K."

"Well, he's a nice guy," Ralph said.

"You know what it's like?" Mindy said. "It's like that song they play on the oldies stations—'Don't know much about history, don't know much biology.' The singer says he doesn't know this and he doesn't know that, he can't do this and he can't do that, he's a complete loser. But then he says, 'I love you,' and the girl is supposed to fall into his arms. That's the stupidest song anybody ever wrote. Who'd fall in love with a guy like that?"

Lacroix had joined them by this time. He wore a red wool shirt that was sun-bleached pink in places. Grinning, he put his arm around Mindy, who threw it off. "Not only that, I'm unemployed," he said. "How about a kiss?"

"You're not unemployed," Ralph growled. "Jesus Christ. You're the only one still on the payroll, and you keep telling everyone you're unemployed."

"Sorry," Lacroix said.

"Those workmen's-comp premiums are expensive. Give me some credit."

When they had finished their pizzas and were saying goodbye in the parking lot, Laura Grobak told Ralph, "QualiTex is the sort of company that does O.K. in a recession. Their stuff goes for repairs and maintenance. You guys are in trouble, but what do you expect? Construction always gets murdered. But you should see the bank. They've got nobody to blame but themselves. You should see the commercial loans they made. If a chimpanzee came in they would have given him a million bucks."

Ralph started laughing. "I must be pretty bad," he told her. "They turned me down last spring."

"I just don't understand it," Laura said. "I mean, the InterBay guys are stupid. I can accept that. Fine. But look at New York. New York bankers are supposed to be smart, right? They made loans to Third World countries and got murdered. They made loans during the energy crisis and got murdered. They got into the leveraged-buyout business and got murdered. Now it's real estate. They lent money to Donald Trump. Would you lend money to Donald Trump?"

"Your wife thinks I'm worse than a chimpanzee," Ralph told Grobak.

"She's been talking about Donald Trump in her sleep," Grobak said. "I wake up in the middle of the night and she's yelling, 'Would you lend money to Donald Trump?'"

By mid-December, Lacroix was dead. He was killed when his pickup truck and a Tonio's Pizza delivery car crashed into each other on Route 147, in Middlefield, about two in the morning. Police weren't sure who had strayed into whose lane. They said the other driver, also killed, was off duty and was on his way home from a Christmas party. Blood tests indicated that he had been slightly drunker than Lacroix. The impact threw the Tonio's sign from the roof of the car fifty feet into the woods.

The shock and disorientation caused by the accident were made somehow more acute for Lacroix's family and friends by the fact that his death had had nothing to do with his leg. That seemed bizarre and unfair—as if Lacroix had been looking in one direction and had been flattened from another. The swelling in his shin had gotten much worse the preceding week, and he had been hospitalized briefly, and his doctors had scheduled exploratory surgery.

"What the hell's going *on*?" Ralph bellowed after getting the news on the phone from Ramsey. "If some guy has cancer does he get blown up in a plane crash?"

He couldn't get over it. "When I used to tell these guys they'd be in prison or worse if it wasn't for me, I didn't mean him," he said as he got ready on the morning of the funeral, and Paula looked around to make sure Mindy was out of earshot. Mindy had broken up with Lacroix again, apparently permanently, in early November. But she was very upset and had spent the last two nights with Ralph and Paula. She ended up staying with them for a week.

"You better calm down about this,

Ralph," Paula said. "You're going to drive yourself nuts. It's not exactly out of left field. He got drunk all the time. He drove like a maniac."

Heagan was at the funeral—the first time Ralph had seen him since the night of the layoffs, when Heagan had attacked Grobak for insulting J.F.K. Both Heagan and Ralph spoke at the service at St. Joseph's Church. They called Lacroix a good friend and a reliable employee.

"This is really bad," Ralph said afterward, in the parking lot.

"I'm kind of mad at myself," Heagan said. "I wouldn't tell this to anybody but you. I was in there and I was really upset, but then I was thinking about him pissing off the roof into Ramsey's hard hat. That time Ramsey went to get doughnuts and left it on the ground. I couldn't say that in a church."

"He almost got Cobie once," Ralph said.

Cobie was a loan officer from Home Dime who had started swinging by Cote Hill to see Ralph after Ralph, for obvious reasons, had stopped returning his phone calls. "The personal banker!" everyone would yell whenever Cobie showed up. "Personal banking at its best!" They were mimicking Home Dime's advertising slogan.

Ralph and Heagan talked for half an hour, and then Heagan left for a job he'd found at a Mobil station and convenience store next to I-91 in Cromwell. He said he'd call. A month later he did phone; he said his pickup was being repaired downtown and he needed a ride home. Ralph and Mindy went to get him.

They ended up sitting in Ralph's Buick, outside Heagan's trailer. The ground was covered with slush the consistency of the pulverized-ice drinks sold by Cumberland Farms in the summer, and it slid in gobs from three old motorcycles Heagan had bought and had scavenged for parts. Heagan liked motorcycles almost as much as Mylicki did. Inside the trailer, Heagan's two Dobermans were barking. People who visited him generally stayed outside.

"I wasn't that mad the night I hit Grobak," he said. "I mean, I wasn't mad at Grobak. I was just mad. He was asking to get slugged, so I slugged him."

"Grobak doesn't work for us," Ralph said. "Hit him if you want. That doesn't mean you have to disappear for the next six months."

"I sort of disappeared because a lot of this mess is my fault," Heagan said.

"What? Grobak?"

"Nope. The elderly-housing bid."

"No way."

"Listen," Heagan said. "The Housing Authority's always dealing with the building inspectors. Those guys know each other. The inspectors practically live in the housing projects. Every time there's a fire or somebody smashes his place up they're over there. I think they get slid a little extra to go easy on the code violations. So I nailed the plywood wrong and Magnin got mad, and what do you think happened? Magnin went and talked to the Housing Authority board. I heard about it. They could have given us the contract. They don't even like DeConcitti. He does crappy work. But Magnin changed their minds. I saw him a few days after the plywood thing and he was telling me, 'You fuckers are going to be sorry.' "

"I still don't know if I believe that," Ralph said after a minute. "Maybe I should've bribed him, like everybody said. I always figured he was straight."

"He just had a good way to screw us over," Heagan said.

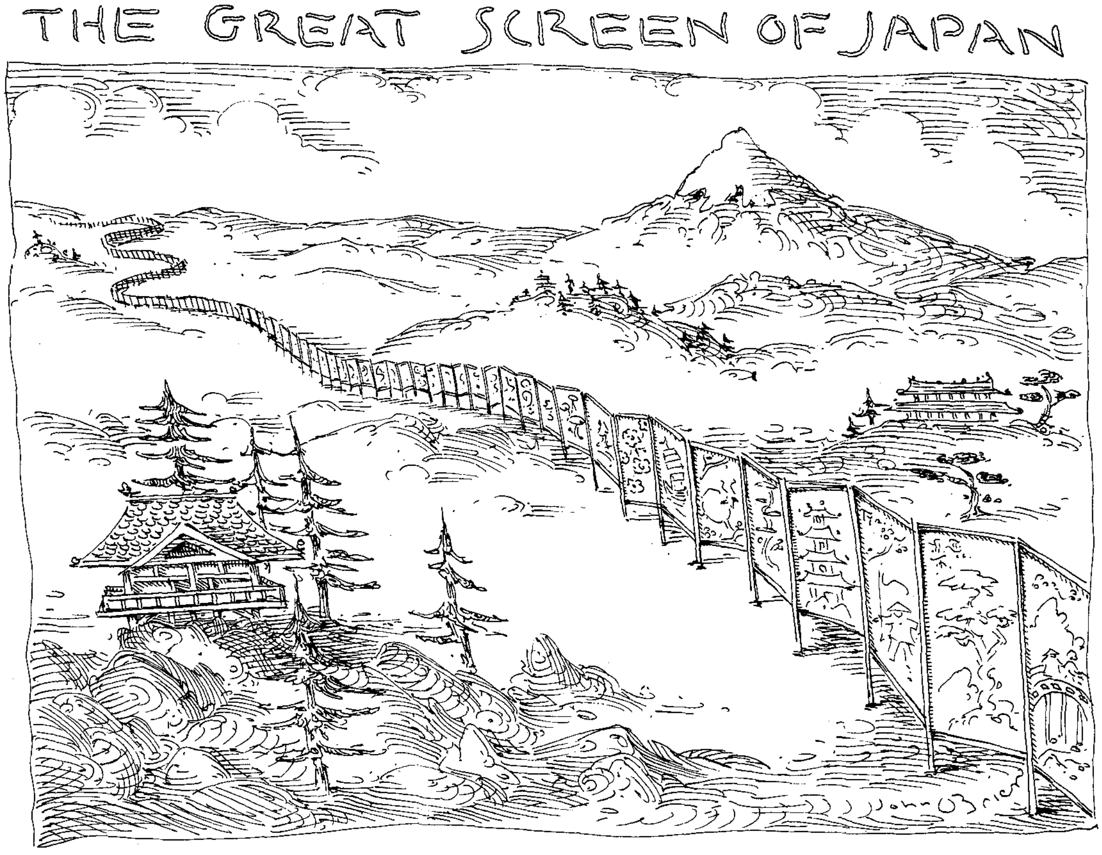
They were quiet for a minute, and then Ralph said, "We would have lasted a few more months. That's all. There's no work."

"That's what I don't understand," Mindy announced from the back seat—they'd almost forgotten she was there. "Why did you guys do this in the first place? You built the condos and half of 'em are empty. Everybody in town's mad at you, and you're broke. So why did you even start?"

"You typed two or three letters a week for me and made a hundred fifty bucks!" Ralph yelled. "Under the table! Tax-free! Now you're running down the construction business. Get out of the car! I don't want nothing to do with you."

Mindy stayed where she was. "Why did *you* do that with the plywood?" she asked Heagan.

"I hate the guy,"


THE GREAT SCREEN OF JAPAN

Heagan said. He stared at the ceiling of the car and started to laugh. "I wanted to make him sweat a little when it wouldn't make any difference. Look what happened."

Ralph rubbed his forehead. "What difference *does* it make?" he asked.

"Well, what else are we going to do?" Heagan said. "What else is Mylicki going to do that pays him like that? He went all the way to Florida, and there was no work for him there, either, so now he's back."

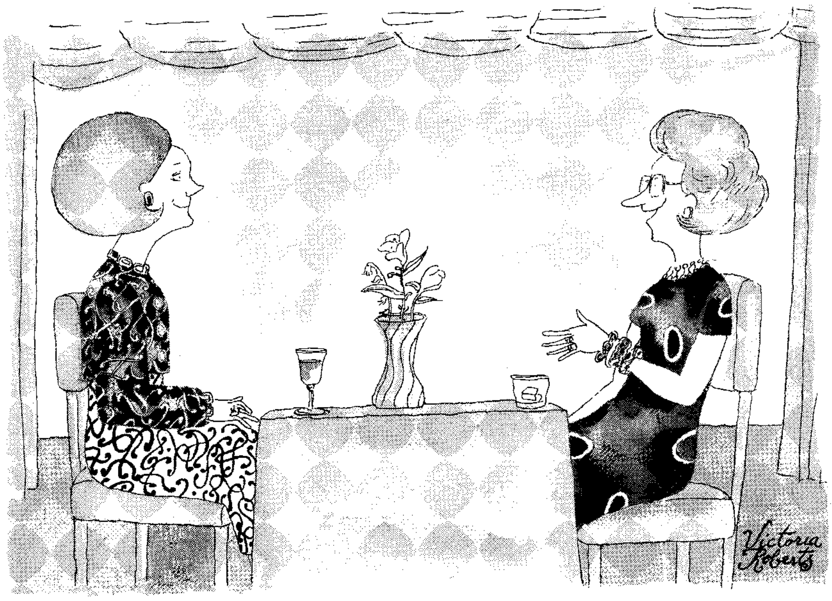
"Maybe a month ago I would have thought this was a problem," Ralph said. "I remember thinking it would be a problem if Lacroix got better, because then I'd have to lay him off."

The dogs were barking again, and Heagan rolled his window down and yelled for them to shut up. "You always worried about him a lot," he said to Ralph. "Why did you do that?"

"I don't know," Ralph said. "He was like some little kid everybody took care of."

"Shut up!" Mindy shrieked. "You can't talk about him that way!"

She began to cry, and Ralph turned in his seat and said he was sorry.



"Not only do you look marvellous but all of you looks the same age."

In the middle of February, Ralph got a phone call from a plastic surgeon in New Haven who said he was thinking about building a large house on four acres at the top of Cote Hill. Talking with this man, Ralph felt chilly around the neck and shoulders. The surgeon didn't say he'd hire Bilt-Rite to build the house, and Ralph didn't say he wouldn't sell the land unless his company got the construction contract.

After hanging up, Ralph drove the flatbed truck downtown. He had to clear the company scaffolding out of the basement of his old office: someone was renting the space for warehousing. Ramsey and Mylicki were going to help him take the boards and pipes back to his house. Ralph got to the office first and waited in the truck in the parking lot. It was a little after ten in the morning. Clouds the color of foundry metal flew over the bricks. Winter had beaten the weeds and sumac along the railroad tracks down to a yellow stubble. There had been a pronounced cold snap—Ralph had spent several miserable days with his father, Rollo, thawing pipes in flooded basements—and now the temperature was hovering around freezing. The puddles in the parking lot turned blue whenever a patch of clear sky came overhead. Ralph felt hope bounding in his chest like a small animal. He aimed a wink at a picture of his sister pasted to the dashboard.

The J. Wolf advertising supplement featuring Mindy had come out the week before, and he and Ramsey and Mylicki had taped the photos of her all over the insides of their pickups. She had appeared in only three photographs, each a group shot.

Mindy was angry about being turned into a pinup girl, and Ralph quickly took all his photos down except this one, above the heater-defrost control. In it, Mindy was wearing a plain-looking bra—no lace. She wasn't as pretty as the girl next to her.

Ramsey and Mylicki drove up in Ramsey's truck, and Ralph could hear them talking as they got out. "I took the pills, my blood pressure's down, and I'm better," Mylicki said. "It's simple."

"It doesn't work that way, stupid."

"That's what the clinic told me. Fuck them, too."

Ralph told them about the plastic surgeon. "Don't get too excited," he said. "He's probably called twenty other guys."

"That's good land, though," Mylicki said. "He's got a view there."

"He's got a view if he likes to look at Sharpe Avenue and the highways," Ralph said.

They carried planks and pipes out of the basement for forty-five minutes. Grobak, who was down there on some QualiTex business, quit what he was doing and helped them. He got dirt and grease all over his white shirt. He was Ramsey's new boss: Ramsey was sewing turbine covers for QualiTex now, and recently the company had hired him one day a week for warehouse work. Still, he was having trouble meeting his mortgage, and he seemed moody and depressed. After loading the scaffolding, they all threw a football around for a few minutes, and then Grobak left for lunch.

Ralph bounced up Raylene Drive in his truck, with stacks of scaffolding rattling in the back. He could see Ramsey and Mylicki in the rearview mirror, in Ramsey's pickup. They were all headed for Ralph's house, where they were going to store the scaffolding for the time being. The house was three years old now, and Ralph still hadn't finished it. Like other small-time builders, he was busy with his customers when business was good, and he couldn't afford home-improvement projects when contracts were scarce. Raylene Drive, which was unpaved, had once served as a rear entrance to the Mohr traprock quarry, but the quarry's excavations had cut off the far end in the early seventies. What was left wound through some woods by a low ridge that overlooked a golf course and ended after a fifth of a mile at a clearing that once had held a small trailer park—housing, in the sixties, for seasonal quarry workers. Ralph owned two scrubby acres here—he hadn't gotten his grass in—flanked on the low side by an old rail line, where small trees grew between the tracks. A wooden bridge had been removed, but there was a footpath up the far side of the railroad cut, and the road beyond was lined with old trucks and boilers and gravel-crushing equipment. The week after he had closed the company, Ralph had spent a lot of time out there, trying to calm down.

He and Heagan had poured the concrete for the garage floor when they had put in the foundation of the house. The unfinished garage had become an informal patio, and during the happy summers of the construction boom the crew had come over for dinner once or twice a week, and Ralph had barbecued chicken for them in a sawed-off barrel. Now he and Mylicki and Ramsey began to pile Bilt-Rite's scaffolding on the concrete. It was a gritty winter day, and as Ralph slogged over the half-frozen ground, carrying pieces of his dismantled business, he felt depression dropping around him. This was hard work, and he usually associated scaffolding—whether going up or down—with the cheerful activities of construction and money-making. Piling it here, when the reason was his own insolvency, he found it hard to believe that a plastic surgeon would hire him to build a three-hundred-thousand-dollar house.

They had to walk the last ten yards because the driveway was gravelled only to the point where the front walk hooked in. The final stretch was uphill, and Ralph didn't want to risk the truck in the mud and ice. Past the corner of the house, the construction forklift, wrapped in green tarps, poked dinosaurlike into the air. The nail guns and air compressors had been put away in the cellar.

After twenty minutes, Ralph heard boards shifting and Ramsey yelling as he slipped. As Ramsey went down, one of the planks hit him in the face. His nose was bleeding and he seemed dizzy as they helped him inside. Paula, who had come home for lunch, went to the refrigerator for an ice pack. Ralph and Mylicki went back outside after a few minutes, leaving Ramsey in the kitchen. His clothes were covered with mud, and so was the kitchen floor.

Ralph himself slipped ten or fifteen minutes later—in the shadowy spots, the ground was frozen beneath a slick surface of mud. They were finished with the planks and had started with the pipes. He was carrying three of them, and he threw them to his right as he fell, and ended up on his forearms and knees. Muddy water splashed onto his face and chest, and the cold shocked him. Just below the water, the ground was hard as concrete.

When Ralph and Mylicki were done, they slogged up the steps to the kitchen door. As Ralph opened it, he heard Ramsey, extremely upset, telling Paula, "It's simple! There's a recession, people need jobs, they should make some goddam jobs!"

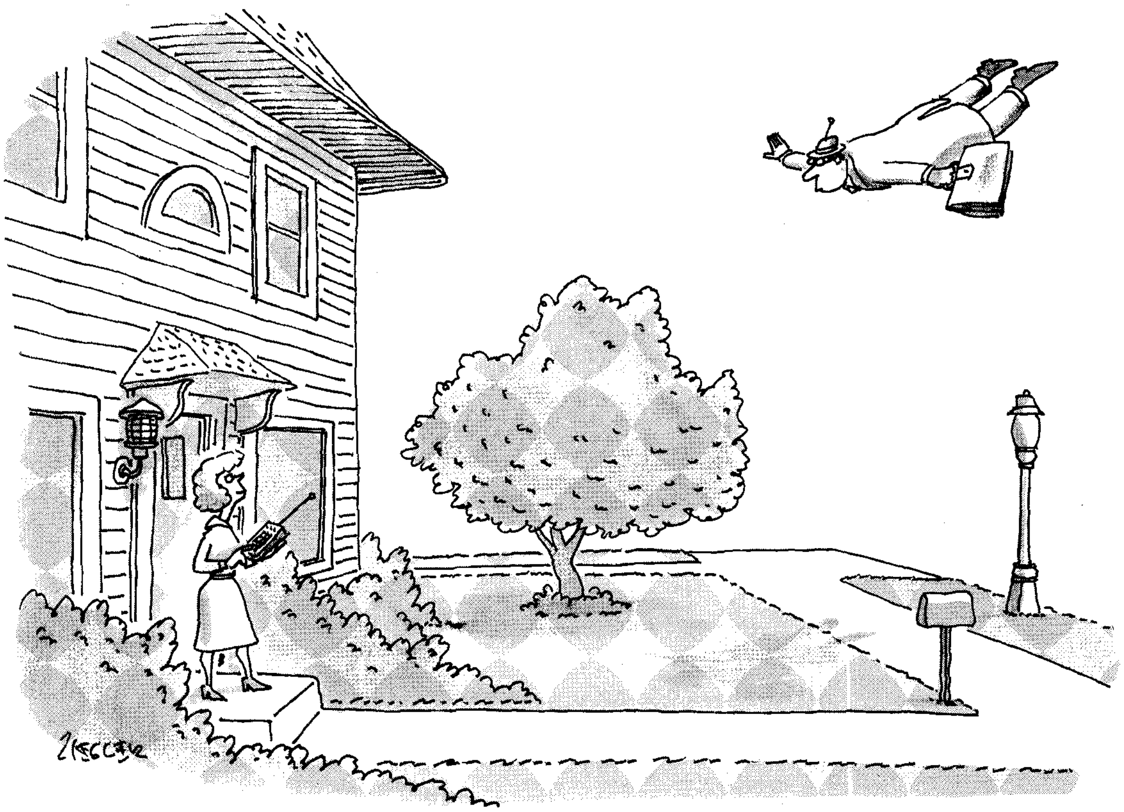
"Your boots!" Paula shrieked, because Ralph had continued direct-ly into the kitchen. She had just cleaned up Ramsey's mess.

40 DAYS AND 40 NIGHTS

Opening a vein he called my radial,
the phlebotomist introduced himself as Angel.
Since the counselling it had been ten days
of deep inversion—self-recrimination weighed
against regret, those useless emotions.
Now there would be thirty more enduring the notion
of some self-made doom foretold in the palm.
Waiting for blood work with aristocratic calm,
big expectant mothers from Spanish Harlem
appeared cutout, as if Matisse had conceived them.
Their bright smocks ruffling like plumage before the fan,
they might themselves have been angels, come by land.
Consent and disclosure signed away, liquid gold
of urine glimmering in a plastic cup, threshold
of last doubt crossed, the red fluid was drawn
in a steady hematic ooze from my arm.
"Now, darling, the body doesn't lie," Angel said.
DNA and enzymes and antigens in his head
true as lines in the face in the mirror
on his desk. I smiled, pretending to be cheered.
In the way that some become aware of God
when they cease becoming overawed
with themselves, no less than the artist concealed
behind the surface of whatever object or felt
words he builds, so I in my first week
of waiting let the self be displaced by each
day's simplest events, letting them speak
with emblematic voices that might teach me.
They did . . . until I happened on the card
from the clinic, black-framed as a graveyard.
Could the code 12 22 90 have represented
some near time, December 22, 1990, for repentance?
The third week I fathomed it. The fourth I
rejected it and much else loved, until the eyes
teared those last days and the lab phoned.
Back at the clinic—someone's cheap cologne,
Sunday lamb yet on the tongue, the mind cool as a pitcher
of milk, a woman's knitting needles aflutter,
Angel's hand in mine—I watched the verdict-lips move,
rubbed my arm, which, once pricked, tingled then bruised.

—Henri Cole

• •



• •

"It's like that stuff with Lacroix's leg," Ramsey said. His nose had stopped bleeding, but his voice was hoarse. "What's the big deal? There's something wrong, they're the fucking doctors, why didn't they fix it? What's the problem? Maybe if they'd fixed his leg, he wouldn't have crashed."

"What are you talking about?" Paula said, staring at him.

Ralph went to the counter by the sink and took the pot from the coffeemaker and a mug from the cupboard. "I must be stupid," he said as he sat down. "I don't understand anything that's happened the last six months, but everybody else around here always says everything's simple. We don't know why the lumber blew up on Lacroix in the first place, right? But don't mind me. Everything's simple."

"Clean off your face and change your clothes," Paula told him. When he ignored her, she got up, took her coat from the hook, and left.

Ramsey had removed his jacket. Ralph, who wasn't injured, only dirty, hadn't even taken off his work gloves. They were soaked with mud, and his coat sleeves left vague brown swirls, like something done with watercolor, on the yellow Formica of the table. A streak of dirt ran across his forehead. He was slumped in his chair. "I guess she's going back to work," he said. "So what's simple? Tell me one thing that's simple around here."

Mylicki, coming in, said, "Ramsey has to think that way. He's a moron."

"You're both morons," Ralph said angrily. "I bet this is why the Japs are taking over the country. You think they think things are simple? You think the Germans think things are simple? You think they have recessions over there because people are so stupid they lend money to Donald Trump?"

"What?" Ramsey asked.

Mylicki started to laugh. "When they take over the country, they can put me and Ramsey in a zoo," he said. "Everybody else can come and look."

"Why don't you guys get out of here?" Ralph said. He propped his face in his muddy palms. "Thanks for the help and get the hell out of here."

After they were gone, he sat there for several minutes, then stood up and tried to throw his coffee cup through the kitchen window. The window had a number of small panes, and the cup hit one of the interior frames, cracking the adjacent glass, fell back into the kitchen, and shattered in the sink. Then Ralph raked his chair over the counter, sweeping the other cups onto the floor. After that, he slammed the chair onto the table. The chair didn't break, although one of its legs was bent. Panting, he put the chair upright and sat down again.

Heagan showed up twenty minutes later. Ralph hadn't cleaned the place and hadn't changed his clothes. He seemed calm enough. After letting Heagan in the kitchen door, he crunched over the shattered cups to his place at the table.

"News travels," Heagan said. "I just saw Grobak at McDonald's. Who's the rich guy that wants a house?"

"You and Grobak are talking to each other now?"

"That fight was months ago. Sure."

"I just told Ramsey and Mylicki to get out of here. They were driving me nuts."

Heagan was looking around the kitchen.

"Things are so bad I can't even get mad anymore," Ralph explained. "I started doing this and I kept thinking I should stop."

"You cleaning this up before Paula gets home?"

"I'm trying to think of something to do where I'll respect myself. I haven't thought of it yet."

"Clean it up, you jerk. Don't get her mad."

"This team is wrecked," Ralph said. "Lacroix's dead, and those guys are a couple of babies. How'd I get into this mess? I got half my stuff sitting outside in the middle of winter."

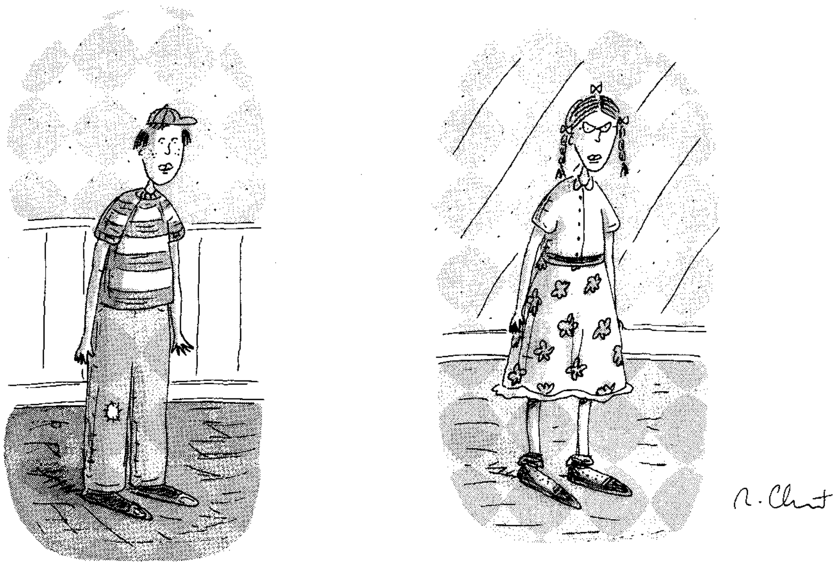
"Have you called this rich guy back yet?"

"He just called this morning."

"Don't give me any team stuff right now," Heagan said. "Don't get mushy. This is business."

Ralph went to the refrigerator and got Heagan a beer, then indicated a rocking chair that was just inside the living-room doorway. Strangely enough, the chair had been the cause of Heagan's fight with Dave Grobak back in August. Paula had ordered it from

SINCE YOU ASKED



Ingredients: snips, snails, snail by-products, puppy-dog tails, other puppy-dog by-products.

Ingredients: sugar, aspartame, spice, everything nice, a blend of nutritive and non-nutritive sweeteners.

• •

L. L. Bean—practically the only thing she and Ralph had ever gotten from a catalogue.

"Uh-oh," Heagan said now, dragging the rocker into the kitchen. He sat in it and smiled. The chair had been on the patio the night of the layoffs, and Grobak had recognized it as an L. L. Bean Presidential Rocker. Grobak also had remembered that the catalogue said the rocker was the kind J.F.K. had used to relieve his lower-back pain. Grobak had asked if there was also an "L. L. Bean Presidential Adultery Mattress" on which Kennedy had gotten the back pain to begin with. There was a big mess after that—Heagan all over Grobak, who was half his size, three or four others struggling to pull Heagan off, people yelling, beer bottles falling from the picnic table and exploding on the concrete. Lacroix banged his leg again.

"I almost wish Grobak didn't tell me about this house," Heagan said to Ralph. "Now he's got me thinking about it."

"I'm thinking about last week," Ralph said. "I did five or six flooded basements with Rollo. You know what that's like. I kept telling myself, 'Never again,' and that's dangerous. I could be out there next week. We don't know what's going to happen with anything right now."

For years, Rollo had wanted help during cold snaps, and for years Ralph had managed to be too busy. "We were driving home," he told Heagan, "and I said to Rollo, 'This is terrible. My company's gone.' And Rollo said, 'I've been in wet cellars my whole life, and you do it one day and you turn into a goddam baby. Shut up.' That was the worst, when he said that."

Ralph had been grouchy about thawing the pipes, although he was grateful for the money. "It's purple out," he'd said to Rollo once, with disgust, as they were carting their equipment up the back steps and out to Rollo's van. Their feet were frozen, the tips of the trees were bare, and there were steely patches of ice here and there in the grass.

"I sort of understand why you hit Grobak," he told Heagan. "I was surprised at first, but I've been thinking about it."

Heagan said, "Somebody messes with J.F.K., I'm going to bust his nose. I don't care if the guy was thirty years ago."

"It's like having your childhood insulted," Ralph said. Mention of J.F.K. made him think of small ranch houses, Ford Fairlanes baking in driveways, and circular back-yard swimming pools with mothers sitting around in lawn chairs, smoking cigarettes and talking about Jackie. In the house he'd grown up in on Kati Lane, his father, an ex-Navy man, had kept a model of the U.S.S. Missouri in the bedroom. "Rollo and my mother thought things were O.K. there for a while," Ralph said. "They had a Catholic President in the White House and the Singing Nun on the radio. I think Rollo even went to church a few times."

Ralph and Heagan were the same age, and both had grown up in subdivisions filled with the kind of houses they later built. Heagan sometimes said construction was like being a kid—you spent all day playing in the dirt, swearing, and making noise with your friends. "The Singing Nun committed suicide," he said now. "That's what I heard."

"What did your parents think when they found out Kennedy messed around?" Ralph asked. "That he did it right in the White House?"

"I don't know. I never asked them about it."

When Heagan got up to go a few minutes later, Ralph went along as far as the walk. The weather had closed in and snow was starting to fall.

"I'll call the doctor about the house in a couple of days," Ralph said. "I don't want to push too hard too fast."

"Whatever," Heagan said. He hoisted himself into his pickup with a construction-worker's move, hauling with both hands from above and swinging his feet into the cab. He stuck his head out the window as he backed down the drive.

Ralph watched the pickup go up the road. It dimmed and then disappeared in the descending gray flakes. He found himself wondering what was so bad about calling themselves a team. As soon as the company fell apart, everybody started getting into trouble. At least when Bilt-Rite was on a job, things never got completely out of hand. But Heagan thought all this was mushy, and so would Rollo if Ralph were ever foolish enough to ask him. It bothered Ralph that he was less tough than his father. Rollo didn't even think that what Ralph was going through right now was a very hard time. Ralph shrugged, giving it up, and went inside to clean the kitchen.

—Alan Sternberg

REPORT FROM MOSCOW

AFTER THE COUP

THE graffiti have been scrubbed off the dark-gray stonework of the Lubyanka, the massive headquarters of the K.G.B., but in the adjacent plaza Feliks Dzerzhinsky, the first chief of the Soviet secret police, no longer stands watch from the tall cylindrical pedestal that rises above the swirling traffic. Toppled in an upsurge of joyous anger after the failed coup in August, his statue lies ignominiously among other broken idols in a small park a quarter of a mile away. The vacant pedestal has become a monument to emptiness. There is nothing on it except the ironic symbol of the new, post-Communist era: the white-blue-and-red flag of czarist Russia, which flies from a short, makeshift pole fastened askew, dwarfed by the immense void of the plaza.

In the plaza, the statue's absence creates the odd illusion that you can actually see a vacuum. This excites and troubles many Russians, who feel both liberated and afflicted by the disappearance of their monumental figures, by the end of admiration for their modern history, by the shattering of belief in an idea. Not that Dzerzhinsky himself was ever accorded the reverence bestowed on Lenin. But he was part of a past that Soviet citizens generally respected until recently, and the tearing down of his statue reflects the wider iconoclasm, the disillusionment, the lack of heroes in their society at large. The resulting sense of drift may explain why those who were victorious over the coup have hesitated to complete the destruction of Communist symbols and monuments. In American terms, the current Soviet experience is roughly equivalent to a denigration of Jefferson, Washington, Madison, Lincoln, the Revolutionary War, and the Constitution. After such trauma, little is left but family, religion, and ethnic heritage. The state has truly withered away.

How painful this trauma can be, even for those who advocate democracy, was illustrated one evening at the dinner table of a friend of mine whose husband had been on the barricades at the Russian parliament, resisting the coup. She had endorsed her husband's opposition to the plotters, although she had been terrified that he would be killed or arrested. But she had objected strongly to the removal of the Dzerzhinsky statue. It was part of the country's past reality, she told me, and should have been left where it was. "We were used to it there," she said. To my protest that Dzerzhinsky was a scoundrel and a tyrant, she repeated simply, "We were used to it. It was familiar." Much the same thing was said by those who felt distress that Leningrad had once again become St. Petersburg. The landmarks of faith and of history cannot be changed so easily.

"The problem is that they have stopped believing," Aleksandr Bovin, a columnist at *Izvestiya*, said of his countrymen. "Russia believed in God, the czar, and the motherland. We don't have a czar, and God is old, but we still have the motherland. We are living through an interval of spiritual crisis. Everything is disintegrating." Bovin is a stout, jowly man with a mustache; he was wearing maroon suspenders over a light-blue shirt as he sat at his desk. "People's customs have disappeared, and there aren't any new ones yet," he said. "In the search for something to believe in, a person goes to church. He is feeling bad. He turns to God and asks for help. These quasi beliefs fill the vacuum inside him. Many people deal with their problems this way." In the United States, Bovin had heard, most people go to church not out of faith but because it is the expected, decent thing to do. "Here people go to church as a protest," he said. "It used to be forbidden. People protest against the old order."

Similarly, the sudden nostalgia for czarist names and symbols is at once a rejection of the Soviet period and a yearning for historical roots. "Everything that used to be white is now black, and vice versa," Bovin observed. "They used to say that before the 1917 Revolution Russia was very poor; now people marvel at how rich Russia was before the Revolution. They used to say that Russian czars were awful, rude, and uneducated; now they talk about how wonderful the Russian czars were—how it was the greatest dynasty of its day. Nicholas II used to be considered a bloody czar; now they want to make him a saint because he

"Honestly, Debbie, that was a long time ago. I don't 'gotta be me' anymore."

Coming to a theatre near you—
DANTE & VIRGIL
A BUDDY MOVIE

• •

was shot. The Russian church was always spoiled; now people laud the thousand years of the church's culture. Everything is being turned around."

Izvestiya itself, which was once a mouthpiece for the Soviet government, has become an independent paper, and its staff was offended, Bovin said, when the coup leaders did not include it among the publications that were closed down on August 19th. The plotters felt comfortable with the conservatism of the editor-in-chief, Nikolai Yefimov, and the staff ousted him on August 22nd, the day after the coup collapsed. I asked if *Izvestiya* was truly free. "It's really completely free," Bovin said. "Here the coup played a role. Before the coup, we still had a structure that responded to phone calls from the Party, from its International Department. They would call and suggest that certain information not be printed. That doesn't happen anymore. We write whatever we want."

Bovin, for his part, has been clever enough to survive nicely as a columnist through the shifting restrictions of the last twenty years, and, as a creature of a closed system, he seems to feel some discomfort in the present freewheeling atmosphere. In the nineteen-seventies, I watched him push against the limits of debate—a calibrated boldness that made him more interesting than most Soviet journalists. "Of course, there were many things I couldn't say," he recalled. "But no one ever forced me to say anything that I didn't want to say. I did experience some unpleasant moments. They banned me from television three times. There were unpleasant moments at the newspaper. Nevertheless, I accepted these as the rules of the game. Sometimes I fell down, but I got up and went farther. I was helped by the fact that I used to work in the Central Committee. I still have many good acquaintances in the Central Committee and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Sometimes they helped me. I felt their support.

"Then, after freedom and *glasnost*, it became more difficult to work," he continued. "I'll tell you why. Earlier, when I wrote an article, I might have found two or three places where a little thought or idea could be tucked in. The readers thought that made a fine article. Now the entire article can be full of thoughts, and sometimes I think that there simply aren't enough ideas."

THE growing diversity of the press has restrained the autocratic impulses of government somewhat. During those three tense days of August, when the state broadcasting outlets had swung into line with the coup leaders, Muscovites got much of their news from a radio station operating from inside the White House, the Russian Federation's huge parliament building, where Russia's President, Boris Yeltsin, was commanding the resistance. Television tape shows demonstrators huddled under umbrellas in the rain, around portable radios.

Reporters and editors at *Moscow News*, which has been one of the most daring papers during the years of Mikhail S. Gorbachev's *glasnost*, and which was not allowed to publish during the coup, were joined in their offices by prominent writers, lawyers, movie stars, and other volunteers eager to man phones, type, and run copy. The staff printed leaflets, which were snapped up eagerly on the street. On the second day of the coup, eleven newspapers and magazines that had been banned managed to coöperate in getting out a pamphlet called *Joint Newspaper*, which two days later had grown into an eight-page tabloid and has now become a collector's item. A television documentary filmed during those days and broadcast afterward contains a powerful scene of a crowd of Russians, as the paper was first distributed, grabbing for it like starving people for bread. Friends presented me with a copy as if they were giving me a treasure, and, indeed, they were. It is full of stories and pictures of the resistance, declarations by Yeltsin, and unflattering biographical sketches of the eight members of the State Committee on the Emergency Situation, or junta. The committee's initials in Russian—G.K.Ch.P., pronounced "Geh-Ka-Cheh-Peh"—were trans-

Experience one of India's greatest wonders.

Its welcome.

The wonder of India. It begins with a warm and gracious welcome. It continues with a splendor found nowhere else in the world, a rich past, stunning geography, and a vibrant mosaic of cultures and customs. All in one destination.

For a truly wondrous travel experience of your own, begin to plan now. Send for your India Travel Guide today. Or see your travel agent.

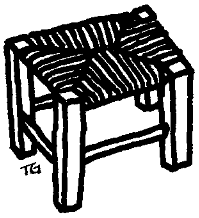
India
Experience
the adventure

Get to know us. Send for your FREE India Travel Guide today.

Name
Address
City
State Zip
Mail to: Government of India Tourist Office
c/o Drawer S, Bellport, NY 11713-0519
Or call: In NY (212) 586-4901
In LA (213) 380-8855
NYR1191

formed by a headline writer into the plural noun *Gekachepisty*. The word has a terrible grating and hissing sound, and is usually spoken with ample saliva, to convey contempt.

Much has been made of the fact that only a small minority of the capital's residents, perhaps ten or twenty thousand, came out to surround and protect the White House, and that most people went to work normally, did their shopping, or stayed on vacation. The same may have been true of journalists, although no one can be quite sure. One editor told me that she was in Bulgaria with a group of sixty Soviet journalists, of whom only six were willing to sign a letter opposing the coup. Twenty supported the junta, and the rest stayed neutral. But in every society it is the vigilant minority that guards civil liberties; in the Soviet Union, it is a determined and vocal minority that has emerged during the Gorbachev years to promote the ethic of an unfettered press. And the ethic seems to be developing into a principle without regard to politics. After the coup, when Yeltsin ordered *Pravda* and other Communist Party newspapers closed, the Union of Journalists and such liberal papers as Moscow's *Nezavisimaya Gazeta* raised an outcry, arguing that if the Communists could be silenced so could anti-Communists at another time. Yeltsin backed down, and *Pravda*—no longer the outlet of the Party's Central Committee, which has been dissolved—now publishes hard-line criticism of him and Gorbachev.



The press also forced Yeltsin to retreat from a proposal to censor newspapers and broadcasts in Nagorno-Karabakh, an Armenian enclave in the largely Muslim republic of Azerbaijan, which has been embroiled for several years in ethnic and religious warfare. Soon after the coup, Yeltsin visited the region to arrange an accord that would end the fighting and, not incidentally, expand his aura as a national leader. Asserting that the press often spread inflammatory rumors, and citing the example of the Pentagon's censorship during the Gulf War, Yeltsin suggested that a military committee screen reports in the area. But Soviet journalists were less accommodating than their American counterparts had been, and they raised enough of a fuss so that, according to Bill Keller, of the *Times*, who was travelling with Yeltsin, the Russian President quickly backtracked to a safer idea—for a voluntary council that would merely evaluate complaints about coverage.

None of this reassured Aleksandr Kabakov, a lanky man with a baleful look, who wandered into a conversation I was having in the office of Natalia Gevorkian, a *Moscow News* reporter who covers the K.G.B. Kabakov had just been made the paper's deputy editor, and he was not so sanguine about the power of the press. "When Yeltsin closed *Pravda*, we began to criticize him immediately, the next day," he said. "But if Yeltsin decides to move to the side of authoritarianism he will not listen to us. We will be able to write what we want, but nobody will pay attention." This had already happened, he thought, in the case of Gavriil Popov, the rumpled economist who was elected mayor of Moscow last year. Since the coup, Yeltsin has bypassed the legislative process to award Popov extensive executive powers, such as the authority to expropriate real estate owned by the Communist Party and by others. Many liberals think the Mayor has abused the power by settling old scores; he recently seized the building that housed the economic institute of a rival, Abel Aganbegyan. (Popov's defenders insist that the Mayor was just executing an order by Gorbachev to make the building available to a Soviet-American trade organization.) "Gavriil Popov just ignores the press, public opinion," Kabakov complained. "Now everybody is trying to ask, 'What are you doing with your expropriations?' He hasn't answered. He didn't answer, he didn't want to answer, and he doesn't answer *now*."

Before Kabakov walked in, Gevorkian had been giving me a pessimistic assessment of the K.G.B. A relatively liberal K.G.B. chief, Vadim Bakatin, had been appointed by Gorbachev after the coup, but the professionals in the agency were foiling his efforts to make reforms, she told me. "I see what is inside there, and I see that nothing changes," she said. "Bakatin does not understand anything, and they are playing all kinds of tricks on him." Quite often, she explained, middle-level K.G.B. officials would appear in her office to describe a secret-police apparatus that was still intact, especially in the provinces. "As far as I can tell from people who come to talk to me, nothing has changed there at all," she said. "Since the Party is not a power there anymore, it looks as if the K.G.B. is a power in the provinces much more than any other structure." Furthermore, her informants expect another coup. "All of them are absolutely sure that something will happen again," she said.

Kabakov, too, is convinced that hard-liners are laying the groundwork for another takeover, perhaps this winter or next spring. "The real Bolshevik putsch," he called it, adding, "Not a comedy like this August but the real revolution."

I encountered this fear frequently. Bovin put it this way: "If people are hungry and cold, we could have a coup from below, and that would be much worse than the one from above. Hegel wrote that in history events often occur a second time." Then, adding a line from Marx, he said, "The first time is a tragedy, and the second is a farce. In our case, I fear that it may be the other way around. The first coup was like a farce, and the second could result in tragedy. This country is witnessing a struggle with authoritarian tendencies—a struggle of authoritarian democrats and democratic authoritarians."

REMNANTS of the barricades have been preserved here and there near the White House, whose white stone façade gleams beside the Moscow River. When Yeltsin's supporters surrounded the building to defend it against what they supposed would be an attack by tanks and troops, they dug up cobblestones for use as crude weapons, and they made piles of long metal poles, rusty pipes, steel reinforcing rods, ventilator ducts, bed frames, brightly painted jungle gyms, broken couches, and even a telephone pole.

The most dramatic of the remaining barricades stands across a small, arched bridge that has been preserved as the spot where a group of workers fought with czarist troops during the revolution of 1905. A monument to the event, towering above the bridge in the style of socialist realism, shows a woman in a heroic pose, holding a flag in both hands above her head, while a soldier with a rifle helps a wounded man. At one end of the bridge, a wooden board has been propped up. Somebody has

Life is unpredictable. Thankfully, the Accord is not.

Will the stock market make a meteoric rise? Will bell-bottom pants make a comeback? Does the guy driving next to you know what he's doing?

Maybe.

At Honda, we concentrate on the third question. Which is why the Accord is a safe car to drive.

Settle in behind the wheel of the Accord and the first safety feature will be right in front of you. The driver's side airbag Supplemental Restraint System (SRS). It's standard on all 1992 Accords.

Once inside, take comfort in knowing that the Accord's body, front and rear, is specifically designed to shoulder the brunt of a collision. This helps keep the passenger compartment out of harm's way.

If life tosses you an unexpected turn, underfoot are anti-lock brakes, one of the safest, most effective ways to stop a car. In panic braking situations, even in adverse conditions, your wheels don't lock up. So you stay in control.

We could go on. The Accord's safety features are numerous. Rest assured, all are designed to give you peace of mind as you travel through life.

Which means that whatever tomorrow may bring, you're prepared in an Accord. A soothing fact that we know you'll be thankful for. HONDA

©1991 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. Accord EX model shown and described.

THE TOURNEAU POLICY
BUY · SELL · TRADE

Shop at Home Service—BUY, SELL or TRADE.
If you have a fine watch (working or not) that you've been saving or not wearing…now you can recoup its hidden value!
Call **(212) 758-6234** *for free appraisal information.*

BREITLING
1884

CHRONOMAT
Self-winding chronograph. 18K gold, steel and 18K gold, and all stainless steel. Leather strap or metal bracelet.
18K with strap, $9,900, bracelet, $17,400.
Stainless steel with gold tone riders, strap, $2,300.
Stainless steel with gold tone riders, bracelet, $2,525.

Watch enlarged to show detail.

TOURNEAU CORNER®
NEW YORK • BAL HARBOUR • GENEVA

MADISON AVE. & 52ND ST. MADISON AVE. & 59TH ST. SEVENTH AVE. & 34TH ST. BAL HARBOUR SHOPS/FLORIDA
THE COREVIC COLLECTION AT TOURNEAU, (212) 832-9000
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED (212) 758-6234/1-800-348-3332

placed fresh flowers at the base of the board and attached a hand-lettered sign to it saying "Citizens! Here will be established a memorial to our victory."

"Don't think that democracy was victorious in this square," Aleksandr Rutskoi, the Vice-President of the Russian Federation, declared to a throng of mourners. On the drizzly Sunday morning of September 29th, he stood on the balcony of the White House, a small figure in a dark suit, almost a silhouette against the clean whiteness. His voice, amplified through loudspeakers, had an ominous, oracular tone, matching the sombre air among the thousand or so people who had gathered to honor the three young men who died during demonstrations against the coup forty days before.

"Some people are now thinking that democracy has already triumphed, and that ahead lies an open road for democratic freedoms," Rutskoi told the crowd. "But this, esteemed comrades, is far from being so. Before us stands a huge task—in economics, in agriculture, in administration. You see clearly what is happening in our economy, in our agriculture. We have to undertake concrete deeds. And most important is to have belief—belief in justice, belief in democracy."

Many of the demonstrators had been standing around waiting for an hour, because of confusion about the time. In a mixup that seemed typical of the government's current disarray, somebody on high had ordered the clocks turned back an hour the previous Saturday night—an annual procedure on the last weekend in September to end daylight-saving time and return to Standard Time. The trouble was that this year Moscow had never gone to daylight-saving time, so the change put the clocks back to an hour earlier than Standard Time. According to one story, the clocks were reset to correct a mistake made in 1930, when authorities went to daylight-saving time but forgot later that year to return to Standard Time; nobody remembered this when daylight-saving time was again introduced, in 1981. Most Muscovites had long since reconciled themselves to the notion that government foolishness could come in an infinite variety of forms, but some holdouts still had faith in logic, order, and reason, and they were convinced that the time change this fall applied only to areas outside the capital. They arrived at the

THE SILVER IS STERLING AND SO IS THE CRAFTSMANSHIP.

MONT BLANC
THE ART OF WRITING

® MONTBLANC ® Solitaire ®

SOLITAIRE

bloomingdale's

White House at nine o'clock in the morning, thinking that it was ten o'clock. As they waited, many passed the hour telling each other stories about their experiences on the barricades.

The three victims were Dmitri Komar, a twenty-three-year-old furniture-maker and veteran of the war in Afghanistan; Vladimir Usov, a businessman of thirty-seven; and Ilya Krichevsky, an architect of twenty-eight. By most accounts, they died in a tragic accident on the Sadovo Ring Road, several blocks from the White House. One climbed on top of an armored personnel carrier and either was shot by the panicky commander or, as news reports said at the time, fell and was crushed. The vehicle, swerving to escape the mob, then crushed the two others, and was attacked by demonstrators armed with bricks and Molotov cocktails.

The three have become martyrs to the resistance, and the commemorative gathering was a display of the new Russian ritual—an amalgam of political and religious ceremony. Officials spoke, and priests conducted a memorial service. The date was chosen on the basis of Russian Orthodox tradition, which holds that the soul leaves the earth and is judged forty days after death—even though one of the three, Ilya Krichevsky, was Jewish. After a few speeches at the White House, several bands led the throng in a slow procession, to dirges, bells, and funereal drums, toward the overpass that takes Kalinin Prospekt across the Sadovo Ring Road. Along the way, the crowd swelled to two or three thousand. As we walked, an old woman turned to me and said, "These are the best people. Look at their faces."

On the overpass, above the site of the deaths, a priest in white-and-gold vestments began a chant, answered by a small choir of women. Traffic had been stopped, and the only sounds were the mournful melodies. Attached to a long cable, a large balloon in the shape of a blimp bobbed overhead in a raw wind; a sign on its side read "Eternal memory for you, boys." The music, the bells, the Russian flags with black ribbons, the thin candles that were passed from hand to hand and then lighted—all this seemed in odd disharmony with the forced and sterile secularism of the recent past, and therefore all the more moving. As the bands played their dirges, the priest and his entourage descended an entrance ramp to the mouth of the underpass, the very spot where the deaths occurred, and people placed candles and flowers across the roadway and in two glassed-in shrines at the sides of the highway. Three squares of reddish-brown pavement had been inserted in the road to mark the places where the three had fallen. Two of them had candles; the organizers were careful not to impose the Russian Orthodox ritual on Ilya Krichevsky's square.

There is a divide between those who were on the barricades and those who were not. If everyone who now claims to have gone into the streets had actually done so, it is safe to say that the numbers would have been staggering. Ask someone what he thought or felt or did during the coup, and he will invariably tell you that he opposed it but was on vacation, or that he opposed it but had to go to work, or that he opposed it and was sure it would not succeed, or that he opposed it and did his part to defend the White House, sometimes by declaring a political strike and staying in bed smoking cigarettes. One longtime acquaintance, whom I knew in the pre-Gorbachev era as thoroughly loyal to the Soviet system, professed his outrage at the coup (after the fact), and his determination to fight to the death for the freedom of Lithuania, where he happened to be vacationing at the time. Another old friend, the only true Marxist I have ever met in the Soviet Union, was the sole person I encountered who confessed to having endorsed the coup, as a last hope for bringing order out of chaos.

I was especially curious to know what Mikhail Yashin would say in answer to those questions. He is a popular local politician in the district where the White House is situated. He is also a communications technician for the K.G.B. and a member of the Communist Party Committee of Moscow, whose activities were suspended by Yeltsin after the coup was reversed. When I met Yashin last winter, he had nothing good to say about Yeltsin, and he was not a great admirer of Gorbachev. But his burgeoning political career had profited from the liberalization of the past few years, and he would have had that to lose if the coup had succeeded. He told me that he had been on vacation when the plotters seized power, and had immediately returned to Moscow to help organize support for the resistance within his neighborhood. "I have to say that the Committee on State Security"—the K.G.B.—"did not support these events," he asserted. "The majority of the employees I met during this time were on the side of the people, were on the side of democracy." He had been surprised, he said, that the head of the K.G.B., Vladimir Kryuchkov, had been among the plotters.

According to Yashin, his neighborhood citizens' group, called the Self-Governing Council, performed admirably. "Entire youth organizations were at the White House defending democracy," he said. "Half the presidium of the Self-Governing Council of the Presnya Micro-District was on the barricades. The majority of the workers in the community economic-service agencies, which work closely with the Self-Governing Council, were also there." A neighborhood resident took warm food to the barricades, and trucks belonging to local enterprises were used to block roads to the White House. (He noted that American diplomats, whose Embassy is nearby, also parked their cars across access roads to impede the advance of troops and tanks.) Local people distributed more than ten thousand leaflets containing Yeltsin's declarations. "I myself was at the White House, at the Moscow City Council, in Dzerzhinsky Square," Yashin said proudly. "I was sure that democracy would bring its answer."

In the aftermath of the coup's defeat, some Russians have grown uneasy about the tendency to romanticize the resistance. True, the defenders of the White House were heroic. Modelling their action on the Lithuanians who surrounded the parliament building in Vilnius last January as Soviet troops massed for an attack, the Moscow demonstrators were steadfast despite their certainty that if an assault took place they would be conquered and would die.

Natalia Gevorkian sees a dangerous development here, however. "They want it again," she said. "Nobody

DI SARONNO®

AMARETTO ORIGINALE

DI SARONNO
AMARETTO ORIGINALE
press here to play
The Music Box
DI SARONNO
AMARETTO
DI SARONNO
ORIGINALE
ILLVA SARONNO ITALY

28% alcohol by volume © 1991. Imported by The Paddington Corporation, Fort Lee, NJ.

THE DISARONNO MUSIC BOX. IN HARMONY WITH THE SEASON.

IT STIRS THE HEART

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

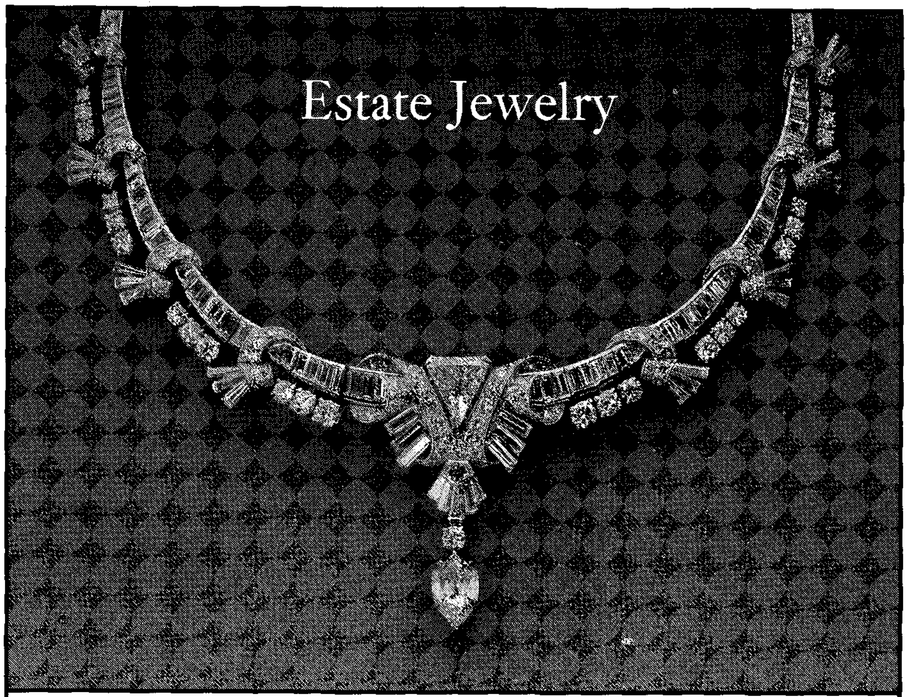
wants to be shot, or destroyed by tanks, but somehow it's good to know that you can go out, that you can be unafraid. People will want something to happen again. I told some young people that the Bolsheviks did it when they came—what they did was also, to some extent, the trauma of the barricades. They played on that, and you see the results after seventy years."

IT is less dramatic to build the institutions, the structural checks and balances, and the political habits that could prevent people from having to go to the barricades again, and the failure to begin such a process of construction was troubling many of those with whom I spoke. "People here mix the notion of freedom and democracy," said Andrei Kortunov, a young scholar at the Institute of U.S.A. and Canada Studies. "When they were ready to fight at the barricades, they were defending their freedom, and not democracy, which doesn't exist here—their freedom to make money, their freedom to make their careers, their freedom to stay out of politics. Democracy, from my point of view, means more than freedom. It means institutions, a system."

As I travelled around Moscow, this was the central question I asked: whether or not such a democratic system could be created out of the ruins of Communist Party rule. The answers were not encouraging.

Kortunov's think tank is on Khlebny Pereulok, a narrow lane in the heart of the capital. He is probably too young to remember this, but in the pre-Gorbachev era the institute's researchers, all specialists in one or another aspect of American affairs, were constrained to discuss only Soviet-American relations, and only from the partisan Soviet perspective. Any reporter's inquiry about internal Soviet issues was deflected with a chilly rebuff, and perseverance along such lines usually meant that future requests for interviews at the institute would go unanswered for months.

All inhibitions are gone now, and although Kortunov was rushing to leave that afternoon for a few days in Prague, he seemed to welcome the chance to reflect on his own country's difficulties, including its authoritarian tradition, its disintegration into rival nationalisms, its struggle for belief. On the safe in his office were two stickers, one the official seal of the



RAYMOND C. YARD
Fine Jewelers since 1922

745 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10151

SUITE 1406
212-247-6222

Options.

Choose one of the sensational options listed below when you reserve a luxurious guest room at our special weekend rate! $159*

☐ Upgrade to a one bedroom suite.
☐ Adjoining guest room for 1/2-price.
☐ 1/2-hour massage for two in our Health Club.
☐ $25 food or beverage credit.
☐ Sunday brunch for two.
☐ Free parking (Thursday 3 p.m. – Monday 8 a.m.).

For reservations, contact your travel agent or call (212) 755-5900, toll-free 800-327-0200.

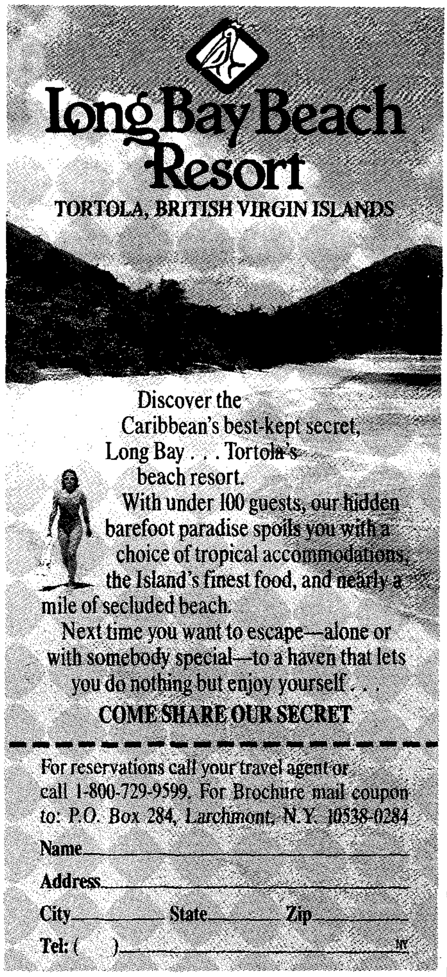
HOTEL INTER·CONTINENTAL NEW YORK

111 East 48th Street • New York, New York

** Per night, single or double occupancy, now through March 31, 1992. Based on availability and advance reservations. Offer available Thursday through Sunday with a Friday or Saturday night stay required. Local taxes and gratuities not included. Not available to groups. Only one option per stay may be redeemed. Up to three children ages 14 and under in adjoining guest room.*

Caribbean ESSENTIALS

A trip to the Caribbean or the Bahamas is like packing a suitcase. No matter how carefully you plan, there's never enough room for everything. The hard part is knowing what's essential and what isn't. To make that decision easier, here are a few not-so-obvious Caribbean experiences which, like a good novel and your favorite pair of sandals, you can't afford to leave out.


Long Bay Beach Resort
TORTOLA, BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

Discover the Caribbean's best-kept secret, Long Bay . . . Tortola's beach resort.
With under 100 guests, our hidden barefoot paradise spoils you with a choice of tropical accommodations, the Island's finest food, and nearly a mile of secluded beach.
Next time you want to escape—alone or with somebody special—to a haven that lets you do nothing but enjoy yourself . . .
COME SHARE OUR SECRET

For reservations call your travel agent or call 1-800-729-9599. For Brochure mail coupon to: P.O. Box 284, Larchmont, N.Y. 10538-0284
Name
Address
City State Zip
Tel: ( )

ANTIGUA
"CLASSIC CARIBBEAN CHARISMA"
Brochure: Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.
Call: 800/223-1108 Nationwide & Canada
or call your Travel Agent

Lazy Low-keyed, Luxurious—
Perfect? Probably!
cinnamon reef Beach Club
ANGUILLA
British West Indies
Brochure: U.S. & Canada 1-800/223-1108

Galley Bay
Antigua, West Indies
All Inclusive • Half-Mile Beach
Only 30 Rooms • Call 1-800-223-6510
"More a house party than a hotel"

ANGUILLA

Spend a day at Little Bay, a secluded cove accessible only by boat or by climbing down the cliff on a rope. >> After the beach, drop in at a local restaurant for sweet local lobster, a slice of local life, and a Sea Moss, a drink made with seaweed that has legendary powers. >> Check with your hotel for a schedule of cricket, soccer, volleyball, and basketball games. >> Visit Wallblake House, the earliest of the island's two historic homes, and marvel at the intricate ceilings, the work of eighteenth-century ships' carpenters.

ANTIGUA and BARBUDA

The Antigua Carnival, held in late July and early August, is second in size only to the one in Trinidad. If you're in St. John's you can't — thanks to the steel drums, calypsonians, and infectious atmosphere — miss it. >> Pack a picnic, walk the mile up to Great George Fort, then hike off along well-marked trails to a selection of remote beaches. >> Fly or ferry the thirty miles from St. John's to Barbuda, then find a map and a horse in Codrington, for a gallop along the coast.

ARUBA

Scuba divers can explore the briny deep

Drive to the Spanish Lagoon and stop for a dinner of deep-fried red snapper in tomato sauce. >> For waves, head for Andicouri, a perfect cove on the north shore ideal for body surfing; for a calm, quiet beach aim instead for Baby Beach at the southeastern tip. >> Among the island's many dive sites there are two wrecks off the northwestern end — the Antilia and the Pedernales — left over from the Second World War. >> Jazz lovers should aim for June, the month of the annual festival.

Junkanoo is celebrated at year's end in the Bahamas

THE BAHAMAS

Anyone with even a flicker of nostalgia for Flipper should swim with the dolphins (all highly trained) in the open sea off Grand Bahama. *Scuba or snorkeling* options are available. >> Strange but true, there's a fourteenth-century medieval Augustine cloister (brought over stone by stone from Europe) on Paradise Island. >> When in Nassau spend part of the time searching out the historic sights and pink buildings with large cool porticos, and part of the time immersed in the shopping haven of Bay Street.

BARBADOS

Down a road shaded with giant mahogany trees is St. Nicholas Abbey (circa 1650), one of only three Jacobean great houses in the Western Hemisphere. >> Taking the tram through the stalagmite and stalactite world of Harrison's Cave is impressive. Allow an hour. If you prefer to go it alone, try Cole's Cave. >> At the other extreme, meander slowly through the cemetery outside the recently restored synagogue in Bridgetown. >> Have lunch at the roadside café opposite Barclays picnic ground, just north of Bathsheba on the east coast. >> When evening arrives, finish up with fish-of-the-day at a sophisticated restaurant in St. James.

BONAIRE

Bonaire is custom-built for divers and almost all its surrounding waters (to a depth of two hundred feet) are a protected marine park. Some of the best sites to explore include Calabas Reef and the Town Pier. >> Land-loving naturalists, meanwhile, can climb Mount Brandaris, which is the island's highest point. Look out for the huge iguana and over a hundred and thirty

All photographs copyright © Tony Stone Worldwide

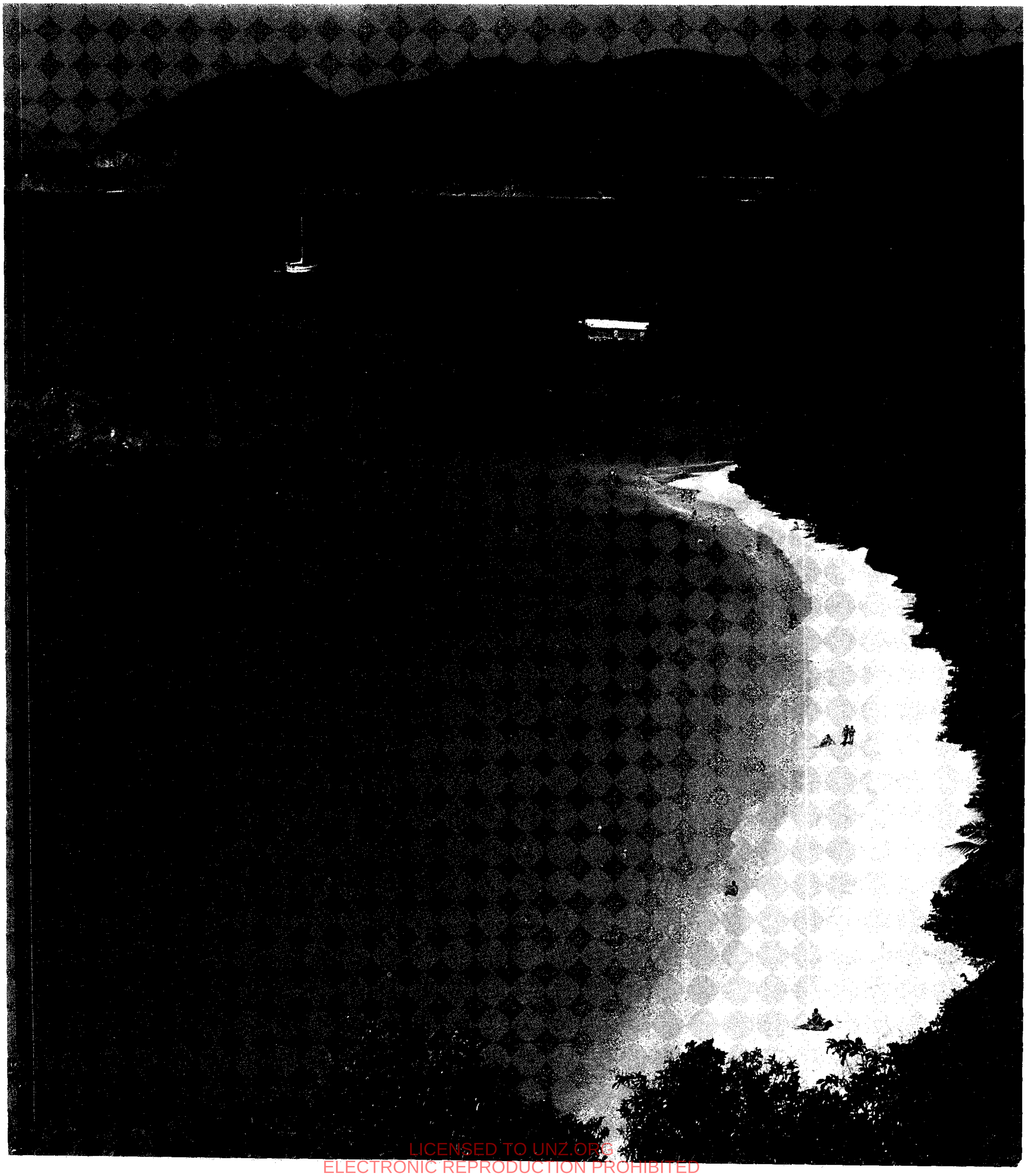
Let's just go!

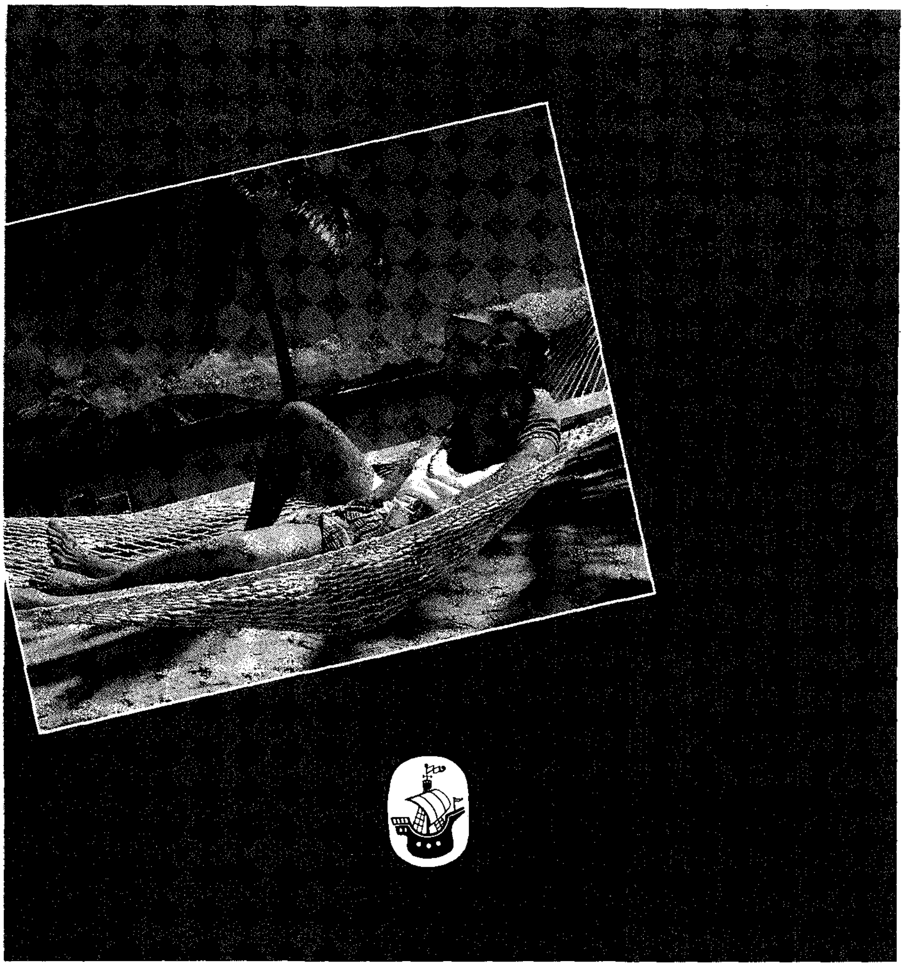
Get away for a few days to the beautiful United States Virgin Islands—the American paradise in the Caribbean.

Two thirds of lovely St. John is a protected national park. So is St. Croix's incredible Buck Island. And St. Thomas' Magens Bay is called "one of the three most beautiful beaches in the world."

Just think—all this natural beauty surrounds luxurious resorts, historic towns, world-class dining and world-class shopping. See your travel agent.

St.Croix St.John St.Thomas
The American paradise. United States Virgin Islands
© 1991 USVI Division of Tourism: Atlanta, Chicago, LA, Miami, NYC & D.C.





species of birds. >> Charter a small fishing boat for a half-day trip and bring back a tuna, marlin, or wahoo. >> In the early evening go to one of the many flamingo reserves to watch the humming cloud of pink rise off the salt flats as the birds fly off to overnight in Venezuela.

THE BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

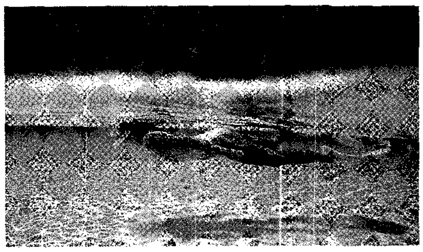
Sailing off B.V.I.

© Tom & Michelle Grimm

Stroll the wharfs at Soper's Hole on Tortolla, where pastel colonial-style shops almost touch the water, then soak up the slowness over a rum punch at one of the restaurants. >> Divers should drop in on the Rhone, the wreck of a packet ship that sank in a hurricane in 1867 just off Salt Island. >> Try Mrs. V. Thomas's guava jelly. >> Spend the morning hiking the shaded paths of Sage Mountain National Park on Tortolla, then amble down for a scenic lunch. >> The Baths on Virgin Gorda is a justifiably popular spot for marinating your body. >> Search out the tombstone with the enchanting inscription in Great Harbor on Jost van Dyke.

THE CAYMAN ISLANDS

Find a fisherman to take you on a "North Sound picnic." On the way out to Rum Point, you can dive for your lunch. >> For a great sunset experience, go to Seven Mile Beach, order a banana daiquiri, and dig your toes into the sand. >> A justifiably popular spot for snorkelers and divers alike is "Stingray City," an open-water site in the north of North Sound where the rays are so tame they will rise with giant majestic sweeps to take food from your hand. >> Take in a cricket match at Smith


Snorkeling is sublime off the Caymans

WATERSKIING GOLF DEEP SEA FISHING
SAILING FRESHWATER POOL GOLF SNORKELING NIGHTLY ENTERTAINMENT WINDSURFING
SAILING GOURMET DINING SNORKELING BICYCLING WINDSURFING COCKTAIL LOUNGE

The man who knew the world chose Cotton Bay as his private playground... and so can you!

Our world class natural beauty did not go unnoticed by aviation pioneer Juan Trippe, who as chief of the globe-spanning Pan American Airways, had sought out the world's most enticing nooks and crannies.

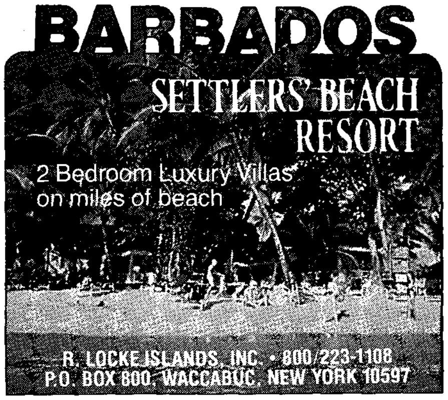
And it is here, at Cotton Bay, that Juan Trippe chose to consummate his quest for an elegant, private resort so he could entertain his world-renowned guests in an unaccustomed, unforgettable manner.

And it is here, at Cotton Bay, that Trippe's close friend, Robert Trent Jones, sculpted an 18-hole championship golf course which, even today, stands as "one of the world's top 33." (Golf Magazine, Nov. 1989)

The man who knew the world chose Cotton Bay as his own private playground. And so can you. Come enjoy!

Seeing is believing. For a 7 minute video, send $8 for postage & handling to: Muzii, 9300 S. Dadeland Blvd., Miami, Florida 33156. **For reservations/info:**
1-800-334-3523

Cotton Bay Club
A Beach & Golf Resort • Rock Sound, Eleuthera, Bahamas
DEEP SEA FISHING WATERSKIING GOLF


BARBADOS
SETTLERS' BEACH RESORT
2 Bedroom Luxury Villas on miles of beach
R. LOCKE ISLANDS, INC. • 800/223-1108
P.O. BOX 800, WACCABUC, NEW YORK 10597

Half Moon
Half Moon
Golf, Tennis & Beach Club
MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA
Tel. 809-953-2211 • Fax 809-953-2731
For Res. call your Travel Agent
or 800-237-3237 / 800-424-5500

A New Gem For The Old City
An Historic restored mansion is now an elegant and spacious ten suite Casa San José. Furnished as an old country house with atrium and central air-conditioning. A short stroll to all the historic sites in Old San Juan.
Casa San José
159 San José St., Old San Juan, P.R. 00901 • (809) 723-1212

Road Oval. >> Go to Hell, located near West Bay on Grand Cayman.

CURAÇAO

Order goat stew or another Antillean specialty at a down-home restaurant in Willemstad. >> Whatever your religious preference, drop in at the Mikve Israel-Emanuel Synagogue (the oldest in continual use in the Western Hemisphere) in Punda and stroll around the adjacent museum. >> Get hungry and go to the market behind the Post Office in Willemstad. There's a long row of giant, simmering pots from which cooks dish out local specialties like okra soup, conch, and *funchi*. >> The Landhuis Jan Kock, quite apart from being the most spectacular historic home on the island, has the attraction of being haunted by the ghosts of murdered slaves who have forced former owners to flee.

The combination couldn't be better — neat Dutch buildings and Caribbean sun

DOMINICA

Drop in at the island's hub of activity and gossip center — the morning market in Roseau. After ten o'clock, when the market has evaporated in the heat of the day, stroll out to the Old Mill Cultural Centre before lunch. >> Go to the Morne Trois Pitons National Park and discover exactly why this lush island's pre-Columbian name was *Waitukubuli* ("tall is her body"). There is a six-mile hike through a world of mountainous ferns to the eerie and volcanic Boiling Lake and the aptly named Valley of Desolation.

THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

The first thing to do is hunt down some merengue. It's not hard to find — every bar and disco plays it, every little town has a merengue festival, and everybody, young and old, dances it. >> When driving north from Santo Domingo, turn off the highway toward Jarabacoa, a hill resort surrounded by pines. The intrepid should take the hike up to the Jimenoa Falls. >> Get permission from the National Parks Office to visit the island on Lake Enriquillo (near Barahona) to see the crocodiles and iguanas wake up.

GRENADA

Head over to the Saturday morning market in Grenville and don't leave until you've tried the fish cakes. >> If you're looking for a beach of your own, go for any one off the main road, south of the long beach at Grand Anse. >> When driving the west coast, head for Concord Falls for an afternoon swim in the pool formed by the cascades. >> Take a boat or a plane over to

© Richard Bradbury

Food aplenty at St. George's market

From the first moment we entered the crystal clear waters of The Cayman Islands, we were in Alison's wonderland.

An enchanting undersea world as unhurried and peaceful as the islands above.

Powder-soft beaches that stretch for miles. Beach sports. Watersports. The world's only turtle farm.

Fun museums. Duty-free shops. Tennis. Golf. Fishing.

A lovely blend of Caribbean warmth and British tradition.

Quiet, relaxed evenings. Lovely new friends. And memories to last a lifetime.

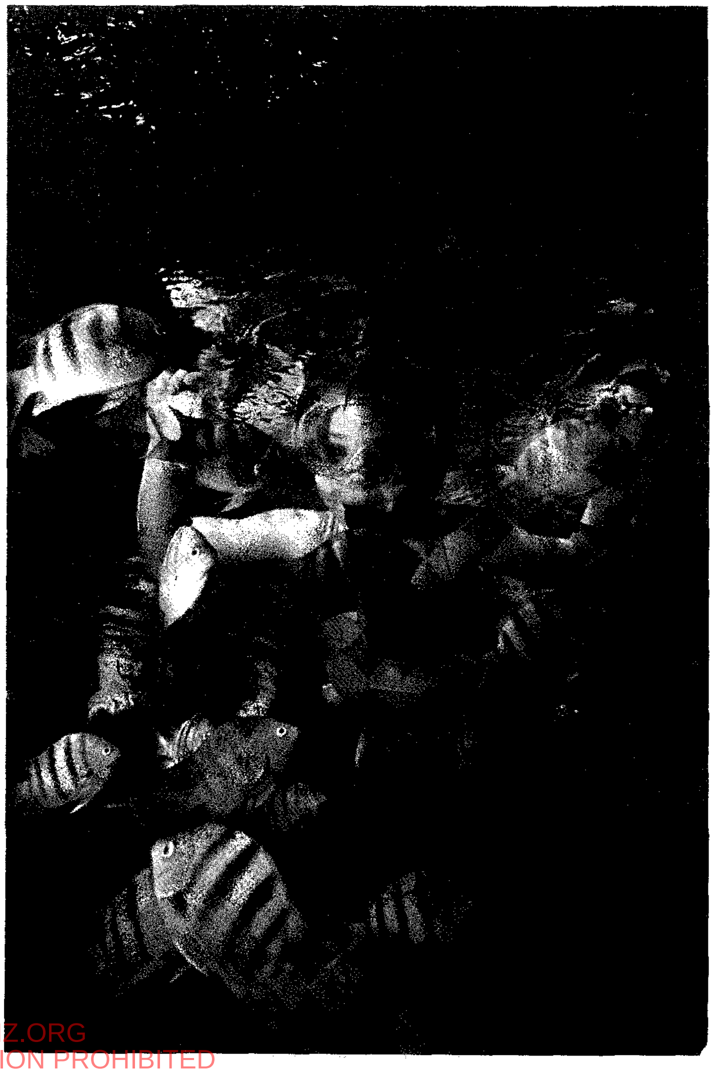
Fly there nonstop via Cayman Airways' 737 jet flights from Miami, Houston, Tampa, Atlanta or New York.

For reservations call your travel agent. For information, call 1-800-346-3313.

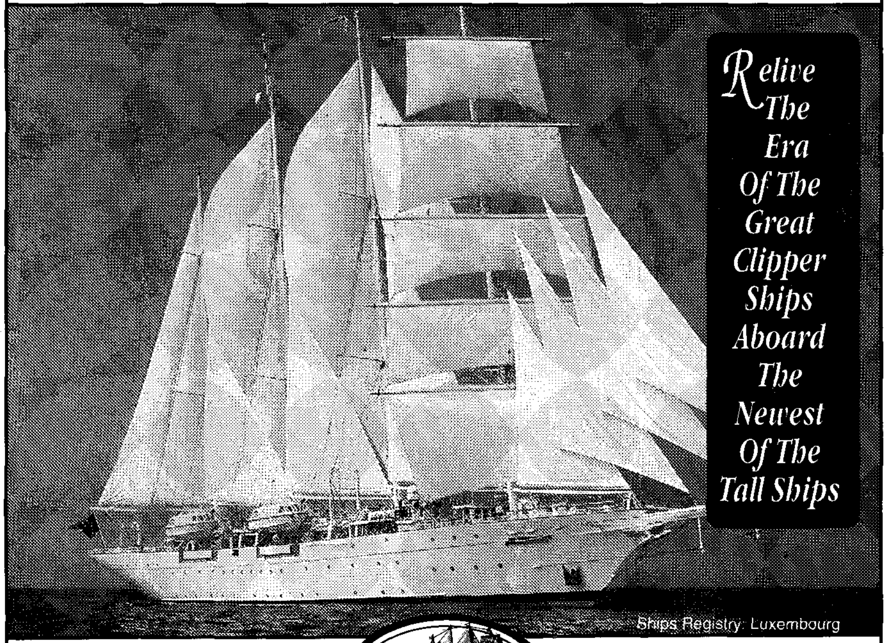
We'd waited a long time for a family vacation. We wanted it to be special. And from the first moment, it was.

CAYMAN ISLANDS

"Those who know us, love us."



INHERIT THE WIND



Relive The Era Of The Great Clipper Ships Aboard The Newest Of The Tall Ships

Ships Registry: Luxembourg

The legendary era of sail is reborn on Star Flyer. Sleek and lovely, she takes 180 favored guests on 7-and-14 day cruises to rarely visited ports in the Caribbean.

On board, enjoy private-yacht luxury. Ashore, a multitude of watersports. Sunday sailings from St. Maarten start at a modest $995 per person, double occupancy.

STAR CLIPPERS

2833 Bird Avenue, Dept. • Miami, Florida 33133-4604

Call Your Travel Agent or Star Clippers at 1•800•442•0551

BECOME AN ESCAPOLOGIST, DISCOVER

WINDERMERE ISLAND CLUB

BAHAMAS

A private island paradise for those with the taste for escape. A mere five miles long it is just a bridge away from Eleuthera, offering guests a tranquil haven from the hustle and bustle of life.

Call 1-800-237-1236 U.S.A. and Canada.

ORIENT-EXPRESS HOTELS

VIRGIN GORDA

Biras creek

"Still rather a well kept secret." *Travel & Leisure*

Brochure: **Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.**
Call: 800/223-1108 Nationwide & Canada
or call your Travel Agent

CORMORANT
B·E·A·C·H C·L·U·B

"The best small hotel in the American Virgin Islands."
– Andrew Harper's Hideaway Report

"St. Croix's top, small luxury beachfront resort."
– Caribbean Choice

1-800-548-4460 or 809-778-8920
St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands

the sister island of Carriacou, where they still make their boats by hand, and drop in on primitive artist Canute Caliste.

GUADELOUPE

Every day except Saturday afternoon and Sunday there are marketplaces in Pointe-á-Pitre, loud with local life. Here there are every fruit and spice imaginable. >> Put together a picnic at the market and drive out to the national park in the western part of Basse-Terre. The Route des Deux Mamelles meanders past two rounded hills (hence the name), waterfalls, and through the rain forest rich with a hundred shades of green. >> Scuba enthusiasts must visit Pigeon Island, a dive site serviced by four local operators that Jacques Cousteau called "one of the ten best in the world."

HAITI

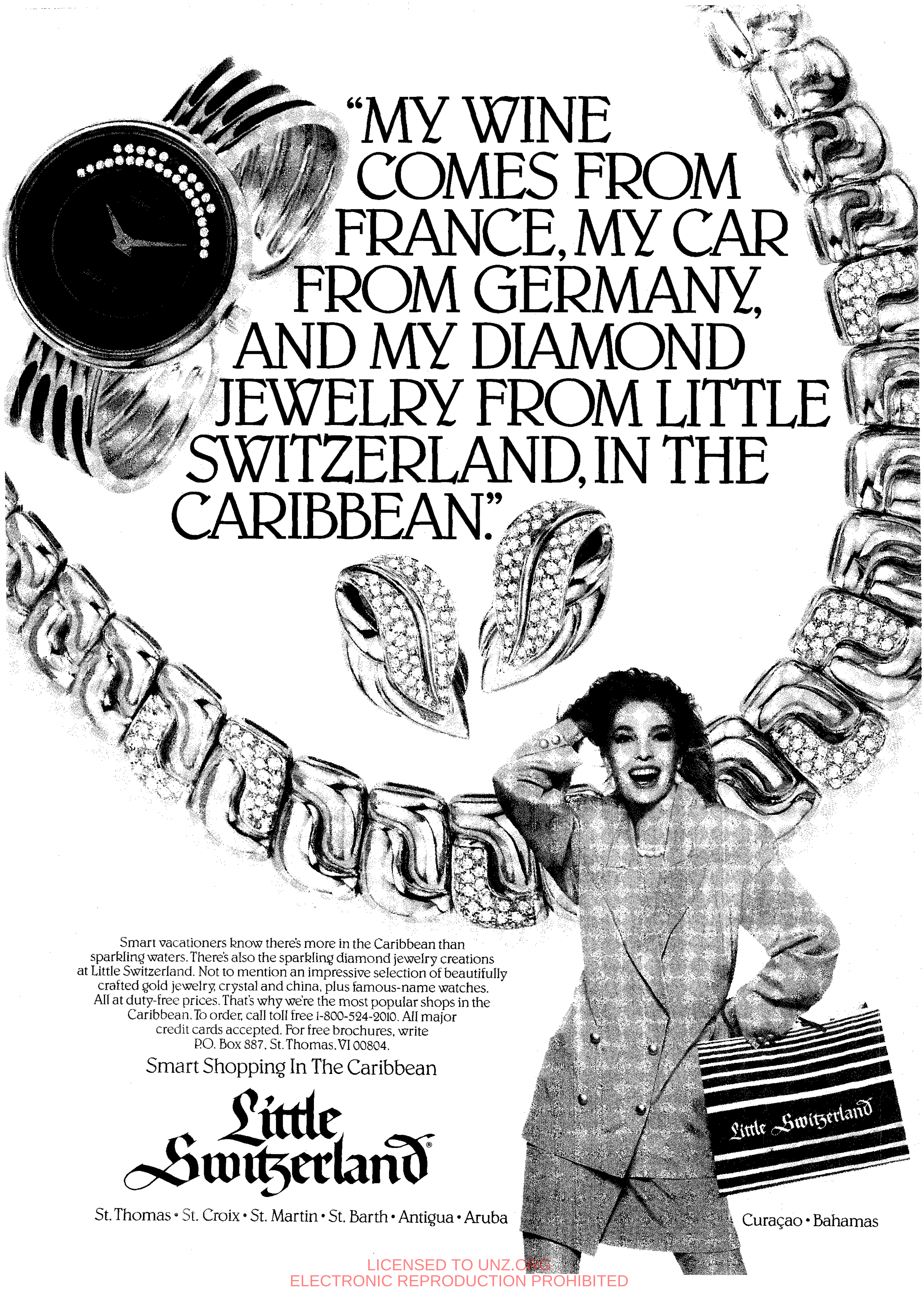
Hire a jeep or taxi and head out of Port-au-Prince to drive around the Cul-de-Sac plain, about seventy miles round-trip, stopping at Pétionville for the hike to remote Fort Jacques. >> Discover what mango rum tastes like. >> Tour the Citadel near Cap Haitien, an impressive fort and monument to vainglory that's known locally as "the eighth wonder of the world."

JAMAICA

Take in a garish sunset, a rum punch, a seafood supper, and the sight of divers plunging into the sea at Negril. >> Discover how the island got its name *Xaymaca* ("well wooded and watered") on a drive up to the dank Blue Mountains. Stay overnight at a coffee plantation. >> Instead of just taking a short raft ride, take your own picnic and hire a bamboo raft for half a day on the Martha Brae River. Ask your guide for the suitably sorrowful tale of poor Martha, the Arawak counterpart of Hiawatha. >> Walk through the door of

© Oliver Benn

Punt the day away on Jamaica's Rio Grande



"MY WINE COMES FROM FRANCE, MY CAR FROM GERMANY, AND MY DIAMOND JEWELRY FROM LITTLE SWITZERLAND, IN THE CARIBBEAN."

Smart vacationers know there's more in the Caribbean than sparkling waters. There's also the sparkling diamond jewelry creations at Little Switzerland. Not to mention an impressive selection of beautifully crafted gold jewelry, crystal and china, plus famous-name watches. All at duty-free prices. That's why we're the most popular shops in the Caribbean. To order, call toll free 1-800-524-2010. All major credit cards accepted. For free brochures, write P.O. Box 887, St. Thomas, VI 00804.

Smart Shopping In The Caribbean

Little Switzerland®

St. Thomas • St. Croix • St. Martin • St. Barth • Antigua • Aruba • Curaçao • Bahamas

LA SENSUALITÉ

LA SOPHISTICATION

LA SOLITUDE

LA SAMANNA

Hotel La Samanna, St. Martin, French West Indies.
Call your travel consultant or David B. Mitchell & Co., Inc. (800) 372-1323 or (212) 696-1323.

IF THE WORLD
IS YOUR OYSTER
MAKE
OYSTER POND
YOUR WORLD.

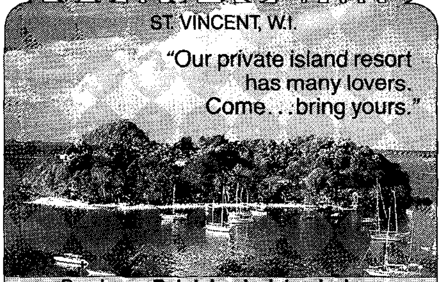
Named one of the six most seductive resorts in the Caribbean by *Bon Appetit.*

OYSTER POND
HOTEL
THE PEARL OF ST. MAARTEN.

See your travel agent or contact us at P.O. Box 239, Sint Maarten, Netherlands Antilles. (011)599-52-2206.

YOUNG ISLAND
ST. VINCENT, W.I.

"Our private island resort has many lovers. Come. . .bring yours."



Brochure: **Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.**
Call: 800/223-1108 Nationwide & Canada
or call your Travel Agent

Ever wish you could
Live in the Caribbean?

We specialize in wish fulfillment. Readers of our monthly newsletter seeking a home, land or business in the tropics learn about the economic and political climate, quality of life, purchase procedures, investment opportunities on each Caribbean Island, Costa Rica and Belize.

Every issue includes pages of properties for sale. But we accept no paid advertising, so we're free to tell you truthfully what it's like living here.

Subscription rate is $44/year with a 90-day moneyback guarantee. MC/VISA/Diner's accepted. Or send $3 check for sample issue. Our 8th year.

Island Properties Report
2257ND Boston Post Rd, Guilford CT 06437
Credit card phone orders: (203) 458-3449

Devon House, the private-house-cum-museum in Kingston, and step into late-nineteenth-century British colonialism.

MARTINIQUE

You've got to visit Saint Pierre, the former "little Paris of the West Indies" that was extinguished in 1902 under a cloud of volcanic ash and gas from nearby Mont Pelée. >> Surprise, surprise: Gauguin came here before Tahiti. His musée at Le Carbet tells the tale. >> While visiting the straw-weaving town of Morne des Esses, take a leisurely lunch of *z'habitants*, which are delicious fresh-water crayfish.

MONTSERRAT

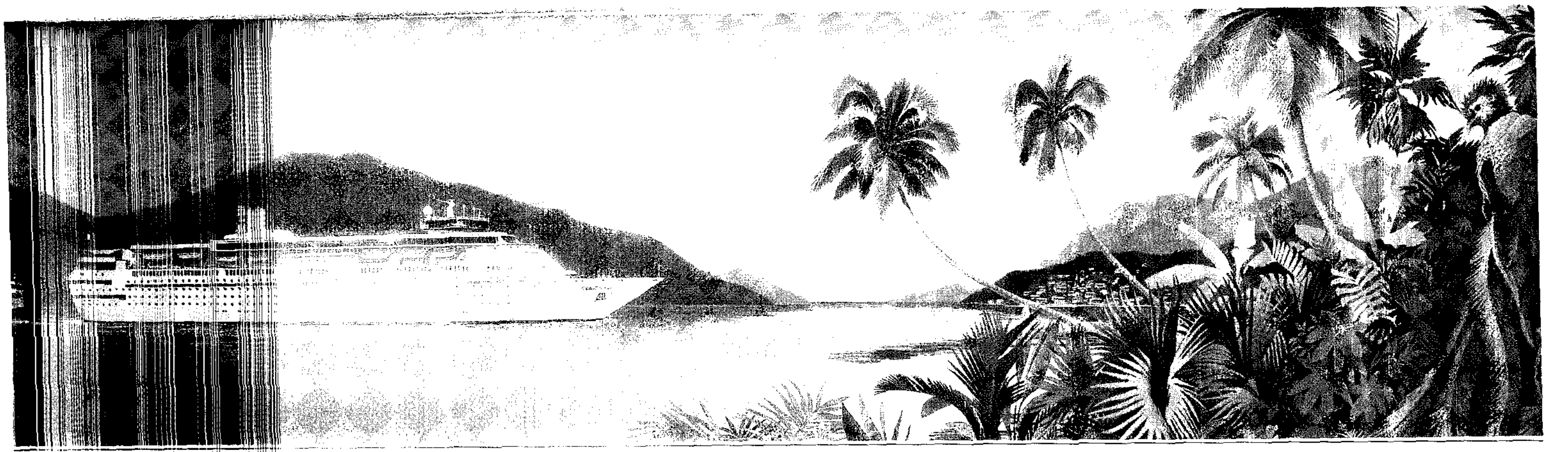
Park at the southern end of Little Bay and take the half-hour hike down to beautiful Rendezvous Bay, fringed with a white sand beach. >> The more intrepid hikers should take the trail that starts at the ruined chimney on the Broderick Estate and climbs for an hour up to the top of Chance's Peak, three thousand feet above the surrounding sea. >> Try mountain chickens, a local fact of life.

PUERTO RICO

© Oliver Benn

Ponce's fire station

On the weekend, take a drive out along the backbone of the island, stopping for dancing and roast pig at any of the villages aquiver with live local music. >> After a visit to the fort at El Morro, stroll along Calle Christo to scour the brand outlets disguised amid the charm of Old San Juan. >> The nearby house and cascading gardens of Ponce de León, Casa Blanca, opens after renovations this November. >> After an afternoon around the Plaza las Delicias in Ponce (one of the most beautiful squares in the Caribbean), spend an evening walking the gaslit streets. >> Easily accessible from San Juan is the forest and bird reserve of El Yunque. Hike amid wild orchids and thousand-year-old redwood trees, then retreat to Luquillo for a lazy afternoon on probably the prettiest beach.



Coming January, [illegible] a stunning new ship, the CostaClassica. No other Caribbean cruises offer such festive European atmosphere.

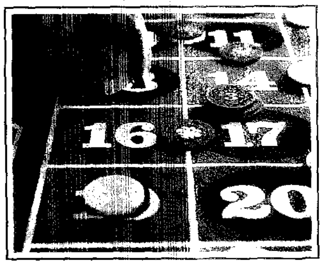
AN EXCITING NEW WAY OF CRUISING IS COMING TO AMERICA.

European artistry surrounds you.

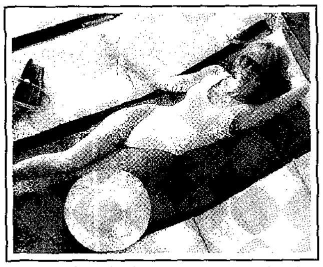
Italian cuisine, prime beef, Maine lobster.

Stay fit in our splendid European spa.

Dine amidst fine china, crystal and flowers.



Our full casino is wrapped in elegance.



Swim and sunbathe in EuroLuxe splendor.

She glides into view, a commanding presence in Caribbean harbors. Something in her classic lines recalls the glorious era of transatlantic liners; yet this ship borrows little from the past. This is the CostaClassica. With her arrives a standard of elegance and service so unprecedented, there was not even a name for it until now. EuroLuxe.

Nearly $325 million has been spent in pursuit of one goal: ultimate passenger comfort, in an environment of exquisite richness and charm. Cappuccino is sipped from Limoges china. Real gold sparkles among the tiles of the spa. A concierge fulfills your every wish, just as in Europe's finest hotels.

Alternating 7-day itineraries will depart Ft. Lauderdale: Ocho Rios, Grand Cayman, Playa del Carmen and Cozumel; or San Juan, St. Thomas and St. Maarten. Call your travel agent and celebrate the inaugural season of EuroLuxe. From $895*.

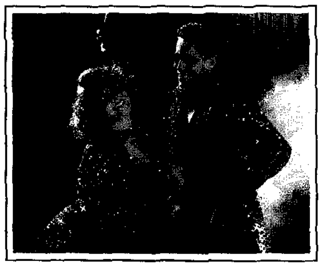
Book early and save up to 20% on certain categories. For a free brochure call 1-800-322-8263, ext. 733.

Explore the Eastern or Western Caribbean.

Relax in comfortable oversized staterooms.

Kick up your heels in our disco of glass.

Here's what EuroLuxe feels like: total joy!



Great shows in a Renaissance theater.

No other ship pampers you so shamefully.

EURO LUXE CRUISES℠

European-style luxury in Caribbean cruising. From Costa Cruise Lines.

*Per person double occupancy, cruise only, category 1, Super Value Season sailings (8/29-10/3 and 11/28-12/12, 1992). Certain restrictions apply. Ship's registry: Italy.

ST. CROIX

SOME THINGS
SHOULDN'T BE PUT OFF.

- Beaches
- Golf
- Spa
- Entertainment
- Tennis
- Dining
- Shopping

All on the premises.
Contact Ralph Locke
P.O. Box #800 • Waccabuc, NY 10597
PHONE NATIONWIDE 800-223-1108

THE BUCCANEER HOTEL
ST. CROIX, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

St. Lucia's Magic Begins Here.

St. Lucia truly becomes your island when you experience it under the spell of Windjammer Landing. A world of spacious villas, from one to three bedrooms, tucked among the flowering hills. Featuring tennis. Every water sport you can name from our own beautiful beach. And delectable, innovative cuisine. Easygoing luxury… so easy to enjoy. See your travel agent or contact:

Member of
THE GRANDE COLLECTION OF HOTELS
800-243-1166

WINDJAMMER LANDING
Villa Beach Resort • P.O. Box 1504, Labrelotte Bay
Castries, St. Lucia, W.I. • 809-452-0913 • Fax: 809-452-9454

L'Hibiscus
ST. BARTHELEMY
F.W.I.

FRENCH FLAVOR
CARIBBEAN FLAIR
Saint Barth's treasured hideaway. 4-star hotel, french dining, pool & bar overlooking Gustavia harbor.
IN U.S.: (800) 421 3396
DIRECT: (011) 590 27 64 82

SABA and SAINT EUSTATIUS

While on Saba take in a game of croquet on the museum grounds on Sunday afternoon. Wear white and watch your language, since every profanity costs a guilder. >> Take a deep breath and climb the 1,064 steps to the summit of well-named Mount Scenery with a horticulture guide for company. >> On Statia go snorkeling right from the shore of Lower Town through the remains of old warehouses, and keep a lookout for blue "slave beads." >> Take the one-and-a-half-hour "walking tour" around town to see the colonial vestiges of Oranjestad.

SAINT BARTHÉLEMY

"Beautiful people-watching" is a professional sport on St. Barts. Any bar with a terrace will do, especially in the heart of Gustavia. >> Spend the morning soaking up the island's traditions in the quiet fishing village of Corossol, then lunch on fresh fish followed by a leisurely afternoon at the quiet beach with no name at the end of the road. >> On a day's drive around the island, look out for signs of St. Barts's Norman heritage, like the starched white bonnets called *kichnottes* (from "kiss-me-not," since they were designed to repel amorous advances).

© Murray & Associates

Gustavia Harbor, a duty-free port that's more French than Swedish

SAINT LUCIA

Drive the jeep into La Soufrière, a crater steaming with volcanic activity, and on the way down take your body in for a sulphur soak at the baths. >> As a break from the beach, take a ride along the wilder east coast road and bring a picnic bought at the colorful Saturday market at Castries. >> In the afternoon, park at the town of Micoud and strike inland on one of the many footpaths, looking out for orchids and the national parrot.

SAINT MARTIN/ SINT MAARTEN

Saint Martin: Arrive hungry — this is an island made of food. And probably the best place to find it is the mile-long main street of Grand Case, where a united nations of culinary excellence, from French to Indian, beckons at over two dozen restaurants. >> If in Orléans on a Thursday, then drop in on Roland Richardson, the island's preëminent painter.

Sint Maarten: Punctuate a morning of duty-free shopping on Front Street, Philipsburg, with a calming visit to the Townhouse, built in 1793. >> Around sunset head to the nearest cocktail terrace for a guavaberry, the local liqueur made from rum and island berries.

SAINT VINCENT and the GRENADINES

Really a collection of thirty-two islands, the first move here should be to get afloat. Sail over to Mayreau, an island without vehicles, and take a lovely trek from Salt Whistle Bay to the only town, huddled around a huge Catholic church. >> Boat round to the Falls of Baleine on the northern tip of St. Vincent. >> Shark and goat, served spicy, are the two specialties that are not to be missed.

TRINIDAD and TOBAGO

Collectors should stroll around the galleries in Port of Spain in Trinidad looking for paintings from the excellent local artists. >> Visit the Caroni Bird Sanctuary, the swamp home of the scarlet ibis, for a sunset boat tour. >> On both islands join in on any of the various ethnic festivals — Calypsonian, Catholic, Hindu, Moslem — that crop up in explosions of local color. >> If your visit to Tobago takes place between March and July, organize a night visit to Great Courland Bay,

© J. Messerschmidt

Pigeon Point, the liveliest beach on Tobago where giant turtles heave themselves onto the beach to lay their eggs.

TURKS and CAICOS

Especially from April to November, divers should drift down the wall (a four-thousand-foot drop-off just a quarter-mile from shore) off Cockburn Town on Grand Turk to see turtles, rays, and even migrating humpback whales. >> On land, drop into the limestone caves at Conch Bar on Middle Caicos. >> If you have access to a boat, sail over to the windswept, deserted island of West Caicos to find a lonely and beautiful beach plus tidal Lake Catherine for flamingoes.

THE U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

Saint Thomas: Take a day cruise out of Red Hook for snorkeling and lunch at remote islands. >> At cocktail time, walk along Magen's Bay when the crowds have gone and the shadows of the palm trees stripe the sand. >> Break a morning of shopping in Charlotte Amalie with a stroll around the Virgin Islands Museum, which is housed in a former dungeon.

Cruise ships often stop at Charlotte Amalie

Saint Croix: Soak up some history during a visit to the Whim Estate, a three-room plantation house built in the seventeen-seventies. Don't miss the verandah, designed to hold ladies in hooped dresses, and the moat, an enterprising air conditioner. After the tour, dine in Frederiksted. >> Explore the duty-free shopping (jewelry to lace) in Christiansted.

Saint John: While you're driving the circuit road, stop the car and hike down the Reef Bay Trail through rain forest and past petroglyphs to an isolated beach. The hike is about two and a half miles each way, but on Wednesdays the Park Service will ferry you out by boat.

Andrew Bill is a journalist and producer of special sections who is based in New York.

DON'T JUST GET AWAY.
BREAK AWAY.
Curaçao
curaçao

THE BREAKAWAY FROM THE EVERYDAY

Discover a different kind of Caribbean adventure. Not everyday beaches, but dozens of secluded sandy coves with crystal-clear waters and over 100 varied dive sites for snorkeling and scuba. Not everyday sightseeing, but ancient forts, 17th-century architecture, the oldest synagogue in the Western Hemisphere, a floating market and the world's largest floating bridge. Not everyday nightlife, but glittering casinos, exciting discos and all kinds of international cuisine. When you want more than an everyday getaway, break away to Curaçao.

FOR MORE INFORMATION SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR CALL THE CURAÇAO TOURIST BOARD AT 1-800-332-8266.

ST. LUCIA

Anse Chastanet HOTEL

ENTICING ★ REMOTE ★ LUSH

Brochure: **Ralph Locke Islands, Inc.**
Call: 800/223-1108 Nationwide & Canada
or call your Travel Agent

HIDEAWAYS®

For Rent From Owners

Tropical villas, luxury condos–U.S., Europe, Caribbean, and Worldwide. Members save at top resorts, on airfares, cars. Free brochure or send $27.50 for 4-month trial membership including two informative newsletters & colorful 136-page *Hideaways Guide*. Satisfaction guaranteed.

1-800-843-4433
P.O. Box 1270NYK11 Littleton, MA 01460

Spring on Bequia

ESCAPE TO TRANQUILITY

Beautiful, small inn on a plantation on Caribbean island of Bequia, St. Vincent Grenadines. Pool, tennis, beach, delicious food. Call or write: SPRING ON BEQUIA, P.O. Box 19251, Minneapolis, MN 55419. (612) 823-1202.

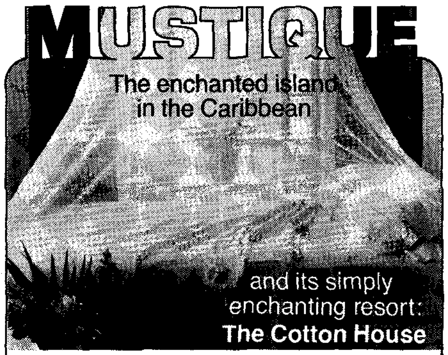
Country Living at Puerto Rico's Best

Resting in nine acres, Posada Guayama is a tranquil twenty room Country Inn with swimming pool and tennis court. Minutes from museums, Old Historic Mansions, The Tumbao Mountains, Prize Horse Stables, and the Beach.

POSADA GUAYAMA

P.O. Box 2393, Guayama, P.R. 00785 • (809) 866-1515

MUSTIQUE


The enchanted island in the Caribbean
and its simply enchanting resort:
The Cotton House

Brochure: 800/223-1108 Nationwide & Canada
or call your Travel Agent

SPAIN?

©1991 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico.

NO.

So you thought this was the old country where Ponce de Leon once romped, where flamenco and latin guitar stir romance in each beating heart, where country inns called "Paradores" welcome the explorer from afar, where cannons still point out to sea from ancient forts that once repelled the great Sir Francis Drake himself. It is. Only this old country lies right in your own balmy Caribbean, with up-to-the-minute luxuries in top-rated resorts, and 150 white sand beaches you can sink your toes in within hours if you leave right now.

DISCOVER THE NEW OLD WORLD.
PUERTO RICO.

The Shining Star Of The Caribbean

Puerto Rico Tourism Company, P.O. Box 5268, Dept NY, Miami, FL 33102. Or 1-800-866-STAR, Ex19

United States Defense Department, the other declaring "For Nuclear Disarmament." The only picture on his wall was a photograph of the earth from space—a photograph that made the earth look whole.

"DO WE HAVE TO WATCH THIS PROGRAM?"
"TAKE YOUR FEET OFF THE TABLE"
"USE THE ASHTRAY"
"YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH TO DRINK."
Gahan Wilson

"*You really miss her, don't you, Lou?*"

• •

"The road from Communism to democracy is much longer than the road from Communism to nationalism, because nationalism and Communism have a lot in common," Kortunov said. "They are both ideologies that liberate people from personal responsibility. They are united around some sacred goals. And that is why I think that, psychologically, it is easier for many people to switch from Communism to nationalism, or else to some religious fundamentalism." Combine that with economic deterioration, and with ethnic conflicts that uproot people from their homes, he said, and you have "very fertile soil for extremist, undemocratic ideologies."

Kortunov was not shy about advocating a strong governmental hand, which put him in accord with many Moscow intellectuals these days. "The scope, the magnitude, of economic problems and social problems we are facing in this country demands some degree of authoritarian executive power," he said. "The question is: What will be the limits of this authoritarianism? I guess that the Fifth Republic under de Gaulle in France was also, at least partially, an authoritarian state. There is a major difference between authoritarianism of the de Gaulle type and the authoritarianism of the Pinochet type. So the question is not whether we will have authoritarianism or not but what will be the instruments to constrain it and to keep it within civilized limits."

He identified four instruments of restraint. One is the free press, which he thinks the state can now limit only by choking off supplies of paper. Another is the rising middle class of businesspeople, who have emerged in the tentative economic freedom of the Gorbachev era and now have tangible interests to protect; many of them drove their Mercedes-Benzes to the White House during the coup and parked them across roads to block the advance of tanks. "These were mostly people from the private sector of the economy," Kortunov said. "Young businessmen, brokers, coöperative dealers, small entrepreneurs, racketeers, black marketeers—very mixed company. But they were united by the fact that they were independent and they wanted to preserve their independence from the state."

Third is the devolution of power away from the center into the republics and into local and ethnic enclaves within the republics. "Even if Yeltsin wanted to be an authoritarian leader, he could not afford to be," Kortunov said. "In order to avoid separatist movements, in order to avoid secessionist trends, Yeltsin will have to yield more rights to smaller ethnic and territorial units. That's the only way, and it will limit any attempt to impose rigid authoritarian power on the country."

Finally, Kortunov said, "with the growing transparency of the country, its gradual integration into international, economic, political, humanitarian structures, with new emigration legislation, with new legislation on foreign investments, with the possible introduction of foreign businesses, with Western media and Western people coming to the country, it will be more and more difficult to limit political freedoms of people in this society." He concluded, "So I think this authoritarianism can be constrained within some limits, provided that we see no economic disaster and we do not see hundreds of thousands or millions of refugees. They might be very explosive in terms of political extremism."

Kortunov gave a wary appraisal of Yeltsin—good in a crisis, decisive and courageous, but impulsive and emotional. I asked if he was autocratic. "Well, you know, all of them are autocratic in certain respects," Kortunov said. "He spent all of his life in the Party bureaucracies, and that is something you cannot separate yourself from that easily." The same could be said of Yeltsin's senior aides: one is a former professor of scientific Communism, another was the Communist Party's First Secretary in Yeltsin's home town of Sverdlovsk (now, again, Yekaterinburg) and a former Ambassador to Cuba, another was the Party's Second Secretary in Sverdlovsk, and so on.

The door opened, and a gray-haired man with a mustache entered. Kortunov introduced him as Mikhail Bezrukov. "He's working with the Russian Foreign Ministry," Kortunov said. "I think he's a very strong proponent of Yeltsin."

"Yes, I am," Bezrukov said. "I'm a Russian citizen."

"Well, you know, it doesn't mean that you should support Yeltsin, necessarily," Kortunov remarked.

As we talked, Kortunov was in and out of his office, getting ready to leave for Prague. Then the two men got into

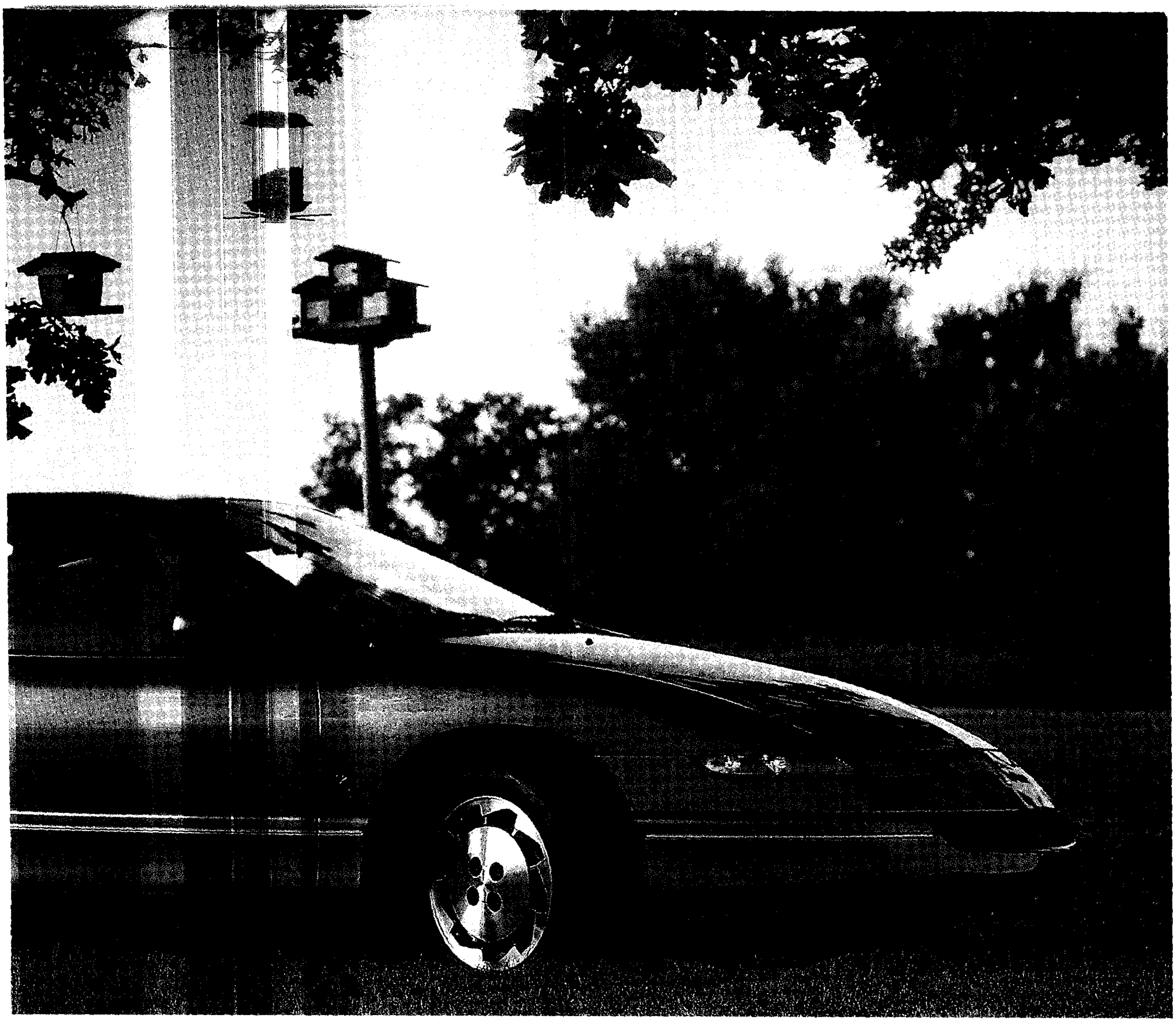
VELMA WILLARSON wanted something that could fly down the highway with a fifty-pound load of birdseed.

Ask any rosebreasted grosbeak or nuthatch around Winchester, Wisconsin, and they'll tell you about Velma. She feeds them and hundreds of other wild birds out of the goodness of her 76-year-old heart. They'll tell you how they used to watch her struggling to lift big bags of birdseed out of the back of her old sport coupe.

But no more.

Now Velma's got a brand new Saturn. It not only has a

©1991 Saturn Corporation. Velma Willarson is pictured with a 1992 Saturn SC.



roomy, convenient trunk, but back seats that fold down. Meaning, to everyone's benefit, an increased birdseed-per-trip efficiency.

They'll also tell you that Velma's new Saturn is just about as aerodynamic as anything that rolls on the ground can get.

In fact, the only thing they don't seem to like that much is how quiet the Saturn is. When Velma had her old car, they could hear the sound of lunch coming for miles.

But now, she has to honk.

SATURN.

A DIFFERENT KIND *of* COMPANY. A DIFFERENT KIND *of* CAR.

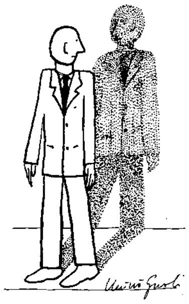
If you'd like to know more about Saturn, and our new sedans and coupe, please call us at 1-800-522-5000.

an argument. "The Communist vision has been defeated," Bezrukov declared. "To my mind, the people who are still capable of pushing this idea forward should be kicked out of the political scene. Party apparatchiks shouldn't now be part of the political debate."

"Why? Why shouldn't they?" Kortunov asked sharply.

"Because they lost," Bezrukov said.

"They lost, but they might reëmerge. Democracy should allow them to take the chance and to have the right to speak out."



"A chance if they can say goodbye to the old vision of the past," Bezrukov said. "If not—well, I'm against witch-hunting, but I won't mind if they are hunted."

"Well, this is a typical example of Yeltsin supporters," Kortunov said to me as he fiddled with papers on his desk. He looked exasperated.

"We are to change the country," Bezrukov continued. "Just look at Czechoslovakia. Look at Poland. Look at Hungary. It's not very nice, but it's something necessary. And I understand why they're doing this—because these guys cannot offer solutions."

"Yeah, but if the society votes for them—"

"We live in a troubled society, and we cannot afford the luxury of—"

"Of democracy," Kortunov shot back. Gathering his papers, he left his office and didn't return.

SINCE the coup failed, the "democrats" have taken steps to emasculate the legislative branch of government while strengthening the executive, both at the national level and in the Russian Federation. With the exceptions of Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia, which gained their independence after the coup, the republics have ranged along a spectrum from relatively democratic (Russia, the Ukraine, and Armenia, for example) to downright despotic (Georgia). But the tendency to bypass elected parliaments and transfer legislative authority to the executive is a strong one, even in the more liberal republics. And that is true of the central government as well.

On September 2nd, in a desperate effort to hold the Soviet Union together after the coup, Gorbachev convened the Congress of People's Deputies—a body of twenty-two hundred and fifty members, chosen two and a half years ago in quasi-democratic elections—and browbeat it into dissolving itself, in effect. Its subordinate body, the standing parliament known as the Supreme Soviet, was also slated for extinction, but a few legislators, pursuing the ideal of Western constitutionalism, argued successfully for a compromise. It was a poor compromise, for it left the country with a severely weakened, reconstituted Supreme Soviet, with members appointed by the republics, which seems ill-equipped to check the surge toward executive power. When the new Supreme Soviet convened, on October 21st, only seven of the remaining twelve Soviet republics deigned to send representatives; there was no participation by the Ukraine, Armenia, Azerbaijan, Georgia, and Moldavia.

Gorbachev's move spelled the end of a brief experiment with constitutional separation of powers, initiated in March of 1990 and modelled largely on the American system. At that time, the constitution was amended to provide for a careful balance of authority between a newly created Presidency and a newly empowered legislature. Such a balance was a mechanism without precedent in Soviet, or Russian, history, and therefore without any political tradition to promote its success. In the year and a half after the amendments were adopted, the Supreme Soviet failed to use its powers vigorously. As the country's centrally managed economy slid steadily into chaos, and disparate national groups blossomed into determined separatist movements, the Supreme Soviet acquiesced increasingly in Gorbachev's inclination to try to govern by decree. Nobody paid much attention to his orders, for the Communist Party, which had been the real conduit of governmental power, had been drained of much of its authority, and government had fragmented along local lines. But the decrees did undermine the embryonic concept of parliamentary process, and many legislators exhibited no interest in challenging the prerogatives of the executive branch.

"I worked with two committees of the Supreme Soviet," Andrei Kortunov had told me during our talk. "If you take the Committee on Defense and State Security, it was awful. It was just the military-industrial complex's lobby within the Supreme Soviet, rubber-stamping all the demands of the Defense Ministry. I was also an official expert of the Committee on International Affairs. It was a little bit better—it was more liberal—but the members didn't feel like being masters of the game. They practically never questioned major decisions taken by the executive branch, and they were very limited even in terms of the information they were getting. I remember last year they discussed aid to Afghanistan, and all of them were ready to grant this aid, but the only thing they were allowed to discuss was non-military aid—three hundred million rubles for the fiscal year 1991. They didn't even order people who were witnesses there, from the K.G.B. and the Politburo, to inform the legislators of the amounts of military aid. They said, 'Yes, we understand, it's a state secret.' "

Nevertheless, in the turbulent days after the failure of the coup a few believing democrats fought for the survival of the Supreme Soviet. I went to see one of them, Aleksandr M. Yakovlev, in the cavernous building that houses the Institute of State and Law, on a street whose name has just been changed from Frunze (after the Bolshevik military leader Mikhail Frunze) to Znamenka (meaning Banner). Yakovlev, not to be confused with Gorbachev's close associate Aleksandr N. Yakovlev, is a legislator and legal scholar who has studied Western judicial systems and was influential last year in shaping the constitutional amendments that provided significant parliamentary powers. I have known him as a man of calm demeanor, but he was agitated about the demise of a strong Supreme Soviet.

"It is very bitter for me," Yakovlev almost shouted. He said that in a closed meeting of Gorbachev and the Presidents of nine republics immediately after the coup he had argued forcefully against a proposal by Russian members of the Congress to effectively eliminate the Supreme Soviet by reducing it to a one-chamber body without power. "I was a little rude," he told me. "I said, 'What are you doing? It is impossible. If you are not satisfied, change it, but how is it possible to kill the only representative body at the all-union level? You've preserved the executive and you are just killing off the legislature.' " He was practically alone in his argument. "Anybody who spoke in favor of the center was automatically regarded as a reactionary," he said. "The idea of being for the center, but a democratic center—it is impossible for this idea to put down roots, because people are accustomed to the idea that either the center is imperial or there is no center at all. The idea of having a center and not having tyranny is incomprehensible, unfortunately. That is our unhappy heritage." The Presidents did not entirely reject his argument, and they restored some powers. But they set the stage for the exclusion of hardliners from the legislature, and that worried Yakovlev.

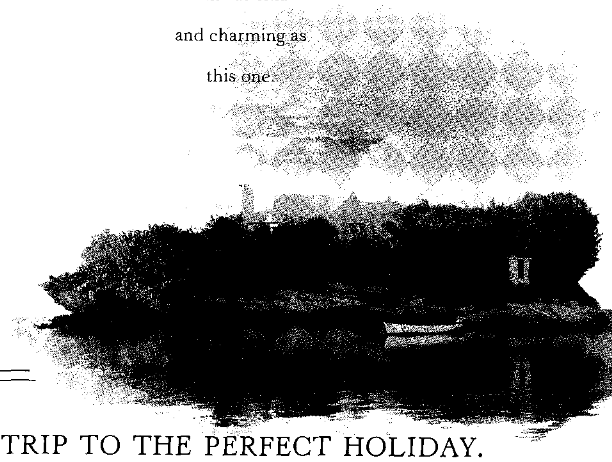
"The Soyuz group was in the Supreme Soviet," he said, mentioning a conservative coalition. "Its people were repulsive, outrageous. Perhaps they were ideologically connected with the participants in the coup. But if we agree that we will tolerate only a parliament where everybody is to our liking, it is the death of democracy." He was shouting now. "There is a constant absence of understanding of the essence of democracy: tolerate the repulsive, not for their sake but for our sake. The people who are trying to have only a pleasant parliament, a homogeneous parliament, are just putting an end to democratic development. And they do not suspect that next time somebody to the left of them will accuse them of being reactionary and will try to replace them."

Coupled with these trends is the growing dependence of Gorbachev and Yeltsin on the instrument of the Presidential decree. "One of the very unhappy peculiarities of the moment is that the Presidents—both of them—are now acquiring legislative powers," Yakovlev went on. "They say it is cumbersome, it is annoying sometimes to have a legislature. But, you know, if we are so intolerant of the exigencies of democracy we are doomed again. Yeltsin is now just making decrees, decrees. It's czarist, like the czar's decrees. You know, this stability of historical stereotypes is just tremendous, just awful. As it was said after this coup collapsed, we suffered victory."

The decree has been used even where legislation could have easily been obtained. In August, after Gorbachev was rescued from the plotters and stood before the Russian Federation's parliament, Yeltsin dramatically signed an order, over Gorbachev's objection, to suspend the Communist Party's activities. There, with his legislature in front of him, ready and willing to ban the Party, Yeltsin preferred the gesture of the decree, as if it would be taken more seriously by a public unaccustomed to the messy ambiguities of legislative acts.

This tendency troubles democrats, and especially lawyers, who value the rule of law and the orderliness of process. Such a man is Ernst Ametistov. He is one of twenty-one candidates for a fifteen-member constitutional court whose creation has been proposed as part of the Russian Federation's constitutional revisions. The court, modelled on the United States Supreme Court, would judge the constitutionality of legislation. I met him in his apartment (where he served good, strong coffee, a rarity in Moscow these days), and he talked about his concerns.

Yeltsin and his inner circle of ad-



A DELIGHTFUL PAIR OF
BERMUDA
SHORTS

OUR HAIRSTYLES HAVEN'T CHANGED IN 350 YEARS.
In bustling downtown Hamilton, you'll see evidence that Bermuda is indeed a civilized paradise.

OUR LITTLE ISLAND IS ACTUALLY MANY ISLANDS.
Some as small and charming as this one.

Call your travel agent or: 1-800-BERMUDA.

BERMUDA. A SHORT TRIP TO THE PERFECT HOLIDAY.

Geese Mate for Life

Symbol of Eternal Love

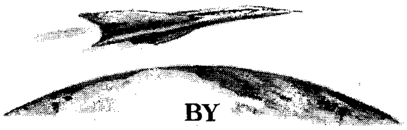
Eternal love is beautifully symbolized in our "Geese Mate For Life" pin. Finely crafted in 14K yellow gold with ruby eyes, two geese are majestically depicted together in flight. As a symbol of your love or the special bond between two people, it makes an ideal gift.

Shown Actual Size
$325.00 p.pd.

Maine residents add 5% state sales tax
Mail or phone orders (207) 773-3107
Visa, Mastercard or personal check
Satisfaction guaranteed

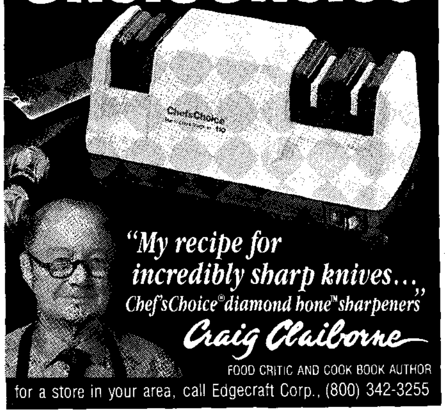
Cross Jewelers
The Upstairs Jewelry Store
570-N Congress Street, Portland, Maine 04101 © 91

THE ONLY
AROUND THE WORLD



BY
SUPERSONIC CONCORDE
Oct. 23 to Nov. 13, 1992
$48,800 per person
Designed and operated by
INTRAV®
St. Louis, Missouri 63105-1961
1-800-825-2900

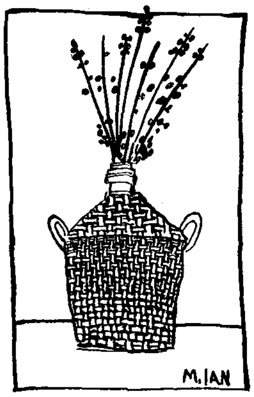
Chef'sChoice®



"My recipe for incredibly sharp knives..."
Chef'sChoice® diamond hone® sharpeners
Craig Claiborne
FOOD CRITIC AND COOK BOOK AUTHOR

for a store in your area, call Edgecraft Corp., (800) 342-3255

visers began to strengthen the power of the executive branch right after he was elected Russian President, on June 12th, Ametistov said, and the policy has been sharpened since the coup. "They issue Presidential decrees that in many cases contradict laws," he told me. "Under the laws on the press and on social organizations, all the newspapers can be closed and political parties can be banned, but only by a court decision. Here it was done without the court. A Presidential decree gave powers to the mayor of Moscow to establish ceilings on the prices of food, to establish property taxes—that is, to do these things by administrative decision. There was an immediate protest from businessmen in Moscow, and after that there was a compromise." Mayor Popov also bypassed the Moscow City Council by ignoring its choice of a police chief and naming another man, Arkady Murashev, a kindly democrat. "He is a wonderful person, and I like him very much," Ametistov said of Murashev. "But this was a violation of a decision of the deputies of the Moscow City Council. This is a decision that belongs to the legislative branch."



Ametistov and others realize the difficulty, the futility, of clinging to the slender sapling of legal procedure in the whirlwind of disintegration now sweeping through the Soviet Union. "Most tragic is that at the foundation of this tendency to ignore the legislative branch are real interests and real requirements of the people of the country, because something must be done urgently," he said. "It must be done quickly and effectively. To wait until laws are adopted is extremely difficult. That is why I say that we have fallen into a typical Russian situation—where both sides are right and both are wrong."

A good example of this dilemma is Yeltsin's confiscation of Communist Party property, which I discussed with Sergei Kovalev, a prominent human-rights activist, who was in prison and then in exile from 1974 to 1984. In one of many delightful turnarounds that have accompanied the demise of Communist rule in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, Kovalev is now a member of the presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the Russian Federation. I met him in his spacious office, in the White House.

"I am not a person who would find it easy to be sympathetic to the Communist Party," he told me, with an impish grin. "Nevertheless, as concerns Party property, the seizure of accounts, the freezing of accounts in banks, the suspension of activities of the Party, all that is within the framework of law. But the confiscation and redistribution of Party property is clearly a judicial matter. I am almost certain that an objective judge, after a long and careful examination, would make the same decision, because it is clear that for a long time the Party put the state's wealth into its pockets. That is obvious to everyone. But the executive authorities did not follow the judicial procedure for the confiscation of property. That was a serious mistake."

On the other hand, a nasty mood developed right after the coup collapsed, and Kovalev thought that if Yeltsin hadn't seized Party buildings, such as the Central Committee headquarters, the angry crowds that took to the streets might have broken in and smashed and looted, and the fury could have run out of control. "It is essential for us to have strong executive power," he said. "But that is not all that is essential. A democratic state is something that we have to work at constantly to build. Declarations of democracy are not enough. They will remain simply declarations. We have heard for many years that we are not yet mature enough for democracy, we are not yet ready for it, the crowd in the street is not ready. If we don't start ruling ourselves by democratic laws and principles, we are never going to be ready. We have to do it."

Unfortunately, one has the strong impression that Kovalev and other adamant democrats have little influence with Yeltsin, or even access to him. His inner circle, composed largely of old Party friends from Sverdlovsk, has frustrated Moscow-based democrats; they complain that they cannot get to him easily. When I asked whether Kovalev thought that Yeltsin's people had autocratic impulses, he gave a slight smile and a sly response: "That question is not easy for me to answer. The close circles of Yeltsin are not known to me well enough. In a certain sense, that is an answer to your question. It is an answer in the sense that a member of the presidium of the Supreme Soviet should know them well enough."

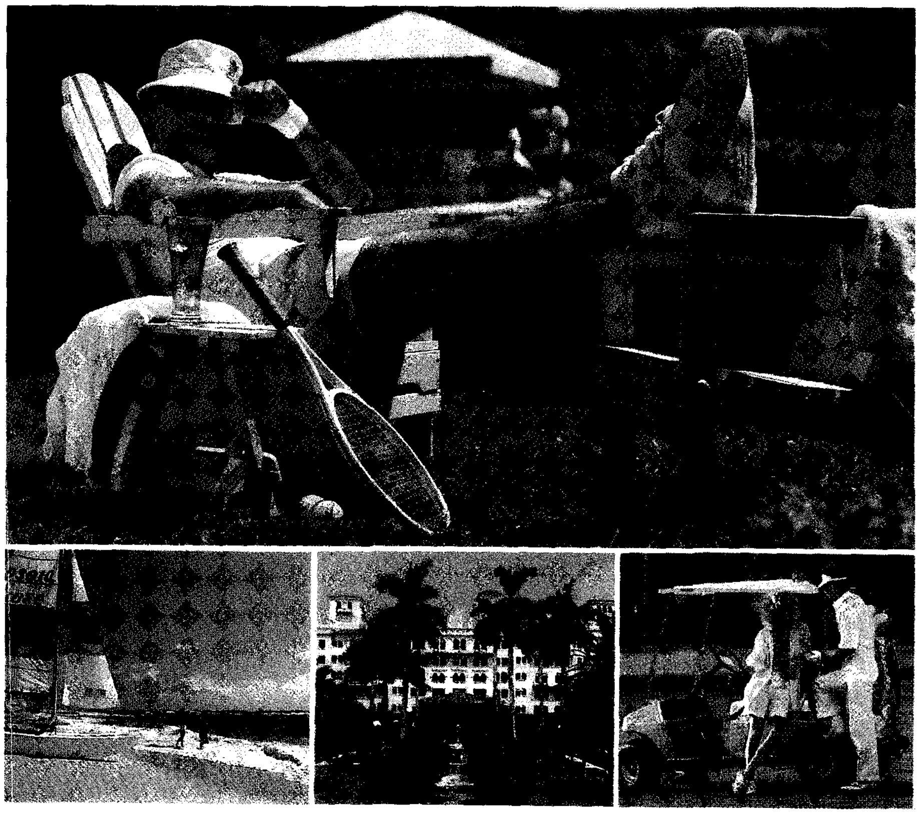
I WENT to the Kremlin one morning for a ten-o'clock appointment with a low-level aide to Gorbachev. A plainclothes security guard met me at Spassky Gate and escorted me quickly beyond the high red brick walls, along the cobblestone plazas and alleyways inside, and into a yellow building, where the Presidential offices were situated. The Kremlin has always been sedate and quiet, but this morning it had an eerie sense of emptiness, as if the central government had evaporated and left a skeleton crew. Only three cars were parked outside the offices, and my coat was the day's first to be hung in the cloakroom. The corridors were empty—a contrast with the bustle of the Russian Federation's government in the White House, where people come and go, and animated voices can be heard behind office doors.

The coup and its defeat practically obliterated the remaining bonds that kept the Soviet Union together politically, and unleashed in full measure the centrifugal force that had been tearing at the country for some time. As a result, real political power has finally shifted from the central government, represented by Gorbachev, to the republics, represented above all by Yeltsin. From all accounts, Yeltsin is fostering this process by infiltrating Russian Federation loyalists into central ministries. The ministries, for their part, are paralyzed, especially at the middle and lower levels, where bureaucrats accustomed to following orders are not getting any.

The stories of governmental sclerosis are legion. An American businessman sitting beside me on the flight to Moscow said that his efforts to set up joint ventures in the manufacture and installation of elevators had progressed better before the coup than since; now nobody was willing to make decisions. An American diplomat told me that he could not get his car registered, because the responsible agency was mired in uncertainty. And a Soviet janitor, whom I knew fifteen years ago, greeted me warmly in a courtyard and spewed a torrent of complaint about his inability to get a housing problem addressed, because the responsible functionaries had no instructions on what to do.

Since the coup, Gorbachev has not been the obsession of Muscovites that he was before. As of a few months ago, he had come to be detested, blamed by many for the country's economic deterioration and ethnic tensions. Now he just seems irrelevant, and is rarely discussed. "He has been politically weakened," I was told by the aide I visited in the Kremlin, Igor Malashenko, who joined Gorbachev's team in 1989 and currently works in the Presidential press office. Malashenko displayed a diplomatic candor about his boss, noting that "Gorbachev is not an economist," and conceding that on the conflicts among the country's nationalities "Gorbachev has not fulfilled his mission." But Malashenko also urged a longer view, saying, "Usually, he is evaluated by the amount of his political

It's not whether you win or lose. It's where you play the game.



If you haven't played at Florida's Boca lately, you've missed something extraordinary. The world's most acclaimed tropical resort is better than ever. We've re-sculpted our two championship golf courses. Expanded our world-class tennis facilities to 34 courts. Enhanced our fitness centers. Created outstanding new restaurants. And magnificently updated guest rooms throughout our 223-acre resort estate.

More than ever, this is the ultimate vacation resort. Only The Boca offers everything: golf, beach, tennis, fine dining, and unparalleled personal service.

Come play with us. Enjoy our private oceanfront beach club with watersports. 23-slip marina. Fishing and boating. Nightly entertainment. And ideal location near Boca's chic shops and cultural events.

The Boca also offers special golf, tennis, honeymoon and holiday packages.

For more information, see your travel agent or call 1-800-327-0101, ext. 25.

A Mobil Five-Star, AAA Five-Diamond Resort
Boca Raton, Florida

THE BOCA RATON RESORT & CLUB®
The Elegant Place To Play.

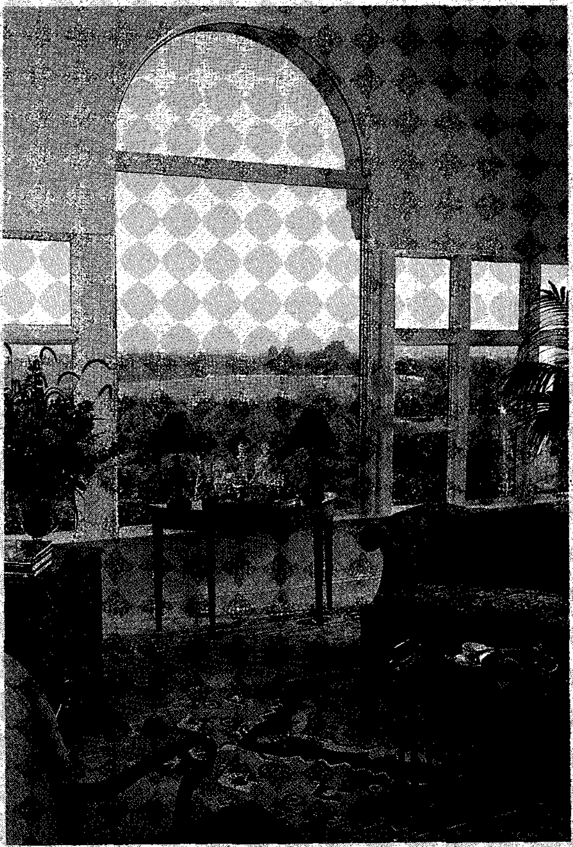
power. He doesn't have political ambition. He has historical ambition, which is much greater. He realized his political ambition six years ago."

Amid the collapse at the top, it is hard to know precisely what powers the central government retains. They seem to include an uncertain authority over banking and currency policy, foreign affairs, and the armed forces. I was in Moscow when President Bush announced unilateral cuts in nuclear weapons—a subject that is frightening to discuss with Soviet specialists these days. Aleksei Arbatov, the leading expert on disarmament at the Institute of World Economics and International Relations, gave me his unsettling view that Soviet tactical nuclear weapons could not be moved or eliminated without the approval of the republics.

"On Bush's proposals, I'm surprised that it took so long," he said. "It should have been done last autumn. I think the prospect of tactical nuclear weapons' falling into the hands of extremists, whether in power or not, in the republics is serious enough to warrant making even more far-reaching proposals. The center can give no orders anymore. But the center can reach agreement with the United States and get republics to join in that agreement." If the Defense Ministry tried to remove tactical nuclear weapons from, say, the Ukraine without Ukrainian approval, Arbatov speculated, there could be a military confrontation. "On the other hand, I am absolutely sure that if the republics were involved in formulating this policy they would not object," he added as a small consolation.

In this delicate ballet among the republics, Russia, Kazakhstan, and the Ukraine are pivotal, since they are the largest and the most powerful economically. And here Gorbachev plays a role as mediator, looked to by the non-Russian republics as a balance against domination by Russia. Yeltsin's move into the central ministries worries analysts; they fear that if Russia tries to take over the center and impose its rule there will be a backlash by republics, a complete disintegration of the "union," and perhaps a civil war along Yugoslav lines. Arbatov and others argue that a center that transcends the republics is essential. At least eight of the twelve remaining republics, bound in the near term by economic interdependence, seem willing to remain in an economic union. But the endeavor was placed in jeopardy on October 18th by the refusal of the Ukraine, which has a population of fifty-two million, to sign an agreement to negotiate an economic community based on common banking, trade, and currency regulations.

Without a system of belief to organize their sense of history and define their place in it, people have retreated into their ethnic, linguistic, and religious identities, enhancing the power of the nationalist idea. This has been as true in Russia as in the Ukraine, Lithuania, and Georgia, and it concerns Aleksandr Yakovlev. "There is potential, in the very long run, perhaps, for the imperial idea," he said. "It is in the bones of the Russian population. They may not be conscious of the imperial virus being in their veins. But it may make them responsive to some 'genius,' in quotation marks, who says, 'We were mighty. Why are we so negligible now? Let's



UNIVERSITY VILLAGE
We provide the luxury. You enjoy the view.

In addition to commanding Charlottesville's most dramatic views of the Blue Ridge Mountains and the University of Virginia, our spectacular homes offer beautiful imported tiles, crown moulding, high ceilings, and picture windows so large they'll take your breath away. Our luxury services include a full-service concierge, complimentary limousine service, a porter, and 24-hour security. And The University Club provides extraordinary amenities including an indoor tennis center, indoor swimming pool, fitness center, health spa, and fine dining.

Please telephone us toll-free to learn more about the special ownership opportunities at Charlottesville's newest community.

UNIVERSITY
VILLAGE
We'll change the way you view retirement!

1.800.UVA.LUXURY

2401 Old Ivy Road
Charlottesville, Virginia 22901

Adjoining the University of Virginia
Furnished Models Open Daily

Void where prohibited by law, including New York and New Jersey.

go and grab what is ours.'" Russians had long experienced the satisfying sense of being part of something great, "which heartened people, which compensated for their misery—'We are in misery, but we are mighty,'" he said. "I am not in a position to predict the outcome, but I do not think that it will disappear like water into the sand."

THE autumn has been unusually warm in Moscow. Long evenings of golden twilight have softened the city in what Russians know as *babye leto*—literally, "grandmother's summer," or what we call Indian summer. On one such evening, I visited a park behind the new exhibition hall of the Tretyakov Gallery. Inside a rectangle of ground marked off by steel police barricades that looked like bicycle racks, six statues of disgraced figures had been placed as a kind of monument to their fall. The full-length sculpture of Feliks Dzerzhinsky lay on its back. Mikhail Kalinin, who supported Stalin in the internal Party maneuvering after Lenin's death, sat in a huge stone chair. Yakov Sverdlov, the Bolshevik, stood proudly, a briefcase under his left arm. Stalin, from the waist up, looked out fiercely. Another Stalin, full length, had been broken off at the ankles and lay prone; his nose had been chipped off. A white bust of Khrushchev had been tipped over and was staring blankly at the sky, the face badly disfigured. This seemed historically shortsighted somehow, since it was Khrushchev's denunciation of Stalin in 1956 that had so affected the people of Gorbachev's generation that when they finally came to power they were moved to open the door the rest of the way. In any case, the Khrushchev and the Stalins had not been spontaneously torn down during the aftermath of the coup—they had not been on display—but had been hauled out of storerooms to make a point: to create an artificial exhibition. There were no disgraced Lenins as yet, but some statues of him have been removed.

I wondered whom the Russians would finally place on their empty pedestals. And for some reason, despite the comfortable glow of the late sunlight, one of Yakovlev's remarks came to mind: "We are shivering in the wind, but it is the wind of freedom. It is the wind of freedom."

—DAVID K. SHIPLER

KRYSTAL

Welcome to the Mexican hospitality!

PURCHASE 3 NIGHTS — RECEIVE "FREE" 4TH NIGHT

KRYSTAL IXTAPA $ 146.00
KRYSTAL VALLARTA $ 140.00
KRYSTAL ROSA $ 135.00
KRYSTAL CANCUN $ 177.00

(4th Free Night Not included)

Ask for details about these packages.
Extra Night available upon request.
Airfare not included.

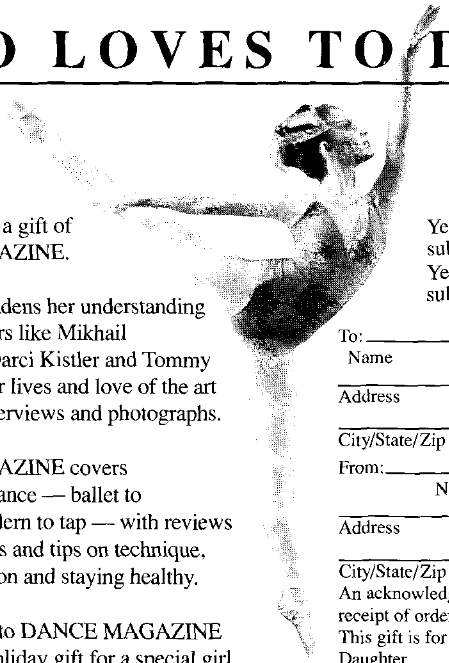
INFORMATION & RESERVATIONS:
USA / Canada Tels.: (800) 231-9860
San Diego: (619) 792-1443 Fax: (619) 792-1872
Price per person based on double occupancy,
valid from April lst., through December 20th. 1991.
Other Krystal packages available through your preferred Tour Operator.
100% Mexican owned and operated.

• IXTAPA • VALLARTA • MEXICO CITY • CANCUN •

Oh! What places to stay!
KRYSTAL

IF YOU LOVE A GIRL

WHO LOVES TO DANCE...



Honor her with a gift of DANCE MAGAZINE.

Each issue broadens her understanding of dance, as stars like Mikhail Baryshnikov, Darci Kistler and Tommy Tune share their lives and love of the art in revealing interviews and photographs.

DANCE MAGAZINE covers everything in dance — ballet to Broadway, modern to tap — with reviews of performances and tips on technique, training, nutrition and staying healthy.

A subscription to DANCE MAGAZINE is a beautiful holiday gift for a special girl. Order now.

DANCE MAGAZINE

Yes! Please send one year's subscription at $29.95 ☐
Yes! Please send two year's subscription at $54.90 ☐

To: ____________
Name
____
Address
____
City/State/Zip
From: ____________
Name
____
Address
____
City/State/Zip

An acknowledgement card will be sent upon receipt of order. Please specify:
This gift is for my
Daughter____Granddaughter____Other____
Enclose payment of check or money order to:

DANCE MAGAZINE
P.O. Box 2089
Knoxville, IA 50198-7089
For MC or Visa call toll-free 1-800-331-1750
Allow 6–8 weeks for delivery 5NY17

MUSICAL EVENTS

Music-Makers

I HAVE been reading Sir William Glock's autobiography, "Notes in Advance" (Oxford). On page after page, it chimes with, bears upon, music that I listened to in New York last month. Pierre Boulez and Elliott Carter are recurrent names. As a pianist, a critic, an editor, an administrator, and a festival director, Glock has been one of the most influential of musicians. He changed British musical life, created a climate in which new music flourished and new music from abroad was heard with attention and eagerness. After Cambridge, where he read History and was an Organ Scholar, he studied with Schnabel for three years, in Berlin. In 1934, he joined the *Observer*, and five years later he became its chief music critic. A Berg memorial concert in 1936 (it included the British première of the Violin Concerto) "marked the beginning of my lasting commitment to contemporary music," and he championed it more frequently and insistently than his editor liked. An obituary of Bartók, in 1945, provided the last straw:

> One impetuous sentence declared that "no great composer had ever cared how 'pleasant' his music sounded." It could have been more accurately expressed: it could have said, "had ever been *governed* by how pleasant his music sounded"; but it did not, and it caused grave offence. My years at the *Observer* had come to an end.

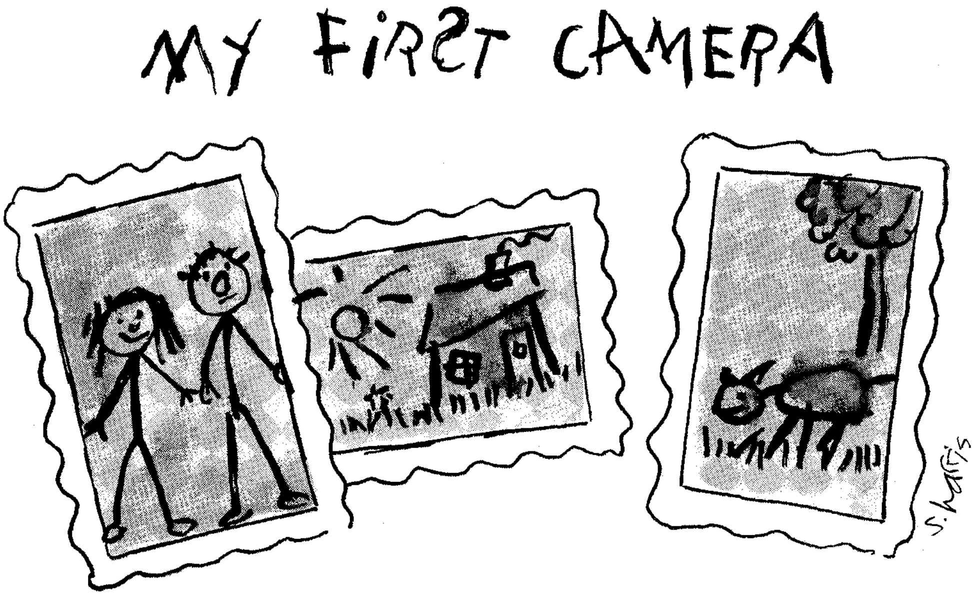
In 1948, Glock became the director of the Bryanston—later Dartington—Summer School of Music; Roger Sessions, Elliott Carter, Stefan Wolpe, Luciano Berio, and Luigi Nono were among the composition teachers he invited there. (Boulez was coming in 1957 but withdrew because he had not finished his Third Piano Sonata, which he was due to play at Darmstadt that year.) Elisabeth Schumann, Rudolf Kolisch, Georges Enesco, and the Juilliard Quartet were among the instructor-performers. Boulez's "Marteau sans Maître," Nono's "Polifonica-Monodia-Ritmica," and Carter's First and Second Quartets were among the works that received British premières. Glock had heard the First Quartet in Rome, in 1954:

> Coming directly afterwards in the same programme, Schoenberg's Piano Suite, Op. 25, seemed hardly more difficult than Kuhlau or Clementi. Yet I had no impression that Carter had introduced difficulties for their own sake. Rather, that he was possessed by novel ideas of rhythm and texture and determined to develop them to the utmost. At all events, I became a devotee of his music from then on; and, in a more general sense, was instilled with the conviction that more was to be gained from works that were challenging and formidable than from those that yielded their secrets after a performance or two.

But in England "there were many musicians in authority who looked upon the Summer School's activities in contemporary music and in inviting foreign composers to teach there as detestable aberrations." Moreover, "broadcasting on the whole still gave the impression that contemporary music was led, for example, by Samuel Barber in the United States and by Poulenc in France. It was this middle-of-the-road policy that I was determined to undermine." Other forces in Glock's "campaign of insurrection" were the magazine *The Score*, which he produced from 1949 to 1961 (Boulez's famous essay "Schoenberg Is Dead" appeared in 1952), and the Institute of Contemporary Arts concerts—Glock was chairman of the music section from 1954 to 1958—which presented Dartington fare in London. (At an I.C.A. concert I first heard the Juilliard Quartet.) And then in 1959 the fiery rebel was appointed commander-in-chief of an official army: Glock became Controller of Music at the BBC, the world's largest patron and provider of music. The BBC maintains four symphony orchestras and many other ensembles, puts on concerts and recitals and festivals (including the eight weeks of nightly Proms, heard by millions), produces opera in its studios, commissions many new works, relays new music from all over the world to its listeners. Glock's beliefs and enthusiasms could find fulfillment on the widest possible scale. Boulez began conducting the BBC Symphony in 1964, and in 1971 became its chief conductor.

Glock left the BBC after fourteen years—exciting years in which to be a composer, a listener, a critic. He succeeded Michael Tippett as the music director of the Bath Festival; during his ten years there much fine music, new and old, was played. His "resident" composers were Carter (heard at eight of the ten festivals), Peter Maxwell Davies, Tippett, and Harrison Birtwistle. Davies, Carter, György Kurtág, and Boulez composed works for his farewell; and Carter's "Canon for 4" and Boulez's "Dérive" have been widely played since.

In calm, clear prose this remarkable man, now eighty-three, tells his story—modestly, generously, gratefully. In a coda, he contemplates today's "startling multiplicity of aims and styles," when composers he once had to champion have become "history," and their successors range between the extremes of Brian Ferneyhough and the minimalists. Of the former's "Études Transcendantales" he says, "It addresses the listener with commanding authority, and many musicians place it together with 'Pierrot Lunaire' and 'Le Marteau sans Maître' as a critical moment in twentieth-century



Has no "attitude," makes no statement...or does it?

The Original Lands' End Square Rigger® Attache at $\$39^{50}$ simply gets the job done.

Those of us who make and market (and marvel at!) this remarkable canvas carrying case are of two minds.

We all agree that, in today's lingo, this attache case has no "attitude." But we're split on whether it makes a statement. One group says "No way!," and in the sense that pleated trousers and ultra minis identify a person, they may be right.

The other group has a point, too.

They claim that the Square Rigger® Attache does make a statement. It says to you who read this, "Look. You want to get the job done, I'm your bag. Your boss will appreciate me, too, in these days when he's sweating bullets over budgets. Put me to work. You'll see."

It's true, you know. Over 600,000 of these handy little frequent fliers have proved their worth in all sorts of situations.

It's made of tough 18 oz. cotton canvas–the very same material once used in making sails. In this incarnation, the bag helps make "sales," since it's put together carefully with you in mind. It's given comfortable padded handles, smooth-operating plastic zippers, D-rings to accommodate a shoulder strap. Inside, there's a thoughtfully arranged set of canvas dividers, with pockets where you need them, even a strap for the keys you need to get to the airport, but don't need jangling in your pocket as you go about your work.

The Square Rigger holds more than it's meant to.

We make it ourselves and it's GUARANTEED. PERIOD.®

Soft luggage is one category of product Lands' End makes, because when we first began, we couldn't find the quality we insisted on to meet our standards. Today, there is comparable quality–but not usually at anywhere near our $39.50 price. (Remember, we deal with no middlemen, so we can avoid their mark-ups.) Our guarantee is also matchless. It reads: GUARANTEED. PERIOD.®

So, why not try us? Right now. You can demonstrate attitude, yourself, if you like. There's a phone up front that takes credit cards, surely. Dial 1-800-338-2000, ask for item #0440-2N87, available in Navy and Black, and let us do the rest. Please add $4.25 shipping. Sales tax if you live in IL, IA, WI or CA. Or, if time is still draggin', you can fill out the coupon below to get our latest catalog.

One thing more. When you board your next flight with the Square Rigger® Attache, you'll be the kind of passenger others will hope fills an adjacent empty seat. Really!

Prices effective thru Dec. 31, 1991

LANDS' END®
DIRECT MERCHANTS

©1991, Lands' End, Inc.

Please send me the latest catalog

Lands' End Dept. G-A6
1 Lands' End Lane
Dodgeville, WI 53595

Name________________________

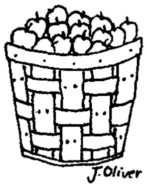
Address________________________

____

City________________________

State________Zip________________

music. . . . For myself, I can only say that the impression of a major force remains, but that I have not yet made the music my own." (The "Études," along with other Ferneyhough works, can be heard on an Etcetera CD.) On the minimalists' music he quotes Carter ("not minimal at all in the notes that you hear, but rather in the thought that has gone into them"), allows that John Adams' "Phrygian Gates" is a major piece, and adds, "It is hard to tolerate the repetitiveness of these composers or to believe for one moment that theirs is the path that will lead to a mature music of the future." Some of the composers "who during the last twenty years have helped to keep the prospects for music very much alive" are, he suggests, Kurtág, Ligeti, Boulez, Carter, Berio, Schnittke, Davies, Lutoslawski, Messiaen, Tippett, "and quite possibly Jonathan Harvey." The omission of Stockhausen can hardly be inadvertent; but I remember exciting Prom performances of "Gesang der Jünglinge," "Gruppen" (conducted by Boulez), "Mantra," "Carré." Glock ends his list with Birtwistle, whose "finest compositions show the brooding and dreaming of a remarkable mind, an unflinching ear that is also finely attuned, and an originality and directness that are inimitable."



As a critic, Glock never hesitated to tackle conservative colleagues. Stravinsky observed in 1962 that London had become a great capital of contemporary music largely as a consequence of "the accession of an intelligent younger generation in the musical press," but in 1958 the London *Times* still had a chief critic who contemned any Stravinsky later than "Firebird." In the *New Statesman* Glock wrote:

> If the music critic of *The Times* can declare that "Agon" "has no rhythm," there seems no earthly reason why he should not go on to say that Beethoven's C sharp minor Quartet has no coherence, that Bach's "Kunst der Fuge" is sadly lacking in contrapuntal skill, that Einstein was a dunce at mathematics and Veronese colour-blind. But as though nonsense were not enough, he also has to tell us that Stravinsky has begun to "flirt" with dodecaphony. No wonder continental musicians regard us as being incurably provincial, for such a remark shows no respect whatever for the greatest of living composers or for the conscience and integrity that go into the making of every bar that he writes.

I'm tempted to tackle the New York *Times* critic who last month—contrasting Carter's "lonely adherence to personal ideals" with Alan Hovhaness's "communicativeness"—said that "Mr. Carter's quartets have virtually no public." A few years ago, he said of the "bitter clashes" and "whirling detail" of Carter's Piano Concerto—a charged, tragic, emotional composition—that "one senses in them no want to please, to stir, to sadden or to unsettle. . . . Is this integrity carried to its natural conclusion, or simply arrogance?" The New York *Times*—as an inciter of public interest, enthusiastic encourager or damp discourager of the adventurous—matters more in New York than does the London *Times* in London; the latter is but one of five daily and four Sunday newspapers each with its critical team reared in the Glock climate. (And, happily, the New York *Times* now has a chief critic evidently ready to listen with open ears and mind.) In that account of the Piano Concerto the writer did confess his "utter defeat before most of Mr. Carter's music," which "occupies a world remote from my senses." Fair enough: a critic must report what his own senses perceive and feel. But should the "respect" Glock mentioned not also play a part? The review continued with a sneer: "The *cognoscenti* who extoll his genius ask us to try harder so that we, too, may leave the ranks of the unwashed and join the anointed."

The declaration about the string quartets—"virtually no public"—was puzzling. Each of Carter's quartets has been commercially recorded three, four, or five times over. (The Juilliard, the Arditti, and the Composers have recorded all four; the latest, and very fine, recording to appear is a CD set by the Juilliard, on Sony.) A call to the publishers of No. 4 (which appeared late in 1986) produced a tally of hundreds of performances of the work, in at least twelve countries, by at least fourteen ensembles. Three days after that *Times* declaration, the Juilliard Quartet celebrated its forty-fifth anniversary by playing the four Carter quartets in the Juilliard Theatre. Shortly before the concert, a tempest of rain and wind swept the city. The Emerson Quartet at the Met Museum and the Shanghai Quartet in Weill Hall were offering more familiar fare; and under the Juilliard roof Vilayat Khan drew a large audience to Tully Hall. Yet in the Juilliard Theatre lobby the line of people hoping for last-minute admission to the all-seats-taken Carter concert was long.

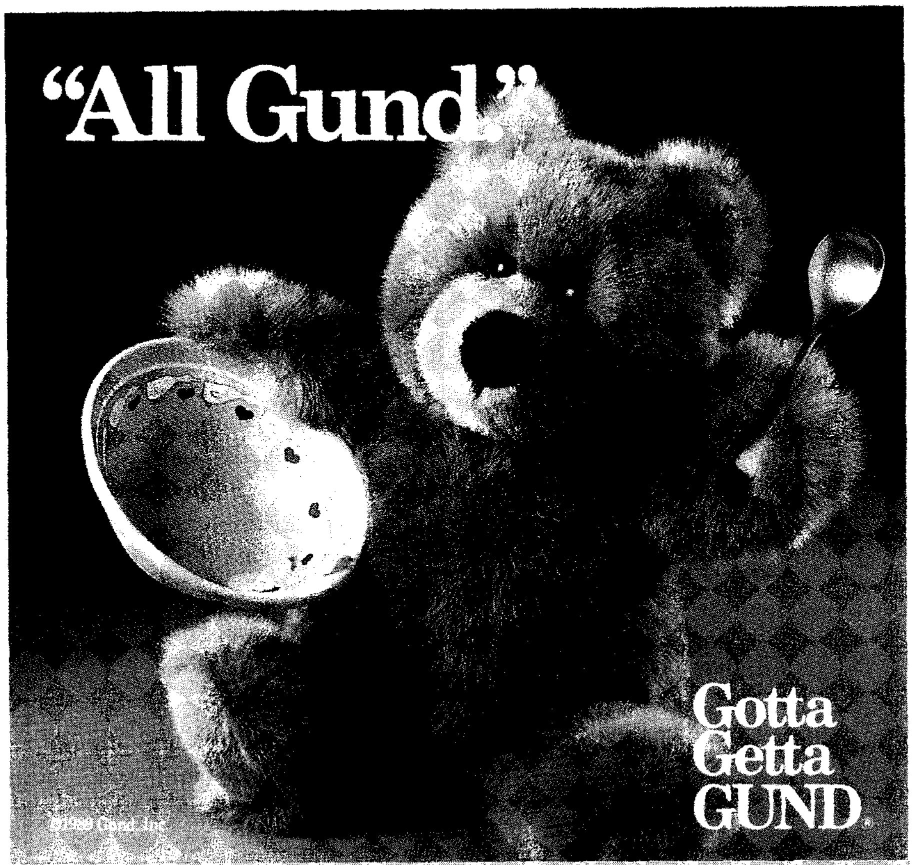
Needless now—or perhaps, in these commercial days, newly necessary—to heap further praise on the Juilliard Quartet for its emotional and technical commitment over the years to new music; for, in the heroic years, bringing the Bartók, Schoenberg, Berg, and Webern quartets to life; for inspiring by tuition and example the other Juilliard School-derived string quartets (Alexander, American, Colorado, Concord, Emerson, Essex, Lark, LaSalle, Mendelssohn, Shanghai, Tokyo); for continuing to champion composer after composer. The program book could have given details of more than sixty premières and of a discography "the most extensive of any ensemble in history."

The concert was enthralling—the Juilliard in peak form. If each quartet lasted longer—No. 1 a full five minutes longer—than the time suggested for it in the printed score, this was not because the players had not brought it up to tempo, technically, but, on the contrary, because they knew the music so well and so surely that they revelled in its lyricism—sang the tunes and held the "holds" with the freedom implicit in the composition. Carter's music is fiendishly difficult for players and challenging for listeners. Yet, to start with, a listener need only listen intently, without preconceptions, to what happens and find himself thrilling to it. The beauty and intentness of the Juilliard playing made that easy to do. The First Quartet dates from 1951; thirty-five years of string-quartet exploration into the communicative linking of time and line, contrast and chime, brought rich rewards.

CARTER'S latest composition to appear is one of his little works: a five-minute flute solo, "Scrivo in Vento." It was given its first performance at a Carter festival in Avignon this July (where the Arditti played the four quartets) and its first American performance at a Parnassus concert last month. (The composer has since completed a large-scale Quintet, for piano and winds, due for performance in Cologne next spring.) The title comes from a Petrarch sonnet of paradoxes: "I plow the waves, I build on sand, and write on the wind; I gaze at the sun with eyes that its splendor has blinded; and with a lame, slow ox I pursue a wandering, fleeing doe." Slow melody in the flute's low register alternates with swift flight from its heights: low C and high C-sharp three octaves above (a recurrent signal note) are heard in the opening statement; soon low B is brought into play; the climax is a high D, sustained fortissimo and left by a leap to the low B—across the full range of the instrument. Two kinds of motion, in different registers, are contrasted—or sometimes drawn together with cantabile in the heights and low-register scurrying. It is not hard to write a short piece for solo flute that makes an impression; it needs a Debussy ("Syrinx"), a Varèse ("Density 21.5"), or a Carter to write one that even in silent contemplation of the intervals one can read with emotion, and in performance hear with rapture.

The excellent New York soloist was Keith Underwood. Parnassus was celebrating its eighteenth birthday, in the friendly, warm-sounding hall of the Society for Ethical Culture, close by Lincoln Center. It was a benefit concert among whose patrons were some twenty well-known American composers. Parnassus, directed by Anthony Korf, serves new music, serves music: plays Babbitt, Martino, Wolpe, Davidovsky, and many others in fully rehearsed and committed performances, brings new compositions to birth, and—not parochial but awake to what is happening in Europe—gives important American premières. The concert had a Petrarch theme: besides the Carter, there was Schoenberg's Serenade (a Parnassus specialty), whose fourth movement is a Petrarch setting. And, for the rest, Kurtág's crisp Bagatelles, Martino's "Canzone e Tarantella," and a revival of Matthew Greenbaum's "Commedia," which Parnassus commissioned and first played four years ago. At its next concert, in January, Parnassus joins with the New York Virtuoso Singers, and the program includes a new cantata by Korf himself and the American première of Jonathan Harvey's "Forms of Emptiness."

WITH unhappy and surely evitable coincidence, the Fritz Reiner Center for Contemporary Music presented a recital of music by Carter, Martino, and Schoenberg, played by the pianist Charles Rosen and the



Spanky, the bear cub, is part of the Wide, Wild World of Gund.
And you can getta Gund at all fine department, toy, gift and infants' stores.
Gund, Inc., P.O. Box H, Edison, New Jersey 08818

Christmas in Louisiana

Let us put a sparkle in your holiday season.

Come join us for Christmas in Louisiana!

☐ Send me a FREE *Travel Guide and Official Highway Map.*

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________________
State ____________ Zip ____________
Phone ____________________

Louisiana Office of Tourism
P.O. Box 94291/Dept. 967
Baton Rouge, LA 70804-9291
Toll Free 1-800-33GUMBO, Ext. 967

We're Really Cookin'!™

violinist Rolf Schulte, up in Columbia's Miller Theatre while the Washington Square Contemporary Music Society presented an *intégrale* of Boulez's piano music, played by Marc Ponthus, in Weill. Mr. Ponthus began with the twelve "Notations" that Boulez composed in 1945, when he was nineteen, but published, after revision, only forty years later. They are fascinating, highly polished miniatures, arresting musical thoughts; Boulez has developed four of them, so far, as large-orchestra pieces. In the First Piano Sonata (1946), Schoenberg is still alive for Boulez, both in the density and violence of the piano writing and in the juxtaposition of forms. The Second Sonata (1948), the "new 'Hammerklavier,' " was his iconoclastic demonstration that a new musical language called for new musical forms; it became a modern classic. Boulez did play the Third Sonata in Darmstadt in 1957, but so far only two of its five movements have been published. (He is a constant reviser; apropos of his stringent self-criticism, Glock cites Cyril Connolly's remark "Ten minutes' extra thought on the choice of a word, or the position of a stress, may make in the lyric a difference of a thousand years.") Mr. Ponthus—who had "Notations" and most of the Second Sonata by heart—was a cogent, impressive performer, who combined beauty of tone with beauty and power of thought. The vehement passages (the Second Sonata carries such markings as "encore plus violent" and "pulveriser le son") never became clatter.

Two essays setting out ideas that were given musical form and utterance in the piano sonatas—"Schoenberg Is Dead" and "Alea"—reappear in "Stocktakings" (Oxford), a new translation, by Stephen Walsh, of Boulez's "Relevés d'Apprenti." It is a fuller and more thorough translation than the earlier version ("Notes of an Apprenticeship") and is helpfully annotated. "Orientations," Martin Cooper's translation of "Points de Repère," has now been issued in paperback; this contains "Sonate, Que Me Veux-Tu?," Boulez's expository chapter about the Third Sonata.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in the San Marcos* (*Texas*) *Daily Record*]

SOLID WASTE TO BE ON TABLE FOR DISCUSSION

Join the Crossword Puzzles of the Month Club and put your crossword skills to the test!

Become a member and receive five challenging new puzzles (and their solutions) every month! Edited by the noted crossword puzzle expert Henry Hook, these are not reprints, but *original, full-size* puzzles with the same degree of difficulty as those in the Sunday New York Times!

Perfect for holiday gift giving – it's the gift that lasts all year!

Send us the names and addresses on your gift list and we'll send you elegant gift cards to present during the holidays. Then we'll start their gift membership with the new January 1992 puzzles! An entire year's worth is just $29.95. (We pay all the postage.) Mail us your gift list – or sign up for yourself – today! Send check or money order to:

Crossword Puzzles of the Month Club
5311 Fleming Court
Dept. 283
Austin, Texas 78744

Or call toll-free:
1-800-433-4386

and charge it to your MasterCard or Visa — *24 hours a day, 7 days a week.*

Your satisfaction is guaranteed.

©1991, CPMC

The Duchess of Windsor Wore this Pin

designed by Kenneth Jay Lane

145 diamond and onyx-colored Austrian crystals in a platinum-tone setting (shown actual size)

ROYALTY from the Duchess of Windsor to Princess Diana have worn jewelry from Kenneth Jay Lane. Now you can wear it too.

The Duchess of Windsor was known for her love of animal jewelry. She asked Mr. Lane to create this panther pin especially for her. She wore it on dresses, suits, coats, hats, or anywhere else that amused her. You can too.

If made of real gems, this pin would cost over $10,000. But like the Duchess of Windsor, you can own this authentic KJL panther pin for just $49.95. 30-day money-back guarantee. Lifetime warranty against breakage or tarnishing.

Call Toll-Free (24 hrs., 7 days)
1-800-233-3489, ext. K29
to order with VISA or MasterCard. Or mail check for $49.95 plus $3.95 shpg/hdlg (NY & RI res. add sales tax) to KJL (Dept. K29).

K·J·L by Kenneth Jay Lane
Jeweler to the World's Most Admired Women™
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10016

PERSONAL HISTORY

A LASTING IMPRESSION

I ARRIVED as an undergraduate at Balliol College, Oxford, in the autumn of 1956, after four years at Pomona College, in California, and three years at a high school in Little Rock, Arkansas. As an Indian who had been educated in America, I felt out of my element at first, and I became friends with almost anyone who was friendly and outgoing: with Christian evangelists, who tried to rush me into their society, the Oxford Intercollegiate Christian Union; with visionary socialists, who went out of their way to be nice to students from underdeveloped countries; with self-proclaimed philistines. But soon I gravitated toward people whom I admired. I sought out people who were intellectually striking and provocative, and I became snobbish in a certain way. I was especially drawn to the men who had come up to read in the Honour School of Literae Humaniores—the study of the ancient Greek and Latin languages and literature, ancient history, and ancient and modern philosophy. Men reading Greats, as the whole School was commonly called, seemed to me among the cleverest of the undergraduates, and I fell under the spell of one of the most dazzling of them all, Jasper Griffin.

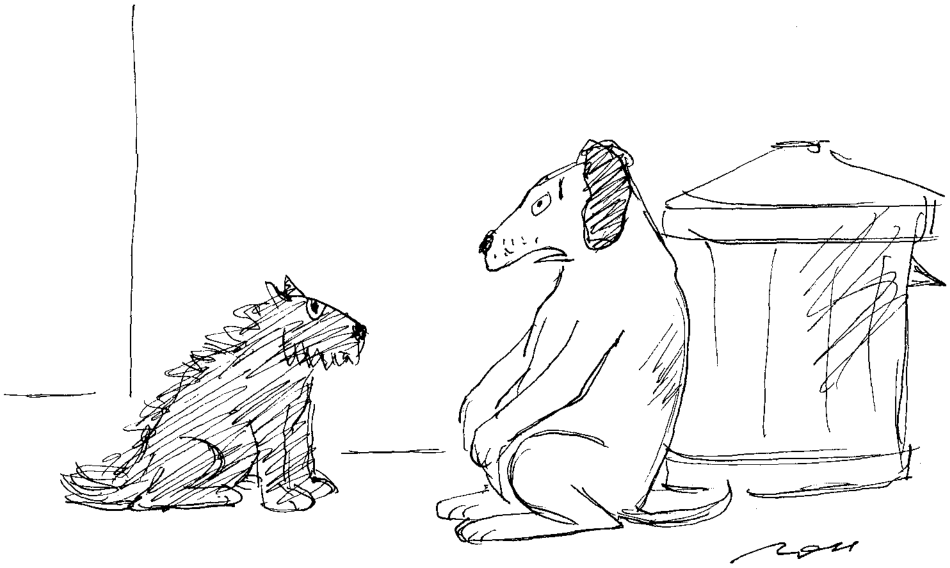
It seemed that at Oxford no matter how good someone was, there was always someone better, and Jasper was no exception. There were Greats men at Balliol who excelled him in some things. Martin West was more scholarly, in that he could, for example, apply himself to a text with seemingly limitless energy; Jasper was better at hard thinking than at hard work. Roger Tomkys was more well rounded, being not only scholarly but also a top-notch cricketer; Jasper had no interest in sports. Anthony Leggett had more intellectual stamina. Gerald Toomer, a second-year Greats man at Corpus Christi, was fabled in the university at large for having a recondite knowledge of antiquities unmatched by any other undergraduate since the beginning of the war. Still, Jasper seemed to me to be the most impressive, perhaps because he was both brilliant and sensitive; Oxford undergraduates tended to be only one or the other.

He had red hair and a red beard (in Italy, where he once spent a holiday, people had called him Barbarossa), and was tall, slim, and angular; his elbows and shoulders seemed to stick out. He had a towering presence, and a deep, large, overpowering voice. His speech, perhaps partly because it came through his beard, had an authority that made him seem far older than his age, which was nineteen. He seemed so self-contained and reserved that when I first met him I found him extremely intimidating.

I used to like to drop in to the Junior Common Room when Jasper was having tea there; he had a passion for food, and he spent a good deal of time in the J.C.R. over tea, sandwiches, and cakes. Undergraduates would gather around him as if he were the Pied Piper. He went in for a certain amount of hamming. He used words like "forsooth," and spoke so exquisitely that one sometimes felt one was listening to formal prose being read aloud. He had a stunning facility for quick repartee; he talked the way people snap their fingers. His memory was phenomenal, containing, it seemed, everything he had ever read, and he was never at a loss for an apt quotation.

Not everyone was susceptible to Jasper's magic. Some undergraduates, especially those who had gone to state-supported grammar schools, considered him a reactionary public-school chap. But that was an impression based on superficial observation and on things like Jasper's opinion of the untidy table manners of a fellow-undergraduate I'll call Toby. Toby was an artist and had an artistic temperament, and, having been brought up in an intellectual left-wing household, he had relaxed ways. For him, eating a piece of lettuce meant starting at one end and letting the rest of it hang out of his mouth. "Eat up that lettuce, Toby!" Jasper would bellow, in a spirit not so much of laying down the law as of upholding standards of behavior. Toby would laugh, the lettuce would drop to his plate, and the unsightly process would begin over again. Toby knew that Jasper had a fierce manner but an affectionate nature; I can't remember his ever taking offense at anything Jasper said.

Not even Jasper's friends were always up to his ironic wit. One evening, as he and I walked into a room where some undergraduates were sitting over coffee, they all fell silent, as if none too pleased to see us. We were rather nonplussed—we had been prowling around looking for some amusing company. Later, I asked one of them why he had been so unwelcoming, and he said, "We had been talking about something serious, and we knew that if we let you two into the conversation you would just disrupt it." Far from taking umbrage at that explanation, I



"I don't know. I may be man's best friend, but I'm my own worst enemy."

was delighted to find myself so closely identified with Jasper.

I often wished that, like Jasper, I had had a classical education; so much of the English literature I read seemed to be influenced by the classics. I remember a conversation I once had with him on the subject. "Until the twentieth century, anyone in England who had any kind of education at all had an education in the classics," he said. "Until the university reforms of the eighteen-seventies, all education at Oxford and Cambridge was in that tradition. And, yes, it is true that a lot of English literature is influenced by the classics. Dr. Johnson wrote poems in Latin. Marlowe translated big chunks of the Aeneid, and his 'Dido, Queen of Carthage' contains bits out of the fourth book of the Aeneid. Milton wrote a lot of poems in Latin, and the whole style of 'Paradise Lost' is really unintelligible unless one knows Latin and is familiar with Latin epics. Dryden and Pope were the greatest of translators from the Latin and Greek. Pope made his name and fortune translating Homer, and his best poems are explicit imitations of classical poets. He wrote these marvellous poems called 'Imitations of Horace.' People like Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley were all very keen on Greek. Keats was perhaps an exception. He wasn't a gent—he was mostly self-educated—but he picked up as much Greek as he could. In fact, it may have meant more to him because he learned it himself. Tennyson was tremendously keen on Virgil and wrote a very fine poem on him. Arthur Hugh Clough wrote English poems in hexameters. Matthew Arnold was a considerable scholar of the classics, and Gerard Manley Hopkins wrote poems in Latin, which you have no doubt seen in the back of the collected poems. Eliot knew the classics pretty well, too. He was very much interested in Heraclitus and Virgil. There's not much Greek and Latin in his poems, though—there's more French. Louis MacNeice read Greats at Merton. The truth is that if you want to study English literature at all, even that of the twentieth century, you have to know some of the classics. It is really extraordinary how there is a sort of symbiosis between English literature and the classics. In fact, people who don't know the classics are sometimes quite baffled by things English poets say.

"Of all the great writers, the one who is least visibly indebted to the classics is, of course, Shakespeare—though his Roman plays show an extremely perceptive understanding of ancient Rome. We are told by Ben Jonson that Shakespeare had 'small Latin and less Greek.' Still, it isn't clear what Ben Jonson is saying. Does he mean less Latin and Greek than he himself had? Ben Jonson was quite learned."

MY friendship with Jasper made me feel included in British society for the first time. I had previously felt that I was on the outside looking in. As it happened, one of the most talked-about new books at the time was Colin Wilson's "The Outsider," whose thesis was that all great artists and writers were outsiders. I read the book avidly, but it only slightly weakened my wish to be an insider; for one thing, it seemed to me that the British reviewers who extolled the virtues of being an outsider were themselves, in one way or another, insiders. Nothing in my reading had sufficiently prepared me for the reality of the British class system, which at every level seemed to have firm, if unspoken, rules of exclusion. Class distinctions were so rigid for people born in Britain that foreigners didn't come into the picture at all. "Wogs begin at Calais" was an adage that was still around, and I couldn't simply laugh it off, as many other foreigners did. Jasper, however, belonged to the public-school élite at the college. He could hold his own with people of every stripe. His intelligence was luminous, and he was at home in European culture. In the heady early days of our friendship, I wondered why he had chosen me as a friend. Was it the mere accident of our living next door to each other, or did I lend a certain exotic touch to his English life? When I came to know him better, I discovered that he himself was an outsider. That discovery shocked me, and it also deepened our friendship.

His parents came from the ranks of the working class, Jasper told me—or, rather, the upper working class. His father was the son of a policeman, and his mother was the daughter of a cabinetmaker. Both were born in 1909, in East London—his mother actually within the sound of Bow Bells, which is where, by the popular definition, true Cockneys are born. Both came

THE NEW YORKER
DIRECT DIAL

Use our weekly listing to dial directly to advertisers. Call from any phone to reach product and service representatives:

CLUB MED 1
Free Video Cruise
1-800-CLUB MED

Beverly Bremer Silver Shop
Sterling Silver Matching Service
1-404-261-4009

Spectacular Sauces
Gourmet Sauces & Condiments
1-800-999-4949

Laurel Springs Fraser Firs
Fresh Cut Trees, Wreaths, Garlands
1-800-851-2345

Vermont Castings
Clean-burning Wood Stoves & Fireplaces
1-800-227-8683

Timberpeg
America's Post & Beam Home Leader
1-603-542-7762

Hotel Hana-Maui
1-800-321-HANA

Gem International
1-800-829-8271

Discoveries
Personalized Cartouche Handmade in Egypt
1-800-237-3358

Hotel Intercontinental
New York
212-755-5900
outside of New York City
1-800-327-0200

ADVERTISEMENT

from large families: his father was a twin, and he and his brother were the youngest of seven children; Jasper's mother was the next to youngest of eight. Jasper's parents were both intelligent people—in fact, his mother passed the eleven-plus, a standardized examination that all English children were required to take at the end of primary school—but they were members of a generation that didn't get the education it deserved. Both had to leave school young to go to work—his father at fourteen and his mother at fifteen—and both ended up in the transmitting section of the Post Office. They met there, and married in 1933.

Jasper's mother loved poetry. When she was pregnant for the first time, she walked around reciting poetry, in the hope that her child would grow up to be a poet. That child, born on May 29, 1937, was Jasper. She had one other child, Geoffrey, born three years later. When the boys were small, their parents read to them books by writers like H. G. Wells and George Bernard Shaw. They did so because they believed that education was important, and also because, like Wells and Shaw, they believed that a socialist society was better, both morally and practically, than a capitalist one. Jasper's parents held left-wing views; indeed, for a time his father was a member of the Communist Party, and because of his views he was several times passed over for promotion in the civil service.

When the war came, Jasper's father enlisted in the Navy. Jasper's mother and the boys were evacuated from London early in the war, and as time went on they were moved repeatedly. They were sent initially to the West Country, and there they were quartered first in a house in Bath, then in a minute cottage in Bristol. Next, they were packed off to Northumberland, to live as lodgers in Wallsend. Jasper recalled the war as a dour, cold, and bleak time. And, of course, everything was rationed—even hot water. Jasper remembered the paint mark five inches up—indicating the maximum level of water allowed—in all the bathtubs he got to use. There were frequent blackouts, and long queues for rations; his mother would leave him to stand in one queue while she stood in another. He remembered that once when he was walking with his mother he saw some long, curved yellow things hanging in bunches outside a greengrocer's

FREE Gift Catalog!

INTRODUCING

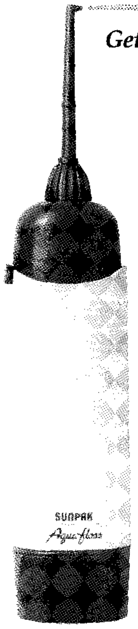
Paul & Stew's Festival Italiano!

This beautiful gift basket ($39.95) has some of Paul Newman's famous products and also great items from Stew Leonard's, The World's Largest Dairy Store.

There are over 25 beautiful holiday gift items in this fabulous catalog ranging from $9.95 to $69.65

Stew Leonard's®
WORLD'S LARGEST DAIRY STORE!
Norwalk, Connecticut

800-729-7839



Get your teeth and your gums really "hygienized," with...

ADA ACCEPTABLE American Dental Association®

Aqua Floss 2000 only $39.95*

• Aqua Floss 2000 *has been approved by the American Dental Association and has received its seal of acceptance. The unit comes with two nozzles—lo-pressure and hi-pressure. It works on two "AA" cells, which are not included.*

***But read this ad for an even better deal!**

Your mother told you and so does your dentist: You must brush after every meal and you must floss in order to get your mouth really clean and to prevent buildup of plaque to help insure your oral health.

Sometimes it isn't quite that easy to brush and even less convenient to floss. That is where *Aqua Floss 2000* comes to the rescue. Fill the pressure chamber of *Aqua Floss 2000* with water (add your favorite mouthwash if you wish) and attach either the lo-pressure or the hi-pressure nozzle. Direct the tip toward your gum line, push the "go" button and 780 focused power jets per minute will wash away all of those tiny particles between teeth and gum line that even brushing and flossing would be likely to miss. Your mouth will feel fresh and clean, and you will know that you have taken another delightful step to make your teeth last at least as long as you will.

We are the exclusive mail-order distributors of *Aqua Floss 2000* in the United States and can therefore bring you this important oral hygiene product for just $39.95. But, we have an even better deal: ***Buy two for $79.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** Experience the unmatched feeling of oral cleanliness. Get your *Aqua Floss 2000* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order #1830B069. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone number for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: $5.95 for one, $7.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills® of San Francisco
139 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

SCOTTSDALE'S
SWEET SPOT.

The TPC golf course outside your door is the site of the Phoenix Open. Our championship tennis courts have hosted the world's top pros. We've three pools, a healthclub and spa. Trails to hike, a desert to bike, and 400-acre horsepark next door. If you have the stamina, it's a perfect place to relax.

SCOTTSDALE
PRINCESS
A Princess Hotels International Resort®
ARIZONA

Rates from $95–$120 per person, double occupancy. Special golf and other vacation packages, holiday and suite rates also available.

For information and reservations, contact your travel agent or call 800-223-1818.

Rates effective for occupancy through 12/31/91.
Terms and conditions apply.
Represented by Princess Hotels International, Inc.

shop and asked her what they were. She said, "They're plastic bananas, for show. You'll get some real bananas when the war is over."

After the war, his father again took a job in the Post Office, this time in its telephone department, and he settled the family in Sydenham, a lower-middle-class section of Southeast London. Jasper, who during the war had gone to a series of state-supported primary schools, was now enrolled in a state-supported church school. He sat for his eleven-plus there in January of 1948, when he was ten and a half. The eleven-plus examination, set separately by each school district, was used to separate the children who were thought to be promising from those who were not. Those who scored high were put in the academic stream; they went on to state-supported grammar schools or privately supported public schools and, in time, had a shot at going to Oxford or Cambridge or one of the few other universities in the country. The rest were put in the non-academic stream; they went to sundry schools that concentrated on the teaching of practical subjects and technical skills, with a view to equipping their charges with the means of earning a livelihood. (In the seventies, the eleven-plus examination, which had often been attacked for perpetuating the aristocratic British education system, was phased out.)

From some sample papers that I read in Oxford during one of the many controversies in the newspapers over the eleven-plus I gathered that the examination could be quite difficult. It generally consisted of several forty-five-minute papers, in English, arithmetic, and "intelligence," which was actually a reasoning paper. The English paper included this sort of assignment for a composition: "Imagine you are an insect, such as an ant, and wish to crawl across your garden. Describe the difficulties and adventures you might have." There were also tests of reading comprehension, which presented the children with extracts like this:

> "What are you doing up there?" called the stranger.
>
> "We're living here," said Dick, moving farther down the branch. "At least Jean and I are. The others are just visiting."
>
> "These woods are private."
>
> "We're allowed to play here," said Jean.
>
> "Who says?"
>
> "I don't know, but we always have done."
>
> "Come down," said the stranger. "That's what I say, come down. These woods are private."
>
> "We can't," Peter said in a squeak. "We're marooned." He leant over the sitting-room wall to have a better look at the stranger, knocking his sister's acorns off the dining-room table, and in his efforts to save them kicked Miranda out of the nursery so that she fell to the ground among the acorns.
>
> The stranger put Miranda in his pocket. "These woods are private," he said. "Come down."
>
> "We can't," said Jean, "really we can't. Father's coming back at dinner-time with the ladder. We asked him to take it away so that we should really be marooned. It's the floods, you know. The water is thirty feet deep all round this tree. We're living off the acorns we pick from its branches."
>
> "Please throw up my acorns," said Patsy. "They're very precious, and Peter can't come down for them."
>
> "And Miranda," said Jean. "Peter and Patsy are taking her home to-morrow and she must have a bath before she goes."
>
> The stranger seemed at a loss, as if the children were talking a language he knew only imperfectly. But he dug his hands into his pockets and repeated the one thing he understood. "These woods are private."

Questions followed, such as "Suggest two reasons why the stranger kept saying the same thing again and again," "Give one thing said by Jean which was true in the children's ordinary life," and "What do you think 'marooned' means?" The children were also asked to continue the story for ten lines.

The arithmetic paper had about twenty-five questions, such as "Multiply 7 cwts. 3 qrs. 16 lbs. by 13" and "Change $3\,{}^{9}/_{10}$ to an improper fraction." The intelligence paper set the children mathematical puzzles on this order:

> From A to B is 5 miles by road, but only 3 miles if you go across the fields. Frank and Edward both set out from A at nine o'clock to go to B. Frank went by road, and Edward went across the fields. Both walked at the rate of four miles per hour. Edward got to B one hour before Frank. How much time did Frank waste on the way?

Jasper did so well in the eleven-plus that his schoolmaster advised him to try for a public school. (It conferred prestige on a primary school to get one of its boys into a good school.) At the time, there was an arrangement between the London County Council and certain public schools—St. Paul's and Christ's Hospital, for instance—which was designed to give boys from less privileged backgrounds a chance at a public-school education: boys who did especially well in the eleven-plus could take a scholarship examination for one of these schools. Jasper's parents wouldn't consider sending him to an upper-crust school like St. Paul's (most of the boys there came from well-

WE JUST DROPPED OUR RATE INTO LOW TO HELP SHIFT THE ECONOMY OUT OF NEUTRAL

2.9%

ANNUAL
PERCENTAGE
RATE

UP TO 48 MONTHS*

ON THESE GREAT GM VEHICLES:

1992 PONTIAC BONNEVILLE
1992 OLDSMOBILE EIGHTY EIGHT ROYALE
1992 BUICK LESABRE

Now you can get three great new GM cars at one great GMAC rate. The 1992 Pontiac Bonneville, Oldsmobile Eighty Eight Royale and Buick LeSabre. All at 2.9% APR with terms up to 48 months.* That's right. Three fabulously styled full-size cars at a special low rate. Which means you can indulge yourself in GM quality while helping to stimulate the economy.

Dealer financial participation may affect consumer cost. See your participating dealer for qualification details.

*Example: 48 monthly payments at $22.09 per month per $1,000 financed with 20% down.

GMAC
FINANCIAL SERVICES

Buckle-up America!

©1991 GMAC. All Rights Reserved.

The Endless Summer

Follow the sun to a spectacular winter wonderland—The Pointe in Phoenix. The 3-day/2-night Endless Summer Getaway lets you enjoy breakfast each morning, a spacious two-room suite, management-hosted cocktails at poolside each evening and the exquisite pleasure of a one-hour massage therapy session. Not to mention access to challenging golf, superb tennis and energizing fitness, along with the spectacular Arizona weather.

The Endless Summer Getaway

Just

$89.95* per person, per night

Reserve your place in the sun today, call your travel planner or **1-800-756-7560**

*Endless Summer Getaways are $89.95 per person, per night, based on double occupancy, prepaid three day/two night minimum. Each additional person, $10. On a request and space available basis, 10/13/91-1/18/92, exclusive of tax and gratuity. Additional nights available at the same rate. Call for single or group rates. Other restrictions may apply. Subject to change.

The Pointe®

Phoenix, Arizona
The Only All-Suite Resorts in the World

heeled families and paid their way, so that those who were on scholarship felt at a disadvantage), but they were talked into letting Jasper try for a scholarship at the less grand Christ's Hospital—about thirty miles away from their home—by a schoolmaster who believed in the place.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL was established on the site of a dissolved Greyfriars monastery in London's Newgate Street, in 1552. A celebrated sermon urging the rich to help the poor was given by Nicholas Ridley, the Bishop of London (the same Ridley who, three years later, was burned at the stake in Oxford as a Protestant heretic), and as a direct result of his sermon the school received a royal charter from Edward VI. The funds to support the new school were raised in part by appeals to the London citizenry from the pulpit. In 1582, the school was put on a solid financial footing when London's Court of Aldermen gave it the responsibility for licensing and controlling all carts and carters in the City, and it carried on those operations almost continuously until 1838.

Originally, the school's curriculum was rudimentary, and its pupils were generally prepared only to be apprentices for London merchants. But within a few years some of its pupils were going on to university and making contributions to letters. Its alumni during the reign of Elizabeth I included the Jesuit martyr Edmund Campion; the historian and antiquary William Camden; and the poet and dramatist George Peele. In 1666, many of the school's buildings burned down in the Great Fire of London, and they had to be gradually rebuilt or renovated. In time Christ's Hospital prospered.

By the nineteenth century, many public schools had abandoned any thought of charitable work and had become socially select boarding schools serving the upper classes, with high fees. Christ's Hospital continued to cater to poor boys of all abilities, however, and to provide them with a subsidized education; a few boys paid no fees at all. The funds to support the school came partly from inherited wealth—built up from the licensing of carts and from benefactions—and partly from various patrons. Some patrons were individuals who made benefactions and, in return, received the right to present a boy for a place. Others were charitable societies, like the livery companies—the guilds of London. Christ's Hospital was unique in that it had the characteristics of both an orphanage and a grand public school. Charles Lamb, who attended the school from 1782 to 1789, writes of it in his essay "Recollections of Christ's Hospital":

> It is, in a word, an institution to keep those who have yet held up their heads in the world from sinking; to keep alive the spirit of a decent household when poverty was in danger of crushing it; to assist those who are the most willing, but not always the most able, to assist themselves. . . .
>
> For the Christ's Hospital boy feels that he is no charity-boy; he feels it in the antiquity and regality of the foundation to which he belongs; in the usage which he meets with at school, and the treatment he is accustomed to out of its bounds. . . .
>
> The Christ's Hospital or Blue-coat boy [the boys wore a blue cleric's coat as part of their uniform] has a distinctive character of his own, as far removed from the abject qualities of a common charity-boy as it is from the disgusting forwardness of a lad brought up at some other of the public schools. There is pride in it . . . and there is a *restraining modesty*. . . . His very garb, as it is antique and venerable, feeds his self-respect; as it is a badge of dependence, it restrains the natural petulance of that age from breaking out into overt acts of insolence. This produces silence and a reserve before strangers, yet not that cowardly shyness which boys mewed up at home will feel; he will speak up when spoken to, but the stranger must begin the conversation with him. Within his bounds he is all fire and play; but in the streets he steals along with all the self-concentration of a young monk. He is never known to mix with other boys, they are a sort of laity to him.

The school seems to have been an extremely austere place then. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who was at Christ's Hospital at the same time as Lamb, recalls that his master, who was also the headmaster, the Reverend James Boyer, upon finding him in tears on the first day of his return from the holidays, said, "Boy! the school is your father! Boy! the school is your mother! Boy! the school is your brother! the school is your sister! the school is your first-cousin, and your second-cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let's have no more crying!" Boyer was as rigorous as an abbot. Coleridge reports that Boyer flogged him when he was about thirteen for having confessed that he was a non-believer and therefore didn't want to be a clergyman.

Early in this century, Christ's Hospital, like some other London public schools, moved from the congested, unhealthful city to the country. It sold its old site in Newgate Street and, with the profits realized from the sale, bought a lot of cheap land just outside the little town of Horsham in West Sussex. The buildings it put up there were mainly of red brick with touches of white stone, the central buildings being long, some with cloisters or end towers. The architecture of the buildings was in some ways reminiscent of the Tudor origins of the school. In London, most of the teachers had lived away from the school, with the result that its pupils had had to be cared for by resident matrons and beadles. In the country, the teachers and pupils all lived together in a single well-knit community, the teachers doubling as housemasters, and the pupils enjoying the healthful, open setting of a boarding school.

I once asked Jasper what his life at Christ's Hospital was like.

"It was a very Spartan existence," he said. "When I first saw my school bed—wooden boards laid across a frame, with a very thin mattress on top—I thought, I won't be able to sleep on it. I had a soft bed at home. But after the first night I never gave the school bed a thought. I was so tired at the end of the school day that I was scarcely aware of how I slept. Of course, I arrived at school in the winter of 1948—really a very Spartan time in our national history. One imagined that this was the way the world had gone on—in those days it didn't occur to one that things could be any different from the way they were—and one just fitted into it. Anyway, in winter and again in summer I was at school for three solid months without a break, even for a weekend at home." The winter and summer terms lasted thirteen weeks apiece, and the spring term lasted eleven weeks. "I found everything about school strange—I had never been away from home before," Jasper added. "One felt totally cut off from the world. It was like being put on a ship and sent off to sea. But then all public schools were like that. That's why the school one went to played such an important part in one's life. It was the most intense experience one had."

Jasper, a naturally reticent person, was not very forthcoming about his school, but from what he told me piecemeal over the years I was able to build up a picture of his life there. The school consisted principally of a large

THE NEW YORKER
READER SERVICES
1·800·447·6553

Hotel De La Poste
"The Gem of New Orleans' French Quarter"
The newly renovated Hotel De La Poste announces the opening of its BACCO Ristorante, operated by Ralph and Cindy Brennan, owners of the famous Mr. B's Bistro in the French Quarter. The hotel is located in the heart of the French Quarter, close to Bourbon Street and Jackson Square.
For more information:
30117

Beef Industry Council Cartoon Contest
Here's your chance to win a catered beef dinner for 10 in your own home! Enter the Beef Industry Council and Beef Board's caption-the-cartoon contest.
For more information:
30107

Arizona
Phoenix, Mesa, Scottsdale, Tempe
Enjoy golfing, tennis, swimming, museums, zoos, fine dining, shopping, galleries, fabulous scenery, and lodgings that range from 5-star resorts to cozy, intimate inns.
For free brochures:
30105

Regatta Sport
A collection of superior quality men's and women's sportswear for today's casual lifestyles.
For more information:
30103

Pendleton Woolen Mills
Menswear
A distinctive collection of original American sportswear... for the part of you that's Pendleton. A complimentary booklet on the Pendleton shirt is available to you upon request.
For more information:
30104

Andrew Thompson Company
Unique lifestyle products for individuals seeking highest quality, and organizations needing services and embroidery excellence for logoed products.
For more information:
30106

CLUB MED 1 CRUISE
Sailing sapphire seas to explore an unspoiled island paradise. The CLUB MED 1 — a unique cruise vacation. To receive your free CLUB MED 1 Video Cruise,
Call 1-800-CLUB MED

Drambuie Recipe Contest
To enter the Drambuie Recipe Contest for a chance to have your winning recipe prepared for you and your guests at a top restaurant, see contest details in the October 7th issue of *The New Yorker.*

ADVERTISEMENT

LOSE WEIGHT ON HILTON HEAD ISLAND

It's not often that you can enjoy a premier vacation resort while *at the same time* lose weight, improve metabolism, reduce cholesterol and develop a healthier lifestyle. But that's exactly what the Hilton Head Health Institute enables you to do.

Since 1976 thousands of men and women have achieved long-term positive changes with our Health and Weight Control Programs. Rather than providing a short-term diet and exercise regimen the Institute offers a comprehensive mind/body approach as outlined in our bestselling books which include *The Hilton Head Metabolism Diet, If I'm So Smart Why Do I Eat Like This?* and *The Hilton Head Over-35 Diet.*

For a healthy vacation that will change your life for years to come call toll-free: 1-800-292-2440; in Canada call: 1-800-348-2039, or mail the coupon below.

Hilton Head Health Institute®
Valencia Road, Shipyard Plantation
P.O. Box 7138 NYR
Hilton Head Island, SC 29938

Name____________________________
Address__________________________
____
City______________________________
State____________________Zip_______
Daytime Phone (_____) ________________

quadrangle, on which four buildings faced. One was the dining hall, another the chapel; a third contained the assembly hall and classrooms, and the fourth laboratories for science classes. A road ran along the north end of the quadrangle, and lining it were sixteen three-story houses—eight on each side of the quadrangle—in which all the boys were quartered. A music block, metal- and woodworking shops, a cricket pavilion, a gymnasium, a swimming pool, a working farm, and a bird sanctuary were scattered about the school grounds.

Fourteen of the houses were occupied by some seven hundred boys in the senior school, who ranged in age from eleven to nineteen, and the two other houses by about a hundred boys in the prep school, who ranged in age from nine to eleven. The houses were grouped into blocks of two, and each block was named after an illustrious "old boy." Jasper was put in a block named after George Peele; his house was known as Peele A, and the other as Peele B. He quoted to me a charming poem by Peele that was a favorite among the boys in his house:

> His golden locks Time hath to silver turned;
> O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
> His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
> But spurned in vain; youth waneth by increasing:
> Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen;
> Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

A dormitory at the top of Peele A was for boys between the ages of eleven and fourteen; a second dormitory, on the middle floor, was for the older boys. The ground floor was given over to a dayroom, at the front, and a changing room, at the back. Peele A had two housemasters—a senior one, who was married and had children, and a junior one, a young bachelor. (The school's junior housemasters tended to be young, and there was a quick turnover.) The housemasters were in general charge of the boys, but six monitors—older boys, appointed to the office in each of the dormitories—kept them in order and enforced the daily regimen. There was no ambiguity about when one had to do what: everything had to be done *now.* The boys in each dormitory were often together from the moment they got up to the moment they went to bed; they moved, sat, ate, and played together, as if in a phalanx. There was no room or corner into which a boy could retreat and be alone.

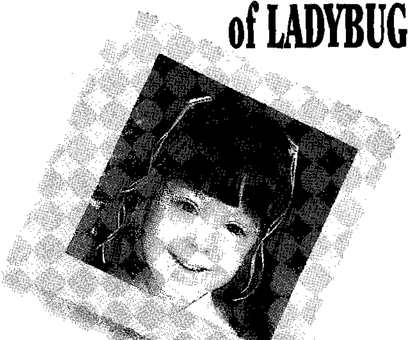
"Boys at school were more intensely together than people are as married couples," Jasper recalled. "Since we were, in a sense, shut up in the house, the possibility of being close chums with someone in a different house didn't really exist. When I first got to school, my house was not a particularly intellectual establishment. The tone of the house was set by the elders, as we thought of them, and it was a rather breezy, unreflective, sports-playing, ball-kicking heartiness. The tone of a house is, of course, a transient sort of thing. It depends very much on what sort of boys happen to enter at a particular time. By the time I was at the top of the house, it was a nest of highbrows, because it happened that the boys who came in with me were all destined for Oxford or Cambridge. So, in a sense, my generation changed the character of the place."

Christ's Hospital offered both academic education and vocational training. (The school regularly admitted boys for considerations other than academic.) The object of the former was to get as many boys as possible into Oxford or Cambridge, which was where most of the masters had been educated; the object of the latter was to prepare boys for a trade. The "academic" boys were able to specialize not only in classics but also in history, English, mathematics, modern languages, or the sciences, and the "vocational" boys in pottery, woodwork, metalwork, mechanical drawing, or farming. In their early school years, the academic boys did some manual work and the vocational boys took some general subjects. Throughout, the two groups lived together and ate together.

Every morning at five to seven, when the bell sounded, Jasper got up, washed, took his school uniform out of his settle (each boy had a settle, or small trunk, next to his bed), and dressed quickly in the cold. (The entire school was supposed to be centrally heated—and, indeed, there were radiators and steampipes everywhere—but it nevertheless always seemed to be chilly.) Standing by his bed, he put on a coarse but comfortable collarless white shirt; a starched linen band, which he attached to the shirt at the throat with a safety pin (and which looked, he said, like an oversized bus ticket); pepper-and-salt knee breeches; a thick, dark leather belt with a silver buckle; canary-yellow knee socks; and black shoes. Finally, he put on an ankle-length blue coat with silver buttons down to the waist. (In the summer, if the weather was hot he wore ordinary flannels and a blazer, a white shirt, and any socks he liked.) Whatever a boy's age or family background, he wore this "cleric's" uniform—the same garb Lamb had mentioned.

Jasper, along with the other boys in his dormitory, was marched out in the cold to breakfast: "Right turn! Quick march! Left, right! Left, right!" When the boys reached the dining hall, they sat on a long bench at a long table. The food was dished out by some of them. (All the boys took turns doing various school jobs.) The daily fare was tea and toast and marmalade, with porridge or cornflakes added on alternate days. Sausages were a treat, served perhaps once a week. The boys who lived in a block close to the dining hall could dawdle over breakfast, but Peele was a quarter of a mile away, so Jasper had to hurry through breakfast and, as he said, "scoot back in a jolly slippy fashion." Then he made his bed, cleaned his shoes, and got ready for school. At eight-thirty, the boys were marched out to chapel. There, in a big room, with an echo, they sang a couple of hymns, listened to a reading, and said a few prayers. They were out at ten to nine, just five minutes before the first class period began. Jasper had classes until lunchtime, at one, and again from four-thirty until suppertime, at six.

Every academic boy was started out on Greek at the age of eleven. Boys who, like Jasper, were going to do classics began Latin a year later. (Christ's Hospital took the rather eccentric view that if boys were going to learn only one classical language it should be Greek; most schools started children out on Latin, on the ground that it was fundamental to European languages and culture in a way that Greek was not.) Along with Greek, every academic boy was also started out on a modern foreign language, either French or German. Boys who didn't seem particularly clever were generally put in classes for German, because it was thought to be more like English. Jasper was told to take German. (Later, he felt that it had not



An expert on children's literature gives her opinion of LADYBUG.

And if that expert smile doesn't convince you to give a LADYBUG subscription to your favorite kid aged 2 to 7, read what some other experts say.

LADYBUG is a treasure trove for preschoolers and their parents. Nancy Larrick, Ed.D.

I really like the magazine. I can read a poem in it and I like it. Amy Craig, six years old

$19.97 for an eight-issue trial subscription. Order now by calling toll free **1-800-284-7257, Ext. 5LDJ3**

Ladybug

New Natural Way To Sleep

Pure Cotton Knit Tee-PJ's™

Tee-PJ's resemble a T-shirt, but over a foot longer. Special knit gives when you move, eases up when you relax. No bind, no bunch, no chafe, no buttons, no ironing! **Most comfortable sleeper you've ever worn or your money back.** (Great for Ladies, too.) Choose snow white or soft blue. S-M-L-XL. IMPORTANT — to ensure best fit include height-weight. ORDER NOW, while prices include postage/handling — a sizeable cost!

$17 ea. 3 for $39⁵⁰ (SAVE $11⁵⁰)

Long sleeve style (not shown)

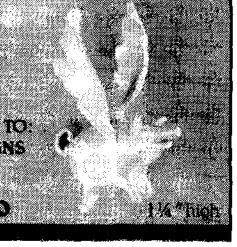
$22⁵⁰ ea. 3 for $53⁵⁰ (SAVE $14)

100% Cotton Knit SLEEP CAP

Holds in up to 40% of body heat the head can lose! Special knit "gives" naturally to fit *any* head (man's or woman's); never constricts or binds . . . caresses your scalp with gentle warmth! Colors (matching Tee-PJ's above): choose snow white or soft blue. **Only $4.95 or 3 for $9.80 (SAVE $5)**

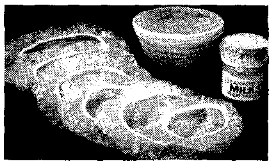
Postpaid if you order promptly!

WITTMANN TEXTILES, Dept. 215
Hobe Sound, FL 33475 *(Ship. to FLA add 6% tax)*
Natural Fiber Specialists Since 1955


WHEN PIGS FLY!

PIGASUS™
14K Gold $395 p.p
Sterling $85 p.p.
Specify: Pin or Pendant
VISA, MC, OR CHECK TO:
JUNE SIMMONS DESIGNS
18 S. Palm Ave
Sarasota, FL 34236
1-813-955-2770

1¼" High


The Vermont Country Store®

Vinyl Bowl Covers Are Back:

Better Than Plastic Wrap

We brought back your mother's vinyl bowl covers which will reduce the wasteful use of plastic wrap and work better too. Strong elastic edges grip sides of the bowl to keep food fresh. No need to transfer leftovers to other containers. Our 8 piece set has graduated sizes to fit over containers from 3" to 14" across. Made of extra-heavy 4-gauge vinyl. Set 8 Bowl Covers $9.95. Two Sets for $17.50.

Shipped Postage Paid 100% Guaranteed

___#18554 Set 8 Bowl Covers .... $ 9.95
___ SPECIAL: Two Sets for $17.50

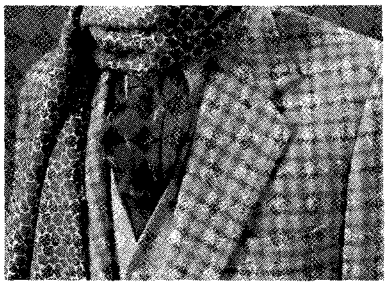
PAYMENT: ☐ Check ☐ VISA ☐ MC
(U.S. Funds only)
Card No ___________
Exp. Date: ________ 5% Tax Vt. Shipments

FOR RUSH SERVICE CALL (802) 362-2400

NAME ___________
ADDRESS ___________
CITY ___________
STATE ________ ZIP ________

☐ SEND FREE CATALOG

THE VERMONT COUNTRY STORE®
1111 Main St., WESTON, VT 05161


Scottish Highland Tweed
Woven Specifically for Us.
Jacket (All Sizes) $385.
Cutting Sent upon Request

The Andover Shop

Ladies & Gentlemen
Clothing & Accessories
Free Catalogue upon Request
Credit Cards Accepted
127 Main Street • P.O. Box 5127
Andover, MA 01810
(508) 475-2252

Remington Bronzes

Now available to collectors...
Full size, museum quality,
Lost-wax, hot-cast, bronze
reproductions of 23 works
by Frederic Remington

FREE COLOR CATALOG

MUNYON & SONS

1119 Waverly Hts. Dr., Thousand Oaks, CA 91360 **Mountain Man**
FAX 1 805 496-7842, VISA/MC/AM EX 1 800 289-2850 **HT: 29"**
FREE SHIPPING - SATISFACTION GUARANTEED **$695**

A

CELEBRATION

OF GOOD TASTE

AND

GOOD LIVING

WINDSOR COURT HOTEL®
NEW ORLEANS

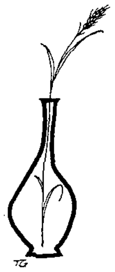
300 Gravier Street
New Orleans, Louisiana 70140-1035
(504) 523-6000
(800) 262-2662

Preferred Hotels & Resorts Worldwide

The Leading Hotels of the World®

been a good choice for him, because he learned the language more quickly than most of the other boys.) In the first year, in addition to Greek and German he did mathematics, English, history, geography, and divinity. He found mathematics difficult at first, because the class jumped into trigonometry without enough preparation, but eventually he found his footing in it. (By the time he was fifteen, he had completed differential calculus.) In English class, the boys started out reading the comedies of Shakespeare. They didn't understand every word of what they read, but the plots carried them along. The master would analyze the plays in class, and the boys would write little essays about them during prep (homework hour). The master also made the boys learn poems by heart. "I would just be told that I had to know 'The Ancient Mariner' or 'Kubla Khan' or sections of 'The Prelude' by the next day, and on that day I would be called upon to recite part of it," Jasper said. "Memorizing poems was one of the most valuable things I was made to do at school." In history, there was just "the book." It was written in a narrative style, because the idea was to give the boys a chronological framework on which to hang everything. They were expected to read "the book," meditate on chunks of it, and then write essays two or three pages long. For the first year or two, they concentrated on the Middle Ages. "By the third year, we were doing nineteenth-century history," Jasper said. "By then, I had developed a full set of left-wing views, so I took a keen interest in the rise of the Chartists and the start of the labor unions, and came to know more about nineteenth-century social and economic history than most of the other boys." The teaching of geography was completely divorced from concepts of economics—from the ideas of trade and exploitation. "From geography I mostly got the impression that the world contained hot plains and very high, cold mountains," Jasper said. "The books had colorful pictures of strange-looking people clambering around in tea plantations in India or in coffee plantations in South America. I remember one picture of a man in Malaysia, in Malaysian dress, extracting rubber from a rubber tree. Exotic pictures in books made a great impression on me, because I had never seen people like that, and in those days television was unheard of. Somehow, geography never seemed to apply to Europe."

Geography was given such short shrift because its concerns were thought to be the most practical. So strong was the academic masters' aversion to anything practical that arts men did very little science, and among the sciences mathematics alone enjoyed prestige, because its concerns were deemed to be the most theoretical. The school had broadened its curriculum but still labored under the centuries-old belief that a man had only to know Greek and Latin to be educated—to be a cut above the rest of humanity.



Divinity was one subject that all boys were required to do throughout their school years. "We went through the Old and New Testaments, reading the stories aloud in class and later meditating on them," Jasper said. "That was not a very advanced criticism of the Bible but a sort of moral education." Some boys were extremely pious, but Jasper, perhaps because his mother had always been outspokenly disbelieving, didn't accept any part of Christianity. He argued a lot about religion with boys in Peele A.

Sports were taken only a little less seriously than divinity. Every day between two-thirty and four, a boy was required to play a game. Jasper wasn't good at any of the games. He was excused from cricket, because it was so boring for good cricket players to have bad players like him on the pitch, but he was made to play rugger. "Moreover, everyone over fourteen had to be in the Cadet Force for at least a stretch, unless he was a conscientious objector," Jasper said. "The Cadet Force drill took the place of compulsory sports on Friday afternoons. The Cadets, dressed up in military uniforms, paraded with rifles—and even fired them occasionally—under the direction of the drill sergeant major, who was an ex-Army character. Boys who wanted to go into the Army as a career took the drill very seriously, but I found it to be a tremendous charade and a piece of buffoonery, and did it only under duress."

Jasper went on to say, "We were leading a physically strenuous life and growing a lot. There wasn't a moment in the day when I wasn't thinking about food. I remember I was permanently hungry. I think everybody was." Lunch was a hot meal, but supper was usually a plate of cold cuts, and bread and jam. Even sweets were rationed until 1951. The boys usually got sweets for school when they went home for holidays, but, even though the sweets were stored in a locked tuck cupboard and doled out a few at a time, they were gone in the first two or three weeks of term. There was a sweet shop on the premises, but, as was true for all shops, everybody had to have a ration book to get anything.

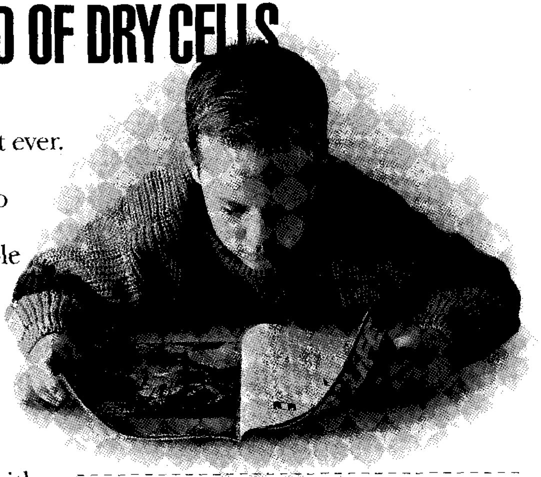
In the evening, there was a quiet time, when boys sat in the dayroom and did prep. When Jasper was eleven, prep was only half an hour; for older boys, it was longer. At bedtime, there was a reading from the New Testament, followed by a couple of short prayers. The younger boys were supposed to be asleep at eight-thirty. Older boys went to bed at nine-thirty. Monitors could stay up in the dayroom until ten-forty-five, but then all lights had to be out.

On Saturday, there were regular classes in the morning and, in the afternoon, a round of informal games and activities in the dayroom. Boys could play Monopoly or table tennis, read a book, or simply talk to their friends. On Saturday evening, older boys who were members of the Literary or Debating Society might meet, and give short talks on literary topics or argue about the issues of the day. On Sunday, everybody was allowed to sleep until seven-forty-five. The day was structured by morning and evening religious services. The boys were also required to do things like divinity prep and writing letters home.

There were all kinds of punishments for boys who didn't keep to the schedule of studies and games. If someone was laggardly in marching to breakfast, he might be ordered to do a run in a set time, or made to do an extra drill on the orders of the drill sergeant major. If his work was not up to the mark, he might be made to sit and do an extra composition on Saturday afternoon. Punishments were a tiring and tiresome business, which most boys naturally tried to avoid. Jasper succeeded; he didn't receive many punishments.

JASPER told me that the boys found the Greek alphabet rather easy, and were quickly moved on to Greek

GIVE A BOY A GIFT THAT RUNS ON BRAIN CELLS INSTEAD OF DRY CELLS

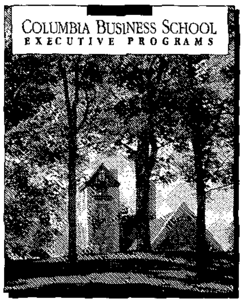


Give a boy you know the best gift ever. Boys' Life magazine. No bells. No whistles. No batteries. Just a whole year of action-packed discoveries. Every issue stretches his imagination with true life adventure stories, and keeps him reading with great fiction, articles on sports, science, history, and humor. At the same time, he'll build lifelong skills with our popular do-it-yourself features. Boys' Life is the magazine for all boys. All year. So this holiday, don't just invest in a few batteries. Recharge his mind.

☐1 Year $15.60 ☐2 Years $29.00 ☐Outside US add $7.20
☐ Yes, I want a gift subscription for:
Boy's Name
Address
City State Zip
Your Name
Address
City State Zip
Charge my: ☐Visa ☐Mastercard ☐Discover
Account No. Exp. Date
Signature
☐Bill me later. ☐Check/Money Order Enclosed
Send this form to: BOYS' LIFE
PO Box 152079, Irving, TX 75015-2079
Or call (214) 580-2088
NY2

Accounting and Financial Management for the Non-Financial Executive

Everything you always wanted to know about accounting and finance but were afraid to ask. A five-day Columbia Business School Executive Program: April 26-May 1, September 13-18, and November 15-20 at Arden House, Columbia's mountaintop conference center, north of New York City.
Send for a catalogue.



COLUMBIA BUSINESS SCHOOL EXECUTIVE PROGRAMS

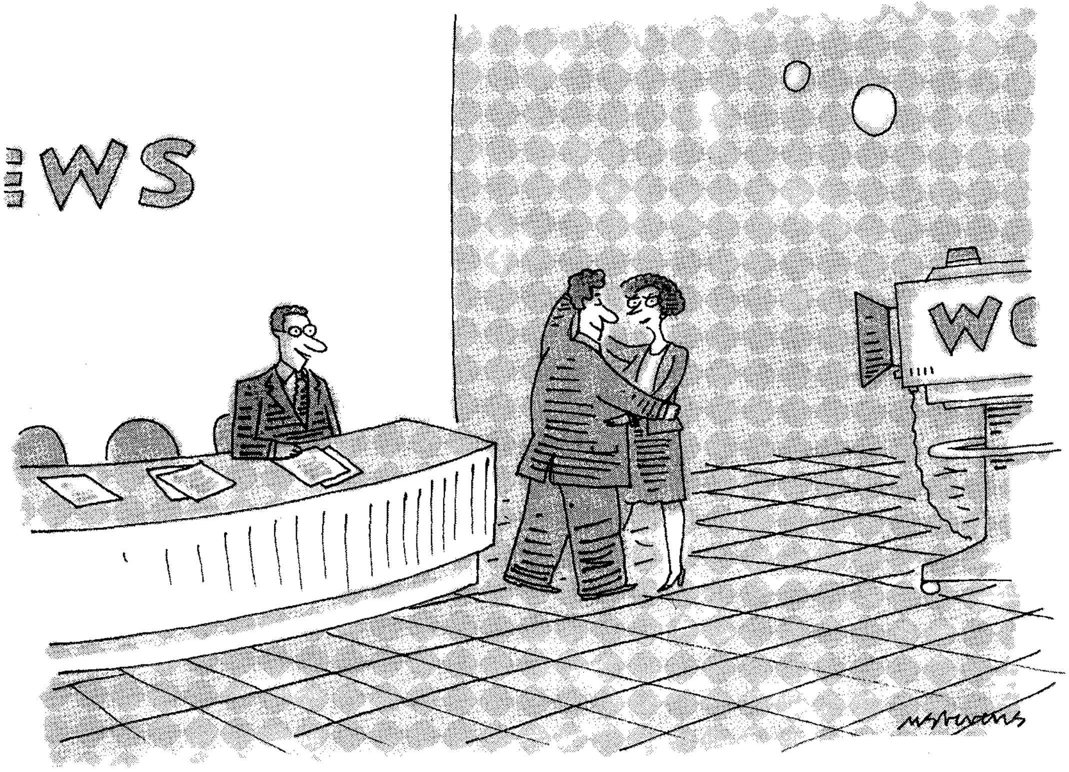
COLUMBIA EXECUTIVE PROGRAMS

COLUMBIA BUSINESS SCHOOL

Columbia Business School Executive Programs
324 Uris Hall, Columbia University
Dept. 369, NY, NY 10027 Fax (212) 316-1473

For a brochure on Accounting and Financial Management for the Non-Financial Executive, fax or mail this coupon or call **(212) 854-3395, ext. 369.**

Name
Company Title
Address
City State Zip
Phone Fax



"So, for Ralph, Betsy, and the rest of us here at Action News, good night!"

• •

grammar. Greek had—or appeared to have—much more complicated grammar than English. There was an elaborate, precise system of cases, genders, tenses, and so on. One of the first days that grammar was taught in Greek class, he opened the grammar book to a page that had two columns, one headed "sing." and the other "plur." He imagined that "sing." had to do with music and was a verb; he couldn't think what "plur." might be. He was soon busy memorizing the cases of nouns—singular and plural—and the inflections of verbs. For the first couple of years of Greek, Jasper was just memorizing grammar. Then he started writing sentences—turning English sentences into Greek, and Greek sentences into English. Later, he did the same with Latin.

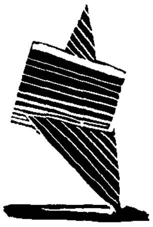
Derek S. Macnutt, a Cambridge man in his middle fifties, was the head of the Classics Department. To Jasper he was an intimidating figure. Besides teaching Greek and Latin, he set cryptic crossword puzzles in the *Observer*, under the nom de guerre of Ximenes. The pseudonym was borrowed from Francisco Jiménez de Cisneros, a sixteenth-century inquisitor-general of Spain, and, indeed, Macnutt fancied himself a bit of an intellectual inquisitor. In class, he was prone to explosions of temper, his characteristic bellow being "Get it right!" The boys who didn't "get it right" were liable to get a clout on the head—especially those boys who sat in the front row. Macnutt was a stout man and couldn't pass between the benches, so the boys in the back were safe. "In those days, 'Get it right' was the way everyone taught Greek and Latin," Jasper said. "That made learning them a little like learning a code with one-to-one equivalences." The schoolmasters laid down rigid rules of Latin and Greek grammar; it was as if the rules were fixed, like the movements of the stars, and had been obeyed by all classical authors—as if Greek and Latin had never been living languages, spoken by living people. But the rigid system of teaching served the boys well. It trained their memories, inculcated in them a respect for accuracy, and daily stretched their minds over difficult material. Jasper had the cast of mind for that form of education. He would generally "get it right"; indeed, he was always at the top of his class. Even so, he found not only Macnutt but all the schoolmasters intimidating, perhaps because he saw them with the eyes of a child. In reality, he eventually came to see, many of them were kindly, well-meaning, dedicated men, with children of their own. Since university, they might not have reread anything beyond the basic school texts, but then to be good schoolmasters they didn't have to know all the latest fancy scholarly footwork, such as the discovery of a new Greek poem on papyrus, nor did they have to develop whimsical notions about certain classical passages, as dons did.

"In the beginning, our masters would find something for us to read that was not too difficult," Jasper recalled. "We were started out reading artificial bits that someone had doctored and patched together in a later period. The trouble with real authors is that sooner or later they say something difficult. After all, they were not writing with a view to being read by English schoolboys two thousand years later. After three or four years of Greek and Latin grammar and composition, we were finally able to read a bit of the real classical stuff and start analyzing it. We read chunks of Ovid and Cicero, and so on. I remember we read aloud Ovid on love. I just got the idea of an entertaining world of bright colors and pretty people. When I was fifteen, we read a whole play of Euripides', and soon we were reading a lot of real authors, like grownups. It was strange stuff, and we didn't receive much help about the texts beyond the way the grammar worked. No one made any comment on their aesthetic value. We spent a lot of time trying to imitate the styles of the real authors, in Greek and Latin."

Certain comedies and other works had indecencies in them that the schoolmasters sometimes thought were not suitable for young boys to read aloud in class, so they dished out decent bits of texts to be read in class and left the boys who were scholarly or simply curious to read the indecent bits in private. Jasper remembered that he found some of the indecent bits in Martial and Petronius, for instance, quite repulsive; even though he thought that some of Martial was amusing, he concluded that there was a coldheartedness in the poet which was off-putting. From the readings that Jasper did on his own, he got the impression that the Romans had a bent for certain kinds of obscenity. He imagined that they went in for "sex as power" and showed hostility to women. (He had a similar impression of Americans, based on a little reading.) Some of what he read in the classical authors, however, he found enticing. For one thing, they alluded to the fact that women naturally enjoyed sex, and took the line that if women enjoyed sex too much then one had to be "jolly slippy" with them or one would have a problem keeping them faithful. All this was a revelation. Also, there were a number of references to homosexuality in some of the texts. Such aspects of classical texts were never discussed in class—or, indeed, among the boys.

Jasper was in the fast lane for Oxford and Cambridge. By the time he was sixteen, his Latin and Greek were so advanced that he was allowed to skip those subjects on the O, or Ordinary, levels—the national examination that students were required to take, generally at the age of sixteen. He did take O levels in subjects like English, math, and history.

Because Jasper did so well, he eventually became one of two senior boys in Peele A who were privileged to enjoy some privacy: he was given a little individual study with a coal fire. He was also assigned a fag, a junior boy, who was supposed to light the fire in the morning and keep it supplied with coal. The fag was also supposed to make Jasper's bed and keep Jasper's shoes polished. He was so inept that Jasper often ended up doing those chores himself. The tradition of fagging is notorious, of course, for encouraging master-slave, bully-coward relationships at public schools, but at Christ's Hospital, according to Jasper, fagging was a pretty innocuous business.

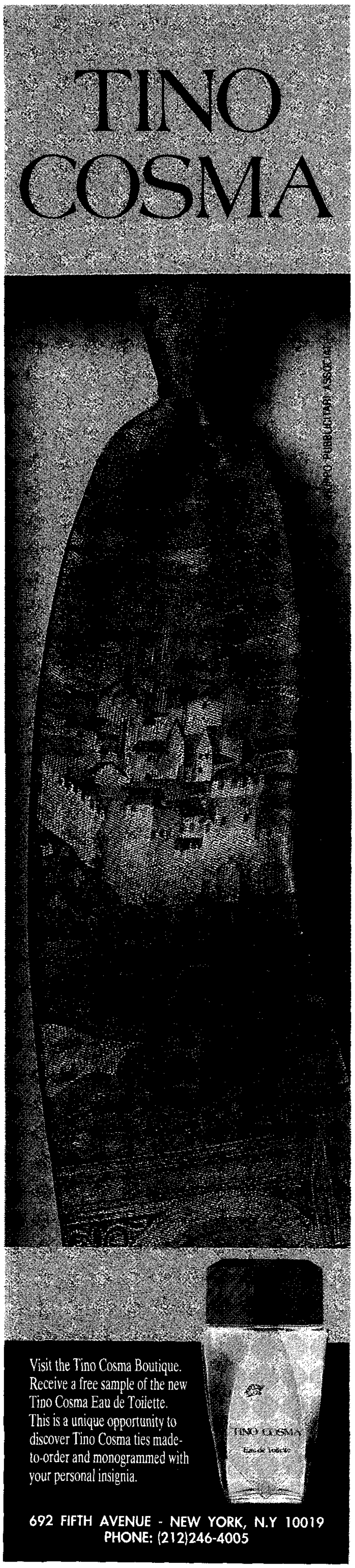


After O levels, Jasper was "awarded his buttons." The bestowing of this honor, which in the days when only a few boys stayed at school after they were sixteen was known as "being made a Grecian," was a school institution. Charles Lamb speaks of Grecians as "the solemn Muftis of the school," from whose time eras were computed: it was said that "Such or such a thing was done when S—or T—was Grecian." The Reverend W. M. Digues La Touche, who was at Christ's Hospital from 1864 to 1870, writes, "The Grecians were quite a class apart; very superior persons indeed. We never dreamed of addressing one of them; if one spoke to us it was considered to be an honour. I remember . . . being awed by what I imagined was their deep and profound learning, on seeing two or three of them walking along a cloister with black portfolios under one arm, foolscap paper peeping out here and there. They had a special gait as they walked, known as 'spadging'; a longish stride with a dip of the whole body in the middle of the pace." In the nineteenth century, only boys who did classics were made Grecians, but in Jasper's time there were Grecians in all areas of academic work.

Jasper found being a Grecian very grand. For one thing, it meant that he could do Greek and Latin all day long, and was excused from the other school subjects, except for English literature, which was deemed to be related to the classics, and divinity, which no one was allowed to drop. It also meant that in addition to A, or Advanced, levels—the national examination that students took at the age of eighteen which tested their competence in fewer subjects but in greater depth than the O levels did—he took S, or Special, levels, which were considered even more advanced than A levels. He had a lot of freedom to get on with his work and pursue his classical interests. And Jasper was now taught in a special, gentlemanly room set aside for Grecians. He no longer sat at a desk—as he had for every class from the day he arrived at Christ's Hospital—but in a chair at a table, like a grownup.

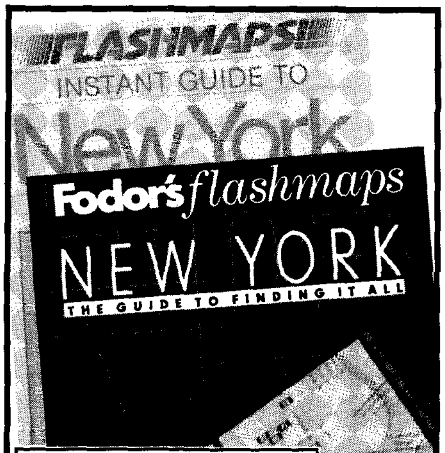
When Jasper was eighteen, he took a special entrance examination for Balliol, which involved an interview and a week's worth of morning and afternoon papers, designed and marked by his future tutors at the college. On the strength of his performance, he was awarded a Domus Exhibition. He missed the grander and somewhat more remunerative Domus Scholarship in classics, which in his year was won by Roger Tomkys.

"In my four years of college in America, I don't think I came close to getting the kind of preparation and

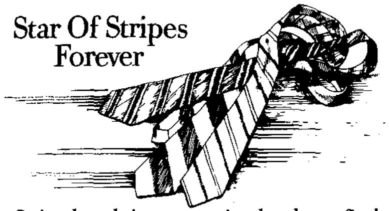


Visit the Tino Cosma Boutique.
Receive a free sample of the new Tino Cosma Eau de Toilette.
This is a unique opportunity to discover Tino Cosma ties made-to-order and monogrammed with your personal insignia.

692 FIFTH AVENUE - NEW YORK, N.Y 10019
PHONE: (212)246-4005


FLASHMAPS! INSTANT GUIDE TO New York
Fodor's flashmaps NEW YORK THE GUIDE TO FINDING IT ALL
A map for every need – linked to over essential addresses, telephone and facts

Flash! The best just got better.
Flashmaps – the best-selling guides to getting around New York – have been completely redesigned and updated and now are better than ever. Over 100 color maps – one for every need – linked to over 10,000 addresses, telephone numbers, and facts. You'll never be lost again! Handy pocket size.
Also available for Washington, D.C.
Now at bookstores, or call toll-free 1-800-733-3000 (mention #010-09-176)
Fodor's flashmaps


Star Of Stripes Forever
Striped neckties are getting harder to find.
However, at Ben Silver we have expanded our collection of extraordinary pure silk authentic English handmade neckties to provide the finest as well as the largest selection. Write or call for our new catalog.
THE BEN SILVER COLLECTION
The Ben Silver Corp.
Department NYT
149 King Street
Charleston SC 29401
800-221-4671

The Adams Family's
Cartwright Hotel
San Francisco
We've renovated!
Our little hotel is better than ever. We've transformed it into a home. Antiques, robes, fresh flowers, afternoon tea.
Celebration package: $85
(800) 227-3844
One block from Union Square

education that you got at Christ's Hospital," I said.

"Why was that?" Jasper asked. "You always give the impression of working hard."

"Oh, I always worked hard, but somehow American colleges end up spoon-feeding one with lectures and textbooks. At college, a lot of time is wasted on taking courses in things that here one would be expected to learn on one's own. I mean, courses in how to read novels intelligently, how the government works—things that people here pick up themselves from reading books and newspapers."

"Quite right," Jasper said. "People here go to school or university only to learn things that they can't learn on their own. But then a system like ours couldn't possibly work for mass education, which is, of course, what you have in America."

"One thing I can say about American education is that one learns about life in the real world at a much earlier age—or, at least, I did."

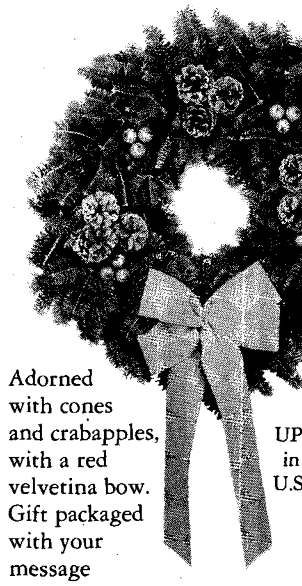
"That's right," Jasper said. "I have noticed how Americans coming to Oxford find us English so innocent."

JASPER came up from Christ's Hospital to Balliol at the age of nineteen, in 1956. After he finished his Greats degree, at the age of twenty-three, he went to Harvard to do research in early Latin poets. "This is not a lovable spot," he told me when I saw him there in 1960. At that time, I happened to be at Harvard, too, working toward a Ph.D. in history. "Socially, it is a rather glacial place. It is not a place I would like to spend all that much time in."

I told him that my experience of Harvard was a good deal like his, except that I also thought that it was like Hollywood, full of intellectual stars, and that the election of Kennedy as President had only encouraged the tendency.

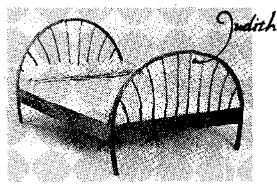
"There's not so much glamour in Harvard classics," he said. "But I can see what you mean."

After a year at Harvard, Jasper returned to Balliol, and he has been there ever since. In 1963, he was elected Fellow and Tutor in Classics—one of the most important permanent jobs in classics in England—though at the time he didn't have a Ph.D. and he hadn't published an article or a book. (He published his


Give the gift of Maine, a fragrant BALSAM FIR
WREATH $25. includes shipping
Adorned with cones and crabapples, with a red velvetina bow. Gift packaged with your message enclosed.
Shipped UPS anywhere in continental U.S. All major credit cards accepted.
Color brochure upon request.
The Christmas Greens Shop
Dept. N11•Blue Hill, ME 04614
Call TOLL FREE 1-800-255-8874
In Maine: 374-5156
9-6 EST Monday-Saturday

CRAZY CANADIAN CATS RETURN
– on men's/women's supersoft T-Shirts, sweatshirts, pants, on glitzy sweaters, on "Great Cats Of History" coffee mugs. And our Catnip Video is a howl for cats.
CALL TOLL-FREE FOR FREE CAT-A-LOG
Can. 1-800-268-9323
U.S. 1-800-268-1630
MC VISA AMEX
Dick Shapiro's Cats, Unit 14, 20 Wertheim Ct., Richmond Hill, Ontario, Canada L4B 3A8
100% cotton T-Shirt $19.95
Sweatpants $49.50 Set $65.00
(All prices plus $4.00 S/H)

TURKEY LAND & SEA
Arrangements for Independent Travel and for Tours.
GOLDEN HORN TRAVEL & TOURS
P.O. BOX 207, ANNAPOLIS, MD 21401
(301) 757-8005 • 1-800-772-7009


Judith Ames Furniture
625 Western Ave., Suite 3
Seattle, WA 98104
206-624-4869
Brochure $3

first book, "Homer on Life and Death," only in 1980.) He was elected to the position on the strength not only of his performance in Schools (the Oxford final examinations) but also of his university prizes and scholarships in Greek and Latin—both the language and the literature—which he had won through competitive examinations. One of my strongest memories of Jasper in our undergraduate days is of his sitting for those examinations—gladiatorial contests of the mind—year after year.

In the Michaelmas term of our first year, when we had hardly settled in at Oxford, Jasper sat for the Ireland and three Craven Scholarships. The examination was an ordeal of ten papers (Oxford papers are generally three hours long, and are taken on consecutive days, one in the morning and one in the afternoon) and was widely regarded as the most formidable in the university. That year, Gerald Toomer walked away with the Ireland. Although Jasper did not get a Craven (the Cravens were the runner-up scholarships), he did get mostly betas and beta-plusses. That was a good enough showing for him to be encouraged to try for the Ireland again, the following year. In the Trinity term of that first year, he sat for the Hertford and de Paravicini Scholarships, which consisted of six papers. Once again, Jasper lost out on the top prize, which was the Hertford—this time to Martin West, a second-year Greats man at Balliol. But he got one of the two de Paravicinis, the secondary prizes. In the first term of our second year, he again tried for the Ireland. This time, Martin West won it, but Jasper got the first of the three Craven Scholarships. In the Trinity term of that year, he again tried for the Hertford, and he got it. In the Michaelmas term of our third year, he sat for the Ireland for the third time, and he won that, too. In the Hilary term of his fourth, and final, year (the Greats degree was a four-year course), he sat for and won the Passmore Edwards, a comparative-literature prize. By the standards of the Ireland and the Hertford, that was a short examination; it consisted of only three papers. Although it was primarily designed to test a candidate's knowledge of English literature, people had to know a lot of Greek and Latin to compete for it. That same term, he sat for and won the Jenkyns Exhibition, a college examination consisting of six

Give the gift of excellent health this year. NordicRow TBX.

The gift of cardiovascular fitness lasts a lifetime. And the NordicRow TBX™ exerciser helps you enjoy it. NordicRow TBX™ exercises all the major muscle groups in your body, so you burn more calories and reduce your risk of stress-related illnesses.

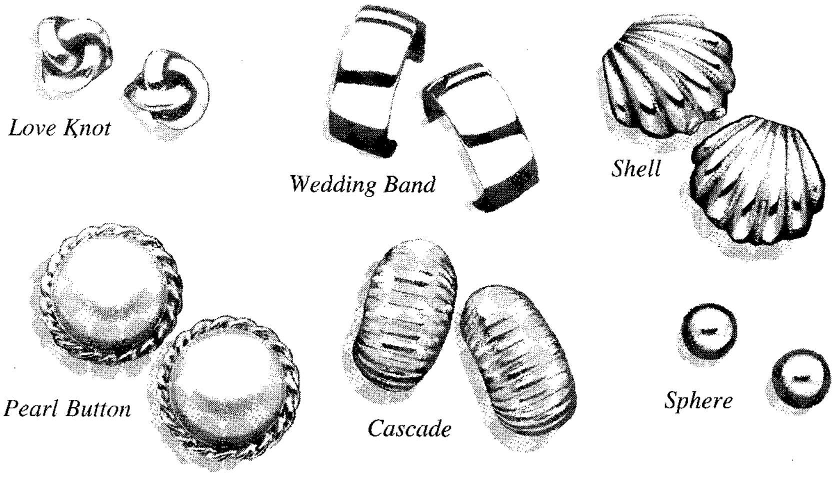
NordicRow TBX™ has revolutionary features that work both your upper *and* lower body at the same time. So you tone all of your major muscle groups and get superior aerobic exercise.

Take advantage of our 30-day, in-home trial and give someone you know the benefits of excellent health.

NordicRow TBX™ BY NORDICTRACK

FREE VIDEO AND BROCHURE 1-800-468-4491 EXT. 713K1

Or write: NordicTrack, 141 Jonathan Blvd. N., Dept. 713K1, Chaska, MN 55318
©1991 NordicTrack, Inc., A CML Company. All rights reserved.



The Six Most-Wanted Earrings

(the entire set for just $29⁹⁵)

18 karat gold embellished (shown actual size)

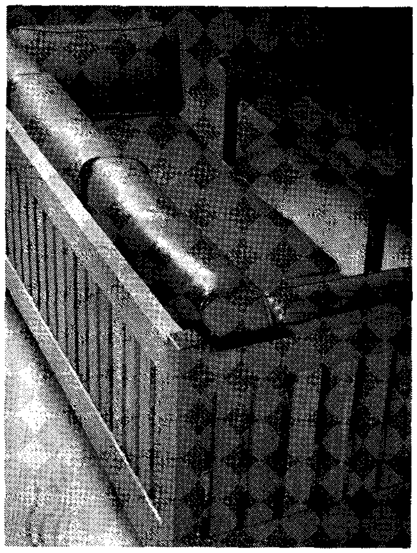
FIRST LADIES, royalty, and movie stars wear jewelry created by Kenneth Jay Lane, "The King of Costume Jewelry." Now you can wear it too.

This Wardrobe Collection contains Mr. Lane's six most-wanted styles in a compact travel case. The earrings are lavishly embellished with 18 karat gold. The pearl is imported alabaster enrobed in genuine pearlescence.

If real, this set would cost $5,000. But like the most famous women, you can have all six pairs (clip or pierced) for only $29.95. 30-day money-back guarantee. Lifetime warranty against breakage or tarnishing.

Call Toll-Free (24 hrs., 7 days)
1-800-233-3489, ext K25
to order with VISA or MC. Or mail check for $29.95 plus $3.95 shpg/hdlg (NY & RI res. add sales tax) to KJL (Dept.K25). Specify clip or pierced earrings.

K·J·L by Kenneth Jay Lane
Jeweler to the World's Most Admired Women™
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10016



Arts & Crafts Revisited.

THOS. MOSER
CABINETMAKERS

ALEXANDRIA 703-548-3447
PHILADELPHIA 215-922-6440
CATALOG $9
415R CUMBERLAND AVE. PORTLAND, ME 04101
207-774-3791

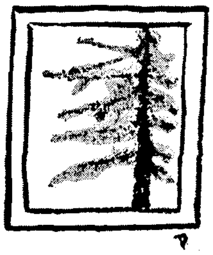
PENGUIN PIN
actual size
14K Gold—$275
Satisfaction guaranteed.
Vern Wayne Pond
609 E. Market St., #103
Charlottesville, VA 22901
VISA/MC/AMEX
1-800-284-8376

Natural California Almonds
Fresh from the Farm to You
Buy your shelled Natural Almonds directly from the grower/processor, get them fresh and save money at the same time. Great for snacking as well as baking. Send check or money order, Visa or MasterCard# plus Exp. Date (Please include phone number) for 4 lbs. - $14, 10 lbs. - $28, or 20 lbs. - $50. Prices include delivery in the Continental U.S. Alaska/Hawaii, add 30% for shipping.
Mail To: **TAP ALMONDS**
12700 E. Graves Rd., Dept. CC
Manteca, CA 95336
(209) 599-7248
30-day Money Back Guarantee

papers; it was a sort of dry run for Schools in Greats, and every final-year Greats man at Balliol was required to take at least some of the papers.

Of course, in addition to all those examinations for university prizes Jasper had to sit for the two major examinations required for his degree. In the Hilary term of our second year, he sat for the thirteen papers of Honour Moderations, or Mods, a sort of Part I of Greats Schools, and in the Trinity term of 1960 he sat for the ten papers of Greats. (He got alphas in all the papers of both Mods and Greats.) I once calculated that as an undergraduate he sat for no fewer than seventy-five papers, or some two hundred and twenty-five hours of written examinations.

I remember that when he was sitting for examinations he would sometimes get urticaria, especially around his eyes, and his voice would acquire a strained edge, as if he were trying to sound normal but couldn't quite manage it. The mental exertion was as impressive to me as his choice of the half line from Horace, "*quid si prisca redit Venus*" ("suppose the old passion is returning"), that he once used as his signature on an examination paper. (The examiners required that a candidate use a motto for his signature, so that his identity would be unknown to them during the marking of the papers.)



When he won a prize, he would be flush with money for a few days. He would splurge on a dinner at Capri or Elizabeth—the two most elegant restaurants in Oxford—or he would buy a vase or a figurine for his room. The money was never very much. The Ireland awarded fifty pounds a year for four years, the Craven forty pounds a year for two years, the Hertford a onetime payment of sixty-five pounds, and many others less. (The award amounts had been set at the time the prizes were originally established, and had not been increased very much over the years.) Like most undergraduates in postwar Britain, Jasper was on a state scholarship, so every extra bit of money was welcome.

In later life, I once asked Jasper how the Ireland and Hertford papers differed from those of Mods.

"The Mods papers were set so that ordinary chaps could make some sort of showing," he said. "The Ireland and Hertford papers were suitably harder—off the beaten track and very recherché. Those papers were meant to give the candidates a chance to display their learning and demonstrate that they were well rounded in the classics."

"You must have had a vast body of knowledge in Greek and Latin language and literature on which you could be examined."

"I don't know about that, but the Ireland and the Hertford papers were both comprehensive and abstruse. In the critical papers we might be asked to discuss the metres in two anonymous passages—one Greek and one Latin—or to comment on the style of several anonymous Greek and Latin extracts and identify them by author or period. We would have to write essays on minor authors and on subsidiary literary forms. What I found most challenging and enjoyable in the Ireland were the translation papers, especially the Greek Verse and Taste paper and the Latin Verse and Taste paper, because of the breadth of knowledge in both modern and ancient tongues one had to have to do them at all. I remember that we had to do things like turning the prose of Johnson or Swift into Greek, or, alternatively, the Greek of Plato, Homer, Euripides, Alexander Aetolus, or Lucian into English, and turning the Latin of Cicero, Pliny, or Apuleius into English, or, again, authors like Shakespeare, Shelley, Hume, and Matthew Arnold into Greek iambics or Homeric hexameters, and the like, or, alternatively, verses from Terence, Cornelius Severus, or Lucan into English verse. Whenever we were turning verses from one language into another, we had to translate them in the appropriate style and metre. We didn't always have the background, so it required a certain amount of bluff."

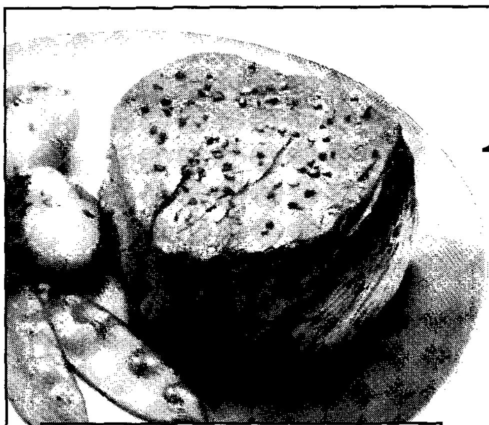
"What kinds of things did you have to do in Mods?" I asked.

"In Mods, there were papers on set books, on a special subject, on unseen translations, on verses and prose passages, and the like. There was a textual paper on manuscripts, which was a bit of a business."

"How reliable are the ancient manuscripts that are around?" I asked.

"In the case of these ancient works, we have only copies that are very far removed—a thousand years or so—

from the originals. It's a universal fact of life that if you have to copy out a page of something you will introduce at least one mistake in doing so. If a copyist kept a whole line in his head while copying it, the end of the line would tend to be a bit less accurate than the beginning of the line. Or, again, if he was copying three lines of verse where the first line and the third line began with the same word, he might just drop the middle line, because his eye would have picked up the same word in lines one and three. Anyway, to someone copying out Aeschylus a thousand years later the Greek would have been ancient Greek. It would be rather like an ordinary English-speaking person today copying out Chaucer. The tendency of a copyist who didn't understand some of the text would have been to change it in the direction of something he did understand. As the process of copying goes on, it introduces corruptions progressively, with each copyist, no doubt, adding some of his own stuff somewhere along the line. Furthermore, the bottom of a page might get torn and mislaid, and so on. You can imagine the fearful problems one has in dealing with ancient manuscripts, and the only way around them is through knowledge and understanding of the period. For instance, all poetry in ancient Greek is strongly bound up with religion, so knowing a lot about the religion of the ancient Greeks can help you to weed out the corruptions. Also, it helps if you know a lot about the way they spoke the language. For instance, the style of Aeschylus is grand and exalted, rather like that of Christopher Marlowe. In dealing with copies of his texts, one has to ask, 'What is the limit of his grand style? Where would Agamemnon have stopped speaking in the grand style in order not to sound ridiculous to the audience?' It would have been easy for Greeks living in Aeschylus' time to tell, but it's very hard for us. Still, we have to try to come close to telling the limits of that style. The encouraging thing is that a lot of very clever people have applied their minds to the ancient texts and made many brilliant discoveries. They have made wonderful guesses, and sometimes those guesses have been confirmed by the discovery of another manuscript, with what appears to be a more nearly correct version of the text. Even so, some corruptions are so deep



A RARE GIFT!

When those on your holiday gift list taste these luscious, mouth-watering Nebraska Filet Mignons, they'll shout, "Well done!" We hand trim aged USDA *Choice* Steaks, pack them in dry ice and air express them to your friends, business associates and loved ones – or direct to your home for unforgettable holiday dinners. So grab your gift list and credit card – then call us toll-free . . . and do all your holiday shopping with one friendly phone call!

SAVE $\$15^{00}$ PER ORDER!
◆ OUR HOLIDAY SPECIAL ◆
SIX 6-OUNCE FILET MIGNONS
EACH 1 1/4" THICK,
FOR $\$34^{50}$ (REG. $\$49^{00}$).
Plus $6 shipping. Unconditional guarantee.
Hurry: Offer ends December 15, 1991! (Limit 3)

Classic Steaks of Omaha
by Skylark Meats, Inc.
4430 South 110th Street, Omaha, NE 68137

CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-28-TASTE
(1-800-288-2783)
FAX ORDERS: 1-402-592-1414
CALL OR WRITE FOR A FREE CATALOG!

Princess Diana Wears this Necklace
only from Kenneth Jay Lane

Imported alabaster glass pearls; Austrian crystal diamonds and sapphires

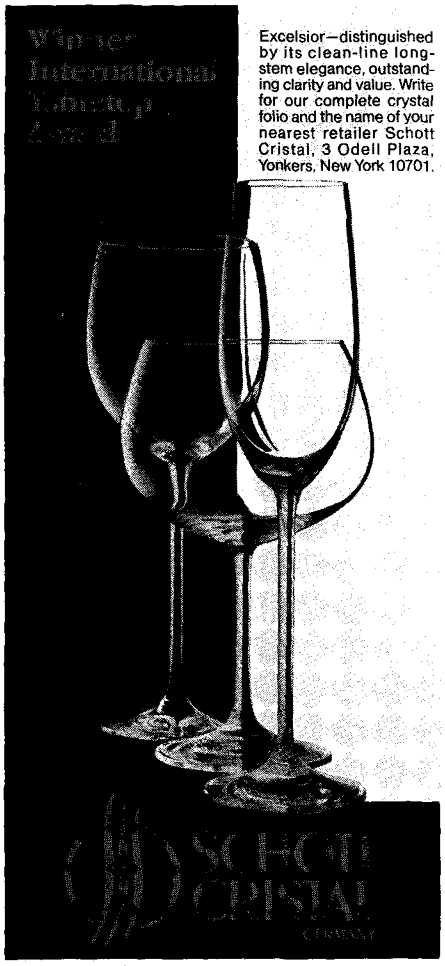
ROYALTY from the Duchess of Windsor to Princess Diana have worn jewelry created by Kenneth Jay Lane, "The King of Costume Jewelry". Princess Diana wears Mr. Lane's "Princess Necklace" of faux pearls, diamonds, and blue sapphire. Now you can wear it too.

This necklace is adjustable from 15" to 18". The 6mm pearls are imported alabaster glass enrobed in real pearlescence. They are individually hand-knotted. The stones are Austrian crystal in a platinum-tone setting.

If real gems, this necklace would cost over $500,000. But like Princess Diana, you can own this authentic KJL necklace for only $95. Matching earrings (clip or pierced) just $39. 30-day money-back guarantee. Lifetime warranty against breakage or tarnishing.

Call Toll-Free (24 hrs., 7 days)
1-800-233-3489, ext. K39
to order with VISA or MC. Or mail check including $3.95 shpg/hdlg (NY & RI res. add sales tax) to KJL (Dept. K39).

K·J·L by Kenneth Jay Lane
Jeweler to the World's Most Admired Women™
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10016



Excelsior—distinguished by its clean-line long-stem elegance, outstanding clarity and value. Write for our complete crystal folio and the name of your nearest retailer Schott Cristal, 3 Odell Plaza, Yonkers, New York 10701.

GOLF...
with an Arizona Flair

A 20,000 acre ranch resort with a golf course rated by GOLF DIGEST as one of ten best in Arizona. Los Caballeros Golf Club is exclusive for members and our guests. The resort also offers tennis, horse-back riding, sparkling pool, delightful dining including desert cookouts. All amid an enchanting western environment located only an hour from Phoenix.

RANCHO de los CABALLEROS
WICKENBURG, ARIZONA 85358
(602) 684-5484 • Dallas C. Gant, Jr.

HAND MADE IN EGYPT
Cartouche
18 K Solid Gold from $150.00
Sterling Silver from $ 40.00
A talisman with your name in Ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics.
Free info. **1-800-283-4978** Visa • MC • Am-Ex • Disc.
Or write: Cartouche, Box 8474-2* Pgh., PA 15220

DURLEY
HOUSE
London
Magnificent
All Suite Hotel
in Sloane Street
115 SLOANE STREET, LONDON SW1X 9PJ.
TELEPHONE 071-235 5537 FAX 071-259 6977
TELEX 919235 DURLEY G
USA TOLL FREE 1-800-553-6674

that there is no way to correct them."

I had come to fancy myself something of an amateur literary historian, and had always been fascinated by different surviving versions of a literary work. We talked for a while about how various scholars had devoted their whole lives to studying the printing presses of Shakespeare's day, trying to reconstruct the movement of the typesetter's hand in order to get at the corruptions in Shakespeare's folios.

Then I said that after all the various ancient-language-and-literature papers the final Greats papers must have come as a relief.

"Reading for the Greats part of the degree was really very different," Jasper said. "When we were preparing for Mods, each of us went to the tutor alone with an exercise, like turning Tennyson into Greek in the style of a particular author. The work was a continuation of what we had done at school. But with Greats we had new subjects—ancient history, and ancient and modern philosophy, none of which we had ever done before. We went to our tutors in pairs—I went with Roger Tomkys—and we read our essays on alternate weeks. Writing essays continuously was something very new—something I had scarcely done before. The thing about ancient history is that a lot of it is detective work—it's a matter of evaluating meagre evidence and drawing some conclusions from it—and the essay form lends itself to that very well. In the Greats examination you tend to get questions like 'How much evidence is there that the standard of provincial government was improved under Augustus and Tiberius?' and 'What specific contribution do the tribute quota-lists make to our interpretation of Athenian policy between 454 and 446?' As for philosophy, those were the heady days of Oxford philosophy, and the philosophy and logic papers were full of questions like 'Is being reliable compatible with being a free agent?' and 'Could my body have housed your mind?' and 'When a frightened man trembles, is his trembling caused by his fear?' and 'Is butter a universal?' and 'Can what was probable become certain, or *vice versa*?' and 'Is it our duty to assist the revolutionaries of another country when we think that their cause is just?'"

"Do you think that all those examinations were a good test of your abilities?"

"Certainly Oxford exams encourage a certain amount of glibness. To do well, one has to encapsulate a neatly rounded answer to a question in three-quarters of an hour. There are a lot of intelligent people taking the exams who plan to be scholars and academics. Many of them barely get going in three-quarters of an hour. They suffer. Most people who do well are able to adapt themselves to the system and are very quick. Sometimes it is said that the point of doing those kinds of exams is to fit you for being a high-powered civil servant. The idea is to show that you can quickly get on top of a varied body of material and produce a nice, coherent statement."

WHEN Jasper and I were in our second year, Miriam Dressler, an American classicist from Brooklyn, came to Oxford. Soon after she arrived, Jasper saw her in a seminar on Euripides that they were both attending. The seminar was taught by Eduard Fraenkel, who had been the Corpus Christi Professor of Latin since 1935 and emeritus professor since 1953. Miriam was reading Greats at St. Anne's College. I was with Jasper when he and Miriam met for the first time socially, toward the end of the Michaelmas term. It was in Walton Street, at the digs of a classicist. Miriam had come there with Jay Kayser, another American at Oxford. He had a free manner, and was very likable, but people in the room were put off by his casual dress. (Jasper later remarked to me, "The chap didn't even have socks on.")

I had a flicker of interest in Miriam, and tried to talk to her about America, but she paid no attention to me, and none to Kayser, either. Instead, she concentrated her whole attention on Jasper, as if she already had a crush on him from Fraenkel's seminar. She seemed to be in awe of Jasper, and talked to him the way a pupil talks to a teacher.

"I have come here with a B.A. from Barnard and an A.M. from Radcliffe," Miriam said at one point. "In America, I was a top student in the Classics Departments, but here I find that my classical education is inadequate for an Oxford Greats degree. Classics here are too specialized. Everyone seems to start Greek and Latin much earlier than we do in America. Seminars and lectures are pitched too high."

"You are probably getting a jaundiced view of classics at Oxford, because of Fraenkel's seminar," Jasper said kindly. "Gerald Toomer and Martin West are not your ordinary classics chaps here."

Miriam was not reassured. "I'm very much taken aback by the quality of the work here," she said. "I keep on asking myself, 'What kind of place have I come to?' "

"Do English classicists think well of any American classicists?" I asked. "People say that according to Fraenkel only Wendell Clausen, a professor at Harvard, is competent to edit a classical text."

"There is a certain feeling at Oxford that American classicists simply don't know their texts—that one has to go through an education in a British public school or a German *Gymnasium* or a French lycée in order to be a good classicist," Peter Gregson said. He himself had gone to Nottingham High School, a grammar school.

"Fraenkel has simply got it into his head that American classicists are dumbos," Jasper said. "You know, he wrote this terrible review of the Harvard Servius. Servius is a vast ancient commentary on Virgil, written at the time that Christianity was taking hold. A whole team of people at Harvard—about ten people, under the direction of Edward K. Rand—set out to edit the text. Editing a text like that presents great problems. They produced their first volume. Fraenkel wrote this devastating review of it in the *Journal of Roman Studies* which was so long that it had to be in two parts, separated by a year. The first part came out in 1948 and the second in 1949. He crucified the team. He said that the work showed every conceivable kind of ignorance—ignorance of the manuscripts, ignorance of Latin, ignorance of antiquity, ignorance of religion. The effect was so shattering that in the last nine years or so no more volumes of this work have appeared. That means that all the people at Harvard who worked on it—Rand's people, classics professors here and there in America—hate Fraenkel and wouldn't dream of having him near them."

"Anyway, Fraenkel has never gone to America," Gregson said. "He has no desire to go."

After that meeting in Walton Street, Jasper and Miriam started seeing each other as a couple. Jasper, a secretive

Now Printed in New York

Herald INTERNATIONAL Tribune
Baker Affirms Jan
As Final Pullout
To Avert a War in
Says War
Would Involve
Whole World'

If you like the Trib when you're travelling, why not get it at home?

Now the International Herald Tribune offers same day delivery in many U.S. cities.

For your daily international briefing – with features on travel, fashion, global investing and much, much more, call us toll free:

1-800-882-2884

Fresh Roasted Coffee
at wholesale prices
DIRECT FROM OUR ROASTER

- Over 70 different specialty & flavored coffees
- Large selection of gift ideas
- Sampler Packages
- Gift Baskets • Coffee Accessories

Deliveries Coast to Coast!
Gourmet Shops Buy From Us... Now You Can Too!

Baronet Gourmet Coffee

77 Weston St.
Hartford, CT 06120
1-800-253-7374

CORPORATE ACCOUNTS WELCOME
Call today for our FREE mail order catalogue

Your
Address
or Slogan

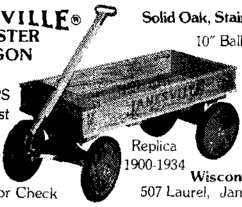
Cat Stickers

Sleek Black Cats imprinted in white with your name and address or slogan—Purrrfect for letters, books, luggage, tapes, gifts, reminders, promotions...

Cat Shape...Self-Stick...1⅝" high
100 for $9.90 200 for $13.50 ppd.

CATS, Box 735-T, Acton, Mass. 01720

JANESVILLE® COASTER WAGON
$185
+$10.50 UPS
($16.50 West Coast)
Stake sides add $15
Visa, MC, or Check



Solid Oak, Stainless Steel Hdw.
10" Ball Bearing Wheels
Urethane finish
16" x 33" Box
Serially numbered
Free Brochure
(608) 754-0026
Replica 1900-1934

Wisconsin Wagon Co.
507 Laurel, Janesville, WI 53545

Reserve your place in America's history.

We present a unique family of hotels recognized for architectural preservation and unsurpassed hospitality. With each reservation, a contribution is made to the National Trust, supporting efforts to protect America's heritage.

For information, call toll-free
800-678-8946

National Trust
for Historic
Preservation

HISTORIC HOTELS *of* AMERICA

BERMUDA'S GEM

"Let's promise to come back"

Some say it's our impeccable service. For others, it's our gourmet restaurant, a popular spot indeed. Perhaps it's our proximity to golf or the famous shops of Hamilton. Or maybe it's just our jewel-like setting on the beach overlooking the sea. No matter... for whatever reason, what our guests remember most is their promise to return.

STONINGTON
BEACH HOTEL Paget, Bermuda

See your travel agent or call:
RSI (1-800) 223-1588 in NY State (212) 661-4540
Owned and Operated by the Bermuda College

The Bermuda Collection Member

HOW ON EARTH
The Environmental General Store
1403 planet friendly products
For a free 31 page catalogue call
1-800-473-0685
607 Cerrillos Road Santa Fe, NM 87501

Classic bow pin in precious metal.
Designed by Leonore Doskow.

Sterling silver **$30.00**
14 Kt. yellow gold **$260.00**

Send check / money order to: Croton Crafts
P.O. Box 437, Croton on Hudson, NY 10521 • 914-271-5981
Add $4.00 ea. for shipping and handling • NY State residents add sales tax

"ONE PRICE COVERS EVERYTHING INCLUDING YOUR SUNTAN"

At Sandals, all you need is love. Because one low price per couple covers everything • Luxurious accommodations • All meals and snacks • Unlimited wine and drinks • Four bars and disco • Nightly parties and entertainment • Water sports, including scuba, snorkeling, skiing • Sauna • Whirlpools • Windsurfers, Sunfish, paddle boats • Tennis day and night • Private beaches • Swim-up pool bars • Stay at one, and enjoy all six Jamaican resorts for entertainment, watersports and dining.

Sandals Jamaica & Antigua

The Caribbean's #1 *Fully* All-Inclusive Luxury Resorts For Couples Only.

For more information, contact your travel agent or call toll-free in North America **1-800-SANDALS**, or write Sandals Resorts, 7610 S.W. 61 Ave., Miami, FL 33143.

THE FILMS OF CHARLES & RAY EAMES

• Vol 1 (including POWERS OF TEN) $39.95
• Vol 2 (including TOCCATA FOR TOY TRAINS) $59.95

Call 800-421-2304
or send check or money order to

Pyramid Home Video
P.O. Box 1048 • Santa Monica CA 90406

Shipping $3.50 • CA residents add sales tax • Please allow 2-4 weeks for delivery

Now on Videocassette

CASHMERE WATCHCAP

Imagine. Cashmere. 100% Cashmere. Built a beefy two layers thick. Turns up at the brim so you have four layers covering your ears. Warm and soft like nothing else. Not ever a hint of itch or scratch. Never debilitating. Lets your head breathe. Leaves you free to think. Allows you to perform.

One Hundred And Five Dollars
California Residents: One Hundred Twelve Dollars

Feather Weight Version In Navy Only Eighty-Nine Dollars

Black, Charcoal, Bank Grey, Flannel, Navy, Light Navy, Cardinal, Claret, Bright Red-Orange, Magenta, Camel, Heavy Cream, Vermont Green, Bear Brown, Violet, Bright Booby Foot Blue, Taupe, Pink, Exquisite Mocha, Vicuna, Fuchsia, Loganberry, White.

VERMONT BIRD COMPANY
71 OLIVE COURT MOUNTAIN VIEW CALIFORNIA 94041
415 967 3123

person, never talked about her, but all of us who were his friends knew that he was smitten, because soon after meeting her he shaved off his beard. Once, I remarked to Jasper on how lively Miriam was, and asked, "Is Miriam your first woman friend?"

"No, second," he said cryptically. "I saw a woman a few times last year, but nothing came of it."

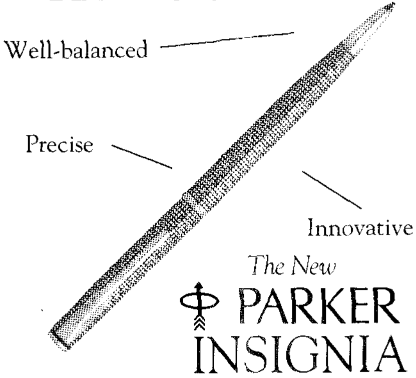
In 1960, Jasper and Miriam both took the Greats examination. They both got Firsts, and that summer, when Jasper was twenty-three, they got married, in New York City.

WHEN we were up, the classicists used to speak of Fraenkel as perhaps the greatest classicist in Britain, or even in Europe. Every year, he gave a seminar, alternately on a Greek or a Latin author. Any classicist could go to it, but ordinarily a student wasn't put on to it by his tutor unless he was judged to be able. Jasper went to the seminar for three years, when Fraenkel was teaching, successively, Catullus, Euripides, and Petronius, and I often used to hear him discuss the seminar with other classicists in it. Fraenkel's method of teaching appeared to be to parcel out little chunks of the text, maybe twelve lines, and to ask the student to go through the text, translate it, explain it, and, on occasion, say what the text must have been like before the accretion of corruptions. With a bit of Euripides, for instance, the student might say that the surviving text implied the existence of a particular cult of the gods which was not known at the time Euripides was writing, so the mention of the cult reflected an interpolation from a later time. The student had to expound upon the text—discuss it in all its aspects. "After a student had finished, Fraenkel would either tear him to pieces or give him, as it were, a pat on the head," Jasper told me. "It was a very intimidating experience. In the seminar, he seemed absolutely strung up. There were explosions of rage sometimes, though he was also capable of great enthusiasm—of lighting up. You got the feeling that this man really cared about the subject. For him, it was not just a job or a way of passing the time. When I first started going to his seminar, he was sixty-eight and was retired, but he was still carrying on with the seminar as he always had. That is how intensely he cared about things."

Fraenkel was equally at home in Greek and in Latin, with special expertise in early Latin, and he was very keen that Greek and Latin should not be dealt with separately. He also knew a lot about the history of classical scholarship in all the major European languages right back to the Renaissance, and spoke Italian better than he spoke English. (His mother tongue was German.) A student might be treated to a disquisition on what happened in the Byzantine monasteries when manuscripts were copied, or on what sixteenth- or nineteenth-century scholarship had to say about them. What the student was made aware of was that a great many people had contributed to the elimination of corruptions from the text, and that eliminating corruptions was a long, long process. "What made him so awe-inspiring as a teacher was that he knew a colossal amount about Greek and Latin," Jasper said. "And he was very intense about what he knew. Years after the seminar, Fraenkel told a student that every week before it he would throw up, out of tension."

In the twenties and early thirties, Fraenkel, a Jew born in 1888, had been a professor at the universities of Berlin, Kiel, Göttingen, and Freiburg im Breisgau. He lost his professorship in 1933, when the Nazis started their racial persecution. At the time, a great many Jewish professors were being dismissed, but no German university made so much as a gesture of protest. A significant number of the Jewish scholars, largely through the efforts of Gilbert Murray, then still the Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford, were brought to England. Quite a number of them ended up at Oxford. Fraenkel was one of the few who really became integrated into the Oxford system. In 1934, he applied for the Corpus Christi Professorship of Latin, and got the chair. That caused a great rumpus, with people writing letters to papers, and so on, wanting to know "What does it say about English classical scholarship that there isn't any Englishman who can qualify for this chair?" But Fraenkel turned out to be a very good choice, for he came to Oxford not just as a German scholar but as an extraordinarily learned scholar. For his part, he must have thought, with some justice, that classicists in England, however brilliant, were not learned enough, and must have con-

GIVE A GIFT AS INDIVIDUAL AS YOU ARE.



The New
PARKER
INSIGNIA

For special occasions, you want to give a gift that says something about you as well as the recipient. The new line of Parker Insignia Pens will do just that. These fine writing instruments come in ten distinctive finishes, one to match every personality. All Insignia pens are now specially priced at Fahrney's from $18. to $80. To order, call toll free 1-800-624-PENS. Ask for our new color catalog of fine writing instruments from around the world or write:

Fahrney's Pens, Inc.

Dept. NYC1, 8329 Old Marlboro Pike, B13
Upper Marlboro, MD 20772

COMPLETELY DIFFERENT PLAYING CARDS

52 DIFFERENT DESIGNS

play your favorite card game with a handful of visual and verbal puns—find the heart attack, the club sandwich and more!

Single Decks $12.50
Bridge Decks $15.00
Inc. post & hand.
CA res. add 8.25% tax
Immediate Delivery

PALLADIN
PLAYING CARDS
704 Monarch Way
Santa Cruz, CA 95060

(408)
423-2389

TAXI COAT

NOT YOUR DUMB, ORDINARY TRAVEL RAINCOAT

For Men & Women
Size P,S,M,L
Black, Purple & Slate Green

ULTRA LIGHT RAINPROOF
CONTEMPORARY CHIC
OVERSIZE NYLON COAT
AND CARRYALL

1-800-677-7246

$83.60 POSTAGE PAID
CA RESIDENTS ADD $6.60 TAX
VISA & MASTERCARD

Thistles . . .

A rich Kahlua Truffle wrapped in Almond Paste and dusted in French cocoa. $14.00 lb. box plus shipping.

call for our Holiday Catalogue 1-800-331-5856

Harbor Candy Shop
P.O. Box 498 • Ogunquit, Maine 03907

ducted his seminar as he did in order to show the English how much there was to know if you really took things seriously.

Fraenkel's magnum opus is "Aeschylus' Agamemnon," a three-volume study published in 1950: it is a work of mammoth learning on a play of seventeen hundred lines. Fraenkel spent twenty-five years on the book. (In my day, people used to say that it had taken him more than twice as long to go through the text of "Agamemnon" as it had taken Agamemnon to capture Troy.) In it Fraenkel reviews and considers all the known commentaries ever made on the text, all the articles that had been published in obscure places—who had said what through the centuries—and he even quotes personal letters written by the scholars who wrote the commentaries. That Aeschylus' text merited the years of labor and attention that Fraenkel lavished on it is unquestioned, because the text is very complicated and the textual tradition—the way the text has been passed down through the ages—very poor. Still, even the greatest classical scholars have probably not read the book in its entirety but only dipped into it; the book is overwhelming, and it contains no pointers to suggest what it is working toward.

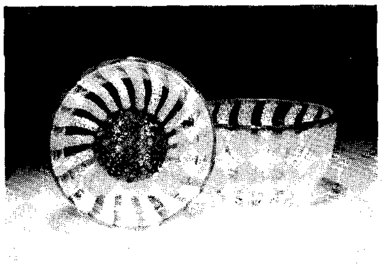
ALTHOUGH the Griffins and I have lived on opposite sides of the Atlantic for most of our adult lives, we have remained close, managing to see one another at least once a year. In fact, whenever I was at Oxford I ordinarily stayed with the Griffins. In 1988, I was elected a Visiting Fellow at Balliol, and I saw them often.

One day, over tea in my college room, which I used as a study, Jasper and I were talking about classicists, and I asked him if he thought that a classical education might have any ill effects.

"It's very hard to say, you know," he replied. "One has a certain set of qualities, and whether they are due to a certain kind of education or not is hard to tell."

"Does it make people élitist?"

"Not necessarily. In fact, there are really many classical scholars in England who are very progressive. There is, for instance, Kenneth Dover. He is a rather Bolshie type of character. One of the most eminent Marxist historians in England is Geoffrey de Ste. Croix,



Discover the beauty of glass

PAPERWEIGHTS

☐ Millefiori bowl by Perthshire Paperweights of Scotland (approx. 4½" diameter). **$125**
☐ *Collectors' Paperweights — Price Guide and Catalogue.* 192 pages, full color. **$15** (**Free** with purchase of the Perthshire bowl.)
☐ Our latest color brochures. **$2**

L. H. Selman Ltd.
761 Chestnut Street, Suite N3
Santa Cruz, CA 95060
Toll-free 800 538-0766

Name
Address
City State Zip
Check enclosed ☐ MC ☐ VISA ☐
California residents add appropriate sales tax
Card number Exp. date

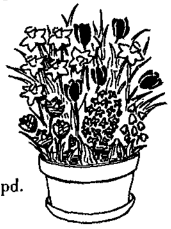
Visiting the Florida Keys? Stop at the famous GREEN TURTLE INN. Meanwhile, savor these very traditional favorites.

- TURTLE SOUP CONSOMME
- TURTLE CHOWDER
- CONCH CHOWDER
- MANHATTAN CLAM CHOWDER
- NEW ENGLAND FISH CHOWDER
- NEW ENGLAND CLAM CHOWDER
- KEY LIME PIE FILLING

MIX or MATCH a 6-pack, 16oz. cans $14.95 includes shipping. MAKES A GREAT GIFT!

GREEN TURTLE CANNERY
P.O. Box 585, Islamorada, Florida Keys 33036
Dept. N 305-664-9595

FLOWERING DUTCH GARDEN
A unique and exciting gift.



Just add water...19 carefully selected bulbs (5 varieties) are potted, rooted, and ready to **bloom in stages** for weeks.
Only **$27.00** ea. ppd.
NEW! Complement your Dutch Garden with a beautiful handthrown pot. Locally crafted and hand painted with blue Lupines (not pictured). Only **$22.00** ea. ppd.
Shipping begins Dec. 2 to March.
Order now for Christmas delivery.

Send ____ Dutch Gardens @ $27.00 ea. ppd.
____ Gardens w/Handthrown pot @ $49.00 ea. ppd.
Total $______ ☐ Payment enclosed ☐ MC ☐ Visa
Card #______________ Exp.______
Name ______________
Street ______________
City ______________ State ______ Zip ______
MARLBOROUGH GREENHOUSES, INC.
P.O. Box 32-NY • Marlborough, NH 03455 • 603-876-4397

"What's the opposite of a multiple personality?"

• •

who has written a great book about class struggle in the ancient world. He went to Poland when the liberalization process began, and harangued them about how their government misunderstood Marx. Dover and de Ste. Croix might represent a minority strain, but that strain is not negligible."

"Is there nothing, then, that is common to classicists?"

"One thing we all have in common is an interest in words. My mind is very much triggered by words, just as there are people whose minds are triggered by figures. This interest of the classicists gave a rather literary character to the English culture in the old days, as if people were doing endless crossword puzzles—quoting P. G. Wodehouse, quoting Shakespeare, being interested in Dr. Johnson. You simply did not become good at Greek and Latin if you weren't like that. The classics pushed you in that direction."

I mentioned one or two of our brilliant classical friends who had not fulfilled their promise, and said I wondered if one effect of a rigorous, regimented school life at an early age might not be to slow you down in later life.

"There is no way to tell something like that," Jasper said.

I recalled that many of us who had come from less brainy, more dilettantish American schools and colleges had found our English contemporaries at Oxford intellectually much older than their years but emotionally much younger. Some of them seemed to have got stuck in childhood prejudices that ill became their adult lives. Many of them had not seemed to know what to do with themselves when there wasn't anyone telling them what to do. They had had trouble coping with the freedom of English university life. Certainly Jasper and I both knew people who seemed casualties of high-pressure schooling. A few of them had fallen apart. "Did boys at your school ever break down under pressure?" I asked.

"As far as I could tell, the boys adapted to school very well," Jasper said. "Most boys are happy in a pack, and will put up with extraordinary miseries. I think the gang is the natural unit for boys. It imposes uniformity. With a lot of young boys, that is actually the thing they like. So strong is the influence of public opinion when one is young that boys don't like to be different. But there was really no way for me to know for certain how anyone else felt. Boys just don't talk about how they feel."

"I wonder if there are not unfortunate emotional consequences of pushing children when they are so young."

"I think people tend to imagine that the English-public-school type of education cripples people emotionally, but the truth may be that most children are emotionally robust."

"Did people generally take to the school with enthusiasm?" I asked.

"I think some people take to a particular kind of schooling, and it becomes very important to them, as it did to me. Other people go through exactly the same schooling and come out of it untouched, as if out of a swimming pool without getting wet. I would wager that education has less impact on most people than theoreticians like to think it has."

"Have you kept up with your school contemporaries?"

"I haven't kept up with most of them," he said. "I think I would have if this college had not become such a thing in my life. One of those in your life is enough."

"In retrospect, it seems to me that many public-school boys I met were intellectually formed and emotionally unformed," I said. I mentioned a couple of the commonest charges brought against public schools—that they send forth boys with an undeveloped heart and that they encourage homosexuality.

"Critics say that intellectual pressure applied at that early age may tend to burn people out," Jasper said. "It's very hard to say how far that's true. No comparative studies between, say, someone having a classical education and someone not having a classical education exist—and probably *none* can exist, because you can never isolate the significant factors. The business about an undeveloped heart sounds obvious, but, again, it is not so easy to establish the truth of such a claim. And there are plenty of boys who went to public school who are not homosexual, and plenty of boys who didn't who are homosexual."

"Would you say that the regimented school life had any ill effect on you?"

"I have thought a lot about it," Jasper said. "Would I have been very different if I had not been at that school? If, having gone to Christ's Hospital, I had turned out to be ho-

THE FINE ART OF BASEBALL

TY COBB
by Michael Schacht

This stunning nine-color portrait of the immortal Ty Cobb has been printed in an edition of 200 signed and numbered serigraphs utilizing Arches paper and the finest quality inks.

Price — $250
Framing — add $160

©1991, Estate of Ty Cobb by Curtis Mgt. Group

THE SUMMER GAME™
222 North Midvale Blvd.
Madison, Wisconsin 53705

To order or request a brochure
Call toll free 800-236-3587 anytime.

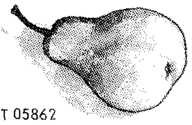
THE ART OF EATING
EDWARD BEHR · QUARTERLY LETTER
A depth of information about food.

"I think it is very good indeed."
M.F.K. FISHER

"I enjoy your journal so much."
MARION CUNNINGHAM

And join such subscribers as JULIA CHILD and ALICE WATERS.

1 year $22,
US or foreign.
An unusual gift.



THE ART OF EATING
BOX 242A, PEACHAM, VT 05862
800-451-4580 (8 AM-9 PM, MC/VISA)

DOLPHIN BRACELET
#E-17, sterling: $68 ppd.
14K: $330 ppd.
7" long
8 gracefully sculptured dolphins are linked together to form this beautiful bracelet.
Gift boxed, satisfaction guar.
MC, VISA, AMEX, ck or M.O.
1-800-67-TORYS
M–F, 9–5, EST.
Catalog upon request.
TORYS
106 Washington St., Dept. N, Marblehead, MA 01945

Premium Pistachios
Buy Grower Direct and SAVE
1991 Crop, Roasted/Lightly Salted
5 lbs. - $25.50 10 lbs. - $49.50
Price includes shipping (AK or HI add $0.60/lb)
Holiday Gift Wrap $2.50 per 5 lbs., unsalted available
Personal Checks, Money Order, MC, VISA
To charge an order, call 1-800-359-1024
Schramm Ranch, 13455 Indian Trail Road, Los Gatos, CA 95030

mosexual, people would have said, 'That's very understandable. His father was away in the war, then he went to this kind of school without any girls, and anyway he was rather an aesthetic kind of chap—it all forms a pattern.' But in fact it's not as simple as all that. It certainly was a very strange upbringing—it threw you on your own resources. At one time, I thought it made me withdrawn and self-sufficient. But several people have since told me how openly emotional I am."

"I can't imagine anyone thinking you withdrawn or self-sufficient. I would say you are self-reliant."

"I suppose the effect that a school like that should have had was to make one fairly self-reliant emotionally—in the sense not so much of denying one's emotions as of not indulging them. Whether in fact it had that effect on me, I don't know. Perhaps it didn't. The fact that both my brother and I got married so young may have something to do with our not having been so emotionally self-reliant after all." The circumstances of the marriage of Jasper's brother, Geoffrey, were different, and tragic. Geoffrey, who was two and a half years younger than Jasper, and who possessed that transient beauty of youth which poets sing about, had contracted bone cancer just after he took Mods from Queen's, and had died at the age of twenty-two. He and Anne Menzies, an undergraduate at St. Anne's, had married with full knowledge of his impending death.

Jasper and I finished up tea and started out for home together. We lived a block apart, in college houses in North Oxford—a brisk ten-minute walk away.

"What lasting effect do you think the school did have on you?" I asked.

"That's hard to say. But I do know that I don't care so much what people think of me. You see, in that school you wore this extraordinary kit, and whenever you went to town or took a train everyone stared at you. Well, you got used to that. If you compare me with some other academics, I am apt to be much more of a ham than they are. I'm not so afraid of performing, of coming across as a little vulgar."

"Did you find the school a strain in any way?" I asked. "Did you have trouble doing your lessons, concentrating, meditating? You were so small when you went there."

"Oh, one could have done much

"Age cannot wither
nor custom stale
her infinite variety."
–William Shakespeare

FOR A FREE GUIDE
TO NEW ORLEANS CALL
1-800-932-1400

THE FRESHEST BREW...THE RICHEST COFFEE...
THE ULTIMATE GIFT

ROAST·YOUR·OWN
a coffee lovers coffee dream!
COFFEE BEANS
The Complete Kit

The Kit contains: 12 ozs. of Guatemala's (Coban) finest green gourmet coffee beans • reusable burlap sack • roasting pan w/ lid • oven mitts • wooden spoon • thermometer • easy-to-follow stovetop instructions (ready in 15 min.) and recipe booklet • sample roasted beans • bean reorder form.

$29.95
plus $3.95 shipping
Mastercard/Visa accepted

Call Toll-Free 1-800-873-7557
or send payment to:
AGAPE IMPORT/EXPORT, INC.
1116 Pine St., Phila., PA 19107

Salad Hands
by Jonathan Simons
$24 plus $3.50 S/H

OUT OF HAND INC
AMERICAN CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS
1303 Castro Street, San Francisco CA 94114
To order: 1-800-272-3887 Catalog available

HARPOON: Hot new mag

Nation's best editorial cartoons, slyest comics, and wittiest writers. 3 Pulitzers. Only $24 for 24 issues. (That is $12 off the newsstand rate.) Money-back guarantee. MC, Visa, Diner's, Carte Blanche or check. Or send $1 for sample. Harpoon, 1685 Elmwood, suite 208 N, Buffalo, NY 14207. Call 716-875-0751

Here's the greatest little secret in America!
We know of two sun drenched islands off the southwest coast of Florida.
SANIBEL & CAPTIVA
Here you'll find natural beaches, exotic shells, tropical wildlife, bicycle trails, charming shops, golf and tennis, great fishing, and places to stay that are remote and idyllic.
Sound wonderful?
It is, and what's best is that you can enjoy your vacation in a fully equipped condominium (not a stuffy motel room) with all the comforts of home.
CALL DIRECT FOR SPECIAL DISCOUNTED RATES
1-800-237-6008
VACATION RENTALS
Priscilla Murphy Realty, Inc.
P.O. Box 5 • Sanibel Island, Florida 33957

What to Give a Key Person
A key ring you would be proud to use or to give as a gift. Leonore Doskow has designed many hundreds of key rings but none has exceeded this one in popularity. The three letters form a solid block of heavy sterling silver and the ring is equally solid. Ideal for friend, family or business associates.
$52.00 sterling silver.
Add $4.00 ea. for shipping and handling
NYState residents add sales tax
Send your check/money order to: CrotonCrafts
P.O. Box 437, Croton on Hudson, NY 10521 • 914-271-5981

BOSTON FOR XMAS?
Our short-term furnished apartments make a perfect base for visiting College children, exploring Boston or even New England. We have pleasant, clean, fully equipped apartments, complete with linen, china and kitchenware in the nicer parts of Beacon Hill and Back Bay.
Home Away, (617) 523-1432
66 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108

GALÁPAGOS
You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option. Free brochure.
Inca Floats 415-420-1550
1311-Y 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608

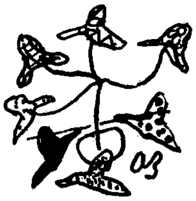
more than one did,” Jasper said. “At that age, one could have done almost anything. One could have learned several more languages, for instance. In the early years at school, I had a lot of time, when I did things like reading ‘Tom Jones’ and ‘War and Peace.’ In the later years, I worked hard. It was worth it. Studying Greek and Latin, talking about Shakespeare—doing things like that—transformed me. Many people just chugged along thinking that studying is one of those things one does at school. But I took to the classics.”

“Do you think that a public-school kind of education discourages creativity?”

“If you read the autobiography of Evelyn Waugh, about being at Lancing, you would conclude that the school was set up to stop anyone from being interested in any of the arts. Yet not only he but many of his school contemporaries became writers. The thing about artists is that they come from all different kinds of backgrounds—often from quite unexpected backgrounds.”

I brought up something that as an undergraduate had filled me with awe of the Greats men at Balliol—their seemingly unlimited ability to versify in ancient tongues. In contrast, some of us had trouble scanning a poem in our own tongue. “I remember that when we first arrived at Oxford you were doing a lot of Greek verses—turning a lot of T. S. Eliot into Greek,” I said.

“That was a showoff,” Jasper said. “The form of contemporary poetry—the pace of contemporary poetry—just doesn’t lend itself easily to translation into Greek or Latin verse forms. Normally, therefore, one translated Shakespeare or eighteenth- and nineteenth-century poets, because they go into classical forms much more easily. After all, we have tragedies in English and tragedies in Greek; we have epics in English and epics in Latin. Poets like Milton and Matthew Arnold are very close to the ancient authors, whereas poets like Eliot are not—there is no form like ‘The Waste Land’ in ancient literature.”



“Yet I remember that you could recite any number of poems by Eliot, Auden, Yeats.”

“I’ve always been interested in modern poetry.”

“How was it that at the age of nineteen you seemed to know all the well-known poems in Latin, Greek, and English by heart? How did you train your memory?” I asked.

“You must remember that from the time I became a Grecian we did things like translating Shakespeare into Greek and Latin verse. Verse composition was a thing I spent a great deal of time on between the ages of seventeen and nineteen. And when you do that you have to memorize a lot of poetry.”

“What was the point of doing such composition?”

“The thing about translating into Greek and Latin verse is that it’s exceedingly difficult, because the ancient verse forms are really so different from those of English. Greek and Latin verse is full of rules. French verse—that is to say, translating English verse into French—gives you a bit of an idea of rules, but Greek and Latin verse is much more complicated than that. When you first try to do it, it appears that the rules have been so designed as to make it impossible. I remember that at school boys would take two lines of English verse and spend a whole day trying to turn them into Latin and still not be able to do it. Most boys, even those who were quite able, didn’t acquire any facility at all for doing verses. But those of us who were able to do them got a good deal of insight into how the ancients actually wrote and thought. Doing them gave us extreme sensitivity to literary forms. It gave me a particular insight into English literature—the considerations of euphony, for instance. Of course, doing it was a remnant of nineteenth-century education. At that time, everyone had to do verses whether he had the talent or not. Boys had to do them before breakfast or get flogged. In fact, boys got flogged every time they made a metrical slip—something that is terribly easy to do. Swinburne and Shelley had a rough time of it at Eton. Yet, ironically, Shelley was stoned by his peers just because he wrote poetry.”

“I suppose flogging was simply part of education in that period,” I said.

“Clearly, public schools in the early nineteenth century were like the ships of the time. They were governed by force, and frightful things happened there. Boys were sometimes flogged by their masters into unconsciousness. But then the rest of society was like that, too. Even in my day, I was lucky I was

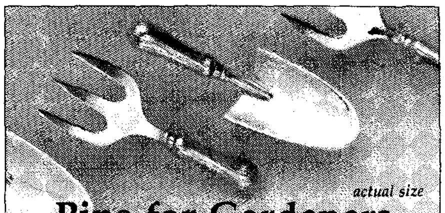
RBC®

ROYAL BEACH CLUB

The *Royal Beach Club* redefines the word service. Enjoy the type of attention that is reserved for royalty in two of Hawaii's most spectacular resorts. To find out more about this exclusive club call 1-800-228-3000.

THE WESTIN KAUAI • THE WESTIN MAUI

WESTIN Resorts


actual size

Pins for Gardeners

Emblems of a gardener's passion, our finely crafted fork and trowel are available in sterling, $40 ea., $75/pair; or 14K gold, $190 ea. Specify pin or lapel/tie-tack. $4 shipping. In NY add tax. VISA/MC/AMEX: 516-734-4002. Or send check:

EAST END SILVER
Dept. N1, P.O. Box 151, New Suffolk, NY 11956

THINK ABOUT IT

High quality, 100% cotton white t-shirt features large black lettering. Sizes L & XL. $14.95 plus $3 S&H. Satisfaction absolutely guaranteed. Call 203/359-6902 or mail check to:
THE ENTERTAINMENT ART COMPANY
400 Main St. #312N, Stamford, CT 06901

Wild Maine Blueberries

Sweet lowbush blueberries vacuum-packed in half-liter wire-bale jars.

Hand raked by people you'd like to know.

$7.25 plus shipping. Visa/MC accepted.
1-800 428 4580 (1-483 4196 in Maine)

Blue Barrens Farm

good at classics, because I was exceptionally bad at things like sports, in which the other boys excelled. You see, the kind of classical education I was given continued to put heavy emphasis on Latin verse composition. In fact, that's why I became very conscious of the literary echoes of words. There are now books of references available—word indexes, special grammars, special bibliographies—in which scholars can look things up. But the people in my day were given a training that enabled them to take a piece of highly wrought English, a piece of Macaulay or Milton, or whatever, and turn it into Greek—and not just Greek but Greek of a particular style. That training gave one a consciousness of what is particular about any author's style, and helped one to develop one's own conscious style."

The rush-hour traffic on Woodstock Road was horrendous. Buses, lorries, European cars with noisy motors were roaring past. Jasper was walking with his usual big strides. Although now a large, substantial figure, weighing some two hundred and ten pounds, he still walked at a fast clip, just as he had when we were undergraduates. I had trouble not only keeping up with him but also hearing him over the traffic. I waited for an especially noisy lorry to go by, and then said, "I'm sure force was never used at your school."

"No one was physically punished," Jasper replied. "But doing verses was very much a continuation of the nineteenth-century aristocratic system of education—very extravagant in its use of the time and energy of the schoolmasters, who expected a lot of the pupils. It was also very much along the lines of the philosophy of the First World War generals. You have the enemy's machine gun firing away. You throw a thousand men at it. Nine hundred and ninety-three of them will be killed, and four will be wounded. But three will get through."

"How would you go about defending such an extravagant and harsh system of education?" I asked.

"I think that when one is young it's important to be made to do things with intensity. Not absolutely everything, and not all the time—or you would crack up—but something. Children may from moment to moment say that they would rather take this easy and the next thing easy and the next thing easy, but actually, when it comes down

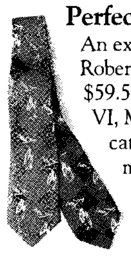
BREATHE AIR FREE OF SMOKE POLLEN POLLUTION

Powerful EnergAire® Ionizer continuously purifies up to 4,000 cu. ft. (a large room) of polluted air and makes it breathable and invigorating. Restores natural ion balance to unhealthy environments. Removes even microscopic pollution particles not removed by other methods of air purification.
EnergAire was rated **Number One** for speed of removal of cigarette smoke by the leading consumer protection magazine.
EnergAire works the way nature cleans the air. Like lightning, it produces a concentration of negative ions which attach themselves to pollution particles causing both to fall harmlessly to the floor. Unlike more expensive fan-filter ionizers, EnergAire has no filters to buy and change (saves time and money) and no fan (no noise), requires no maintenance.
EnergAire uses less than 3 watts - plugs into standard 110 volt outlet. 9" high. 3" dia. 1 lb. Manufactured by Micron in the U.S.A. Immediate shipment.
30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. 12-MONTH WARRANTY.
TO ORDER: Send $59.95 plus $4.00 each shipping (in Mass. add 5% sales tax) by check, money-order, MasterCard or Visa number and expiration date to **MICRON SALES COMPANY, Dept. 416, 170 Kerry Place, Norwood, MA 02062, or CALL TOLL FREE (anytime) 1-800-334-0854, Extension 651.** (For information call 617-326-8675.) **ASK FOR PRODUCT NUMBER 416.**

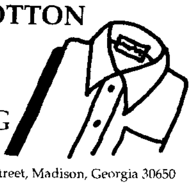
Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment

All inquiries
(613) 236-7181
Karsh

Perfect Gift For The Golfer!


An exceptional silk golf tie from Robert Talbott. In red or navy. $59.50 ppd. (in CT add $3.12 tax). VI, MC, AX. Ask for our free catalog of fine sportswear for men and women. **Tuttle Golf Collection**, P.O. Box 941, Dept. 91A, Meriden, CT 06450. 1-800-882-7511.

MENS 100% COTTON DRESS SHIRTS


The "cotton-bloomin" best.
Made in the U.S.A.

FREE CATALOG
1-800-367-7158

Treadwell Shirt Co., 231 Hancock Street, Madison, Georgia 30650

Goose down robe

Surround yourself in warm, lightweight elegance. Superblend fabric for easy care. Contrasting piping, shawl collar and roll back cuffs. Fully guaranteed. Order cream, burgundy, peach, light blue, navy or salmon. Sizes XS, S, M, L. Regularly $160 **Sale $89** Shipping and handling, $4.50

Goose Down Slippers match robes in cream, burgundy, peach, light blue, navy or salmon. Sizes XS, S, M, L. Regularly $38 **Sale $22** Shipping $3.00

☐ Order by phone with MC or VISA, call 415/472-2154.

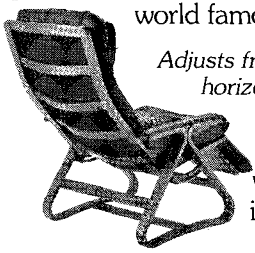
☐ Use MC, VISA or check for mail orders. CA residents add 7¼% tax

WARM THINGS

180 Paul Dr., Dept. NY /San Rafael, CA 94903
415/472-2154 • Ship within 48 hrs. • MC/VISA

Back Relief & Relaxation

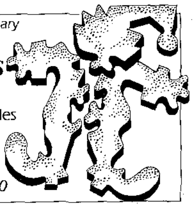
NEW Scandinavian styling for our world famous recliner.


Adjusts from vertical to horizontal position.

Elegant wood frame in 4 finishes.

BackSaver™ FREE 12 page catalog 1-800-251-2225 or write
53 Jeffrey Avenue, Dept. D91, Holliston, MA 01746

Certain gifts simply must be extraordinary
THE FAMOUS
Stave Jigsaw Puzzles


Since 1974, the finest handcut personalized wooden jigsaw puzzles being made today. $190 - $2000.
Call or write for 36-page catalog.
Stave Puzzles, Box 329A,
Norwich, VT 05055 802-295-5200

Exciting Musical Fantasy
SECRET OF THE WEBBING PURPLE
Narrated by BURGESS MEREDITH
Story, Music and Lyrics by FRANCINE GRESHLER
(for children of all ages) Audio Cassette 10.95
(CA res add 90¢ State tax)
Send check or M.O. to:
BLUE DALMATIAN PRODUCTIONS
P.O. Box 614
Los Olivos, CA 93441

to it, they don't want to. Though there's an increasing tendency to make education intellectually very easy, I firmly believe that if you don't acquire the ability to do something difficult when you are young you will never have it. Doing things like memorizing poetry and learning skills for math can be done with great ease when one is a child. Then the mind is like a blob of sealing wax. If you hit it while it's still hot and soft, you can make a sharp, clear, lasting impression. If you wait too long, it's cold and hard. To put it another way, a good classical education will produce a mind that is capable of stretching itself. A less rigorous education will produce a less elastic mind. Another justification is that the ancient world was a whole world in itself, which existed for a thousand years. It was a complete, complex society that underwent many changes. It had history, philosophy, literature, geography, yet it was very different from ours. Studying that world is bound to be educational, because most people are imprisoned in the tyranny of the present; they imagine that things must always have been the way they are now. Of course, there are a number of societies that could serve the same educational purpose—India, China—but it happens that the ancient Greek and Roman world is more accessible to us in the West, because it is connected to us directly. Anyway, a lot of clever people have gone through this system of classical education and benefitted from it. That was certainly true when I was doing Mods and Greats. How long that will continue to be true no one can say."

"Are people still doing classics the way you did it?"

"In my day, the education was much more linguistic. We just had to do Greek and Latin, and we got our heads clumped if we got it wrong. It turns out that I was a member of almost the last generation to do verse composition. It was the most serious thing we did in the final years of school. At Oxford, in my first five terms, when I was preparing for Mods, I scarcely wrote an essay. I spent most of my time doing Greek and Latin verses and prose, or doing textual criticism on ancient authors—that is to say, talking about manuscript corruptions and emendations, and suggesting alternative kinds of readings of them. It's all very different now. Under-

Bed & Breakfast at the Inn

Settle down in the welcoming warmth of a luxury room with charming views of the Ojai Valley. Summon a complete breakfast for two and room service will rush it to your side, or enjoy a bountiful buffet featuring our famous egg & omelette bar, fresh pastries from the bakery, and so much more.

$159 double
Sunday thru Wednesday Arrival

During the day, challenge the legendary golf course, play tennis on eight courts, and enjoy a workout in the Health Club. In the evening, dine in the relaxed and romantic setting provided by Vista Dining.

2 night minimum stay-tax & gratuity not included.
Above daily rates effective thru 11/30/91
subject to change & availability.

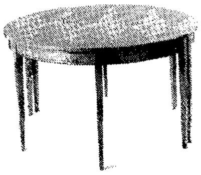
Home of the Senior PGA GTE/West Classic

OJAI VALLEY INN & COUNTRY CLUB
OJAI, CA 93023 • (805) 646-5511 (800) 422-OJAI

Versailles planter™
This enchanting planter recreates the ornamental keystones of Versailles' windows.
Attractive indoors or out.

12"x 9" Terra cotta in earthen or antique marble finish.
$55 (plus $4.50 shipping). Exclusively from
DAVIS & CO.
P.O. Box 3816, Portland, ME 04104
Or call 800.370 1066, in Maine, 780 1607

A Signature Gift
Handcast penpoint in 14K Gold or Sterling, 18" pendant $225/$195
Stickpin or lapel pin $95/$75 Send check or M.O. + $3.50
NJ Res. add tax
(actual size)
1-800-283-3661
KRB Designs, 50 E. Hudson Ave., Englewood, NJ 07631


MACK & RODEL
CABINETMAKERS
R.R. 1 Box 88, Leighton Road
Pownal, Maine 04069
207-688-4483
(8 miles from L.L. Bean)
$4.00 color brochure

graduates nowadays don't really have that kind of linguistic background. They are unaware of literary forms, and so on. In fact, no undergraduate now does textual criticism in the first five terms, and the number of people who can do verse composition is very small. I hardly get one person in two years who would like to try it—though now and again one of them can make a few lines scan. I am lucky if I get one student in three years who can actually do some. The number of papers in the Ireland and the Hertford has had to be sharply reduced, and the requirements have had to be tailored to what people can do. Also, the prose compositions my undergraduates do now are not nearly so difficult as they were in my time, nor do they have the same panache. The ability to do verses and prose was developed through years of application, and people simply do not get that kind of training anymore. Instead, there is a new interest in literary criticism and literary history. So what undergraduates are now doing for Mods is writing essentially literary-critical and historical essays. That goes back to what they are doing at school. Schoolboys are no longer boning up on all this detailed grammar, or translating Matthew Arnold's 'Balder Dead' or 'Sohrab and Rustum' into Latin verse, and so on. Rather, they are doing things like reading secondary literature on ancient writers. There is generally more freedom at school, and boys have more options. Nowadays, if you want to recruit boys to this rather difficult option of doing classics you have to be nice to them. And the classical degree at Oxford has become more like what people do in the English school or the modern-languages school."

We turned in to Staverton Road, where Jasper lives, and suddenly everything was quiet. We were walking in the gentle air of Oxford again, away from the traffic and turmoil of the modern world. "Are you saddened by this change in the study of the classics?" I asked.

"No, because it is not a uniform record of loss. When I was young, we only read the texts and thought about them as texts. One never said what a text meant or what was good about it. We were just supposed to pick that up. We didn't read secondary critical literature. We didn't even have the vocabulary to discuss the content. The

A STROKE OF GENIUS.
The art of Claude Monet

...and a weekend at the picture-perfect Harbor Court.

Any Saturday between October 13th '91 through January 19th '92. Your picture-perfect stay includes: Friday or Saturday night in an elegant room and breakfast coupons for two • Two reserved tickets to the Monet exhibit at The Baltimore Museum of Art • Chauffeured transportation to and from the Museum • $139.00 per room, per night

Children free in the same room. Harborview rate $169. Weekends: Oct. 13 '91 through Jan. 19 '92. Excluding tax and gratuities

For information and reservations, call (301) 234-0550 or (800) 824-0076.

Preferred Hotels & Resorts Worldwide
Mobil Travel Guide 1991

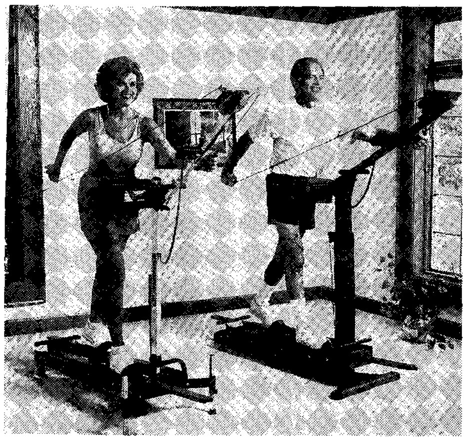
THE HARBOR COURT HOTEL 550 Light Street, Baltimore, MD 21202

Discover an exciting new way to achieve wellness of body and mind!

There's no question about it. According to fitness experts, regular aerobic exercise is vital for achieving all-around wellness. Aerobic exercise helps you prevent illness, feel better physically and mentally, boosts your energy level, and very possibly, increases your life expectancy.

NordicTrack For A Healthy Body.
NordicTrack is a total-body exerciser that simulates cross-country skiing, considered by experts to be the world's best form of aerobic exercise. Just twenty minutes a day, three times a week will help you control your weight, strengthen your heart and lungs and help lower your overall cholesterol level.

NordicTrack For A Healthy Mind.
Good physical health is just the beginning. With regular workouts on a NordicTrack you'll feel more mentally alert, relaxed, positive and self-confident. You'll also feel good because you're doing something positive for yourself. So discover the excitement of NordicTrack today, and start taking positive strides towards a lifetime of wellness!

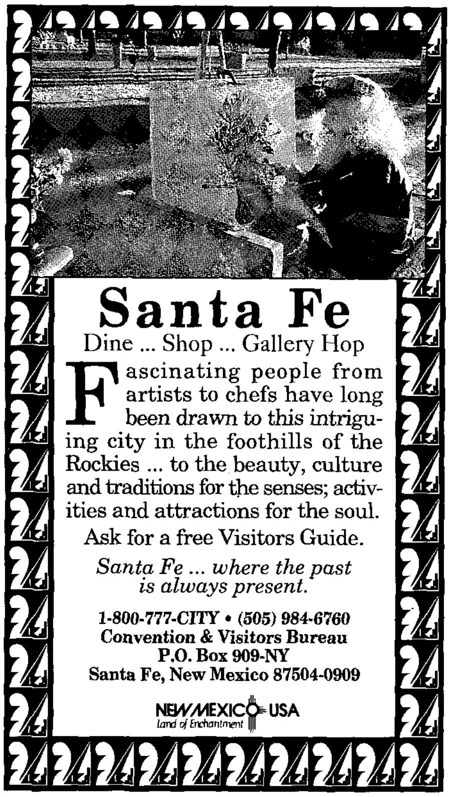


NordicTrack®
A CML Company

Call or Write for a
FREE VIDEO
& Brochure

1-800-328-5888 Ext. 265K1

NordicTrack, 141C Jonathan Blvd. N., Dept. 265K1 Chaska, MN 55318

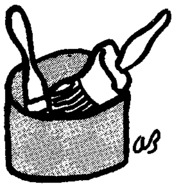

Santa Fe
Dine ... Shop ... Gallery Hop
Fascinating people from artists to chefs have long been drawn to this intriguing city in the foothills of the Rockies ... to the beauty, culture and traditions for the senses; activities and attractions for the soul.
Ask for a free Visitors Guide.
Santa Fe ... where the past is always present.
1-800-777-CITY • (505) 984-6760
Convention & Visitors Bureau
P.O. Box 909-NY
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87504-0909
NEW MEXICO USA
Land of Enchantment

RISTRAS!
From New Mexico
18″ — $\$15^{00}$
24″ — $\$17^{50}$
36″ — $\$23^{00}$
48″ — $\$27^{00}$
60″ — $\$30^{00}$
Wreath $\$27^{00}$
All ppd.
Shipping late October.
Artesanos Imports Co. Inc.
P.O. Dr. G Dept. NY
Santa Fe, NM 87504

ORDER FRUIT FOR THE HOLIDAYS
FRUIT
DIRECT FROM OUR PACKING HOUSE
3/4 BUSHEL ...
½ Juicy Navels
½ Sweet Red Grapefruit
$\$19^{95}$ Plus Shipping
Newbern Groves Packing House & Gift Shop
15315 N. Nebraska Ave., Tampa, FL 33682
Mon.-Sat...8am-6pm
Mention This Ad for $\$1^{00}$ Off!
TAMPA ... 971-0440
US/FLA ... 1-800-486-0441
VISA • MASTERCARD • DISCOVER

TOPOLOPES are envelopes made from outdated topographic maps. $4.50/pack of 25
$3.75 s/h any qty.
ACCESS Maps & Gear
321 S. Guadalupe, NY6 Santa Fe, NM 87501 505 988-2442
THE CATALOG FOR MAP LOVERS - Call or write

idea of there being any kind of theory about texts was unknown. It took all one's energy simply to finish translating the texts—to go through the minefield of grammar, metre, dialect, not to mention the corruptions in various surviving manuscripts. Nowadays, people are incomparably more sophisticated in a literary sort of way. That is a gain. But there is also a loss—the study of the classics is on the decline everywhere. The number of people who are embarking on Greek and Latin is shrinking all the time. The way the whole society is now turning, it seems to be turning away from the study of ancient languages and literature, even away from the study of medieval history, or, indeed, of foreign languages or foreign history. In the old days, classicists made a perfectly respectable living by teaching their pupils and, beyond that, restricting themselves to editing texts and doing things of that kind. But that's no longer possible, partly because many texts have now received very good editions. Classicists are now writing general books about Virgil, about Sophocles, and so on. It's not clear that most of these books are necessary, but we are all under enormous pressure to publish. Nine-tenths of what is published in any field is probably without much value. People publish not because they have something to say but because they've got to. In this respect, what has happened to us classicists is partly what has happened to all academics in the Western world. It's just a situation we've got ourselves into. In my view, it has had terrible results. Take the study of English literature. Professors of English literature and professional literary critics do not have any classical background, as their predecessors did, so they are naturally not interested in classics, and don't consider it important. They are interested much more in critical theory. I think this is an essentially one-sided, perhaps even perverse, way of studying literature—especially poetry. Such an approach puts too much emphasis on having ideas about a poem, rather than attending to its sound, for instance. Anyway, there is a frightful pedantic tendency to do literary criticism with footnotes and bibliography and theoretical apparatus, and such an approach ends up substituting something else—the secondary literature—for the text as the focus of interest. To enjoy a poem is really not as difficult as we now seem to pretend. Of course, to write good literary criticism and good literary history is difficult, but I think that writing mediocre literary criticism is the easiest of all activities. There is almost no human being who can't do it."



We reached Jasper's house, and he invited me in for sherry. We looked into the kitchen and greeted Miriam and Julia, the oldest of three Griffin daughters, who was doing a postgraduate degree in English literature at Oxford. They were busy cooking. All three daughters—Julia, Miranda, and Tamara—had gone to Oxford High School, an all-girls school that is run by a private trust with help from the state and has a national reputation for getting a very high proportion of its students into Oxford and Cambridge. Because Jasper and Miriam are so well known as dons at Oxford—Miriam has been a Fellow and Tutor of Ancient History at Somerville College since 1967—all three of the daughters had chosen to go to Cambridge for their undergraduate education. Julia had read classics and Miranda modern languages; Tamara (though a professed atheist) was currently reading theology.

After a few minutes in the kitchen, I followed Jasper up the familiar steps to the first floor of the house, and settled myself in one of his capacious armchairs while he handed me a glass of sherry.

"I myself think that, of all the arts, literature is the most akin to magic," he said. "The most interesting thing about a text is its magical element."

"Few people think that anymore," I said, taking a sip.

"Well, that's right. Even when I became a don, there were dons teaching English literature who were not under the spell of words. They couldn't quote anything from memory. There was a don who taught English—excellent person, very good scholar, knew a lot, but never quoted anything. He said he never remembered poetry. I also now have colleagues who teach Latin who are like that—they never quote from memory. Well, as for me, I wouldn't have become a literary person if I hadn't been able to remember words. What is important to me is that it is all in my mind." —VED MEHTA

THE THEATRE

Family Reunion

THE reassuring news is that two plays that have opened in revival within the month have turned out to be just as good now as they seemed then. The first of them is "On Borrowed Time," with George C. Scott at the helm; the second is Harold Pinter's "The Homecoming," with which the dear old fumbly Roundabout makes its Broadway début, at Criterion Center Stage Right. When I say "seemed then," I mean to me; John McCarten, who in 1967 reviewed the first local production of "The Homecoming" for this magazine, didn't think highly of it: "Mr. Pinter proceeds to play rather aimlessly with his audience and his theme. There can be no doubt that he has a way with dialogue, and some of 'The Homecoming' is fairly funny, but in the long pull the piece has no more cohesion than a vaudeville arrangement." Mollie Panter-Downes disagreed; in a 1965 Letter from London she wrote of the original production, "Nobody, even if repelled by Pinter's play, seems to deny that it sets him head and shoulders above everybody else writing for the English stage today, as the superior technician, the superb carpenter of seemingly aimless non sequiturs into structures that cunningly interlock and reveal." I side with her. Seeing the play for the second time is certainly a different experience, though: it is no longer shocking. To recapture one's innocence is impossible, of course, but the relief of finding the play, line by perfect line, as strong as ever makes up for a lot.

There is, it must be said at once, nothing fumbly about this production, directed by Gordon Edelstein. It tells the story, if you need to be reminded, of a professor who brings his wife back from America to his bleak, horrible home in a London slum to meet his horrible family. As Max, the father—a butcher and racketeer—Roy Dotrice (of blessed John Aubrey memory) is quieter than Paul Rogers was in 1967 and not as blustery, but he's just as sinister and foolish. As the professor's wife, Ruth, Lindsay Crouse is as cryptic and as sexual as the late Vivien Merchant, who starred with Rogers. Daniel Gerroll is appropriately nasty as the clever brother, Lenny, a pimp who suggests that he set Ruth up as a prostitute, primarily but not entirely for family consumption—an arrangement to which she agrees, with some stipulations. Jonathan Hogan is mysterious and close-faced as the professor, who apparently accepts her decision and leaves the house, suitcase in hand, to return to America. John Horton is excellent as Max's brother, a weak and seemingly anesthetized cabdriver who blurts out a secret and falls unconscious to the floor. And, finally, Reed Diamond, though not ideally cast, is still effective as the youngest brother, an apprentice boxer, as inept at fisticuffs as he is at sexual harassment.

The dialogue is strangely formal, but there isn't an innocent line in the script, what with hidden traps and put-ons everywhere. There seems to be no limit to the family malice. Watching the play, I thought, as I did the first time I saw it, How do we know that she's his wife? She could easily be a woman he'd booked as a dirty trick on his relatives. (What wife asks her husband, when she has entered a room, "Can I sit down?") When the show is over, we are on unsteady ground, but who wants steady ground, anyway? The properly hideous setting was designed by John Arnone and lighted by Peter Kaczorowski; the appropriate costumes—for Miss Crouse, that is; everybody else just wears clothes—were designed by William Ivey Long.

—Edith Oliver

•

They are astoundingly vivid, undeflected, radiantly, seethingly alive on the palate, not just larger than life, but realer than reality. Drinking them I have been moved to every emotion under the sun: wonder, sadness in the face of such utter beauty, frustration when the wine was so celestially multifaceted I couldn't assimilate all the flavors, shattering excitement at the sheer electricity, helpless yielding at the total seductiveness, tears of gladness, sorrow and almost rage at one special wine that was so fiercely beautiful I felt I couldn't rise up high enough to meet it. —*Terry Theise, quoted in the Companion Wine Review.*

Quick, take an Alka-Seltzer.

Time to stop the "killing by other means" in Iraq

Quaker relief staff in Baghdad say that over 100,000 Iraqi civilians could die by winter's end due to food and medicine shortages. The most vulnerable are perishing first—infants and old, poor, or ill people.

Pre-war Iraq imported 70% of its food and $500 million in medical supplies annually. Now, eight months after the war, punitive economic sanctions and frozen assets strangle the Iraqi people, not the regime.

Food rations supply only eight days of a family's minimum monthly diet; 10% of all preschoolers suffer malnutrition and infant formula is watered down. Scavenger hunts for anesthetics and medicines mean that only 20% of needed surgery is done and treatable disease becomes a terminal diagnosis.

The *American Friends Service Committee (AFSC)* has aided victims of war since 1917 without regard to politics or religion. We already have sent $150,000 in humanitarian aid to the Gulf and strongly urge easing economic sanctions.

Please act on your compassion by helping *AFSC* fund new shipments of medical and agricultural supplies. How can we do nothing if civilian deaths threaten to equal the toll of Iraqi soldiers killed in the war? It is time for Americans to show mercy. Right now, with winter coming on.

American Friends Service Committee
Finance Department
1501 Cherry Street
Philadelphia, PA 19102

My contribution to Iraqi and Gulf war victims through AFSC:

☐ **$35** ☐ **$50** ☐ **$75** ☐ **$100** **Other____**

Name

Address

City/State/Zip **140HA**

Basra Hospital photo by Jane Taylor

POPULAR MUSIC

Illusions

MUSICALLY speaking, this was a good summer to be an adult. While new albums from Skid Row and Metallica found their expected place in the *Billboard* sun, releases from grownup artists like Natalie Cole, Bonnie Raitt, Michael Bolton, and Aaron Neville occupied space on the dog-days charts normally reserved for heavy metal and rap and other greasy kid stuff. But any trend that weds maturity to pop music is destined to be short-lived, and now that summer's over and class is back in session the teen-agers are having their way once again. Though a number of other releases, including hit albums by Garth Brooks and Harry Connick, Jr., are making big news this fall, the new albums from Guns N' Roses—which débuted at No. 1 and No. 2 on the *Billboard* charts—will surely be best-sellers for a long stretch.

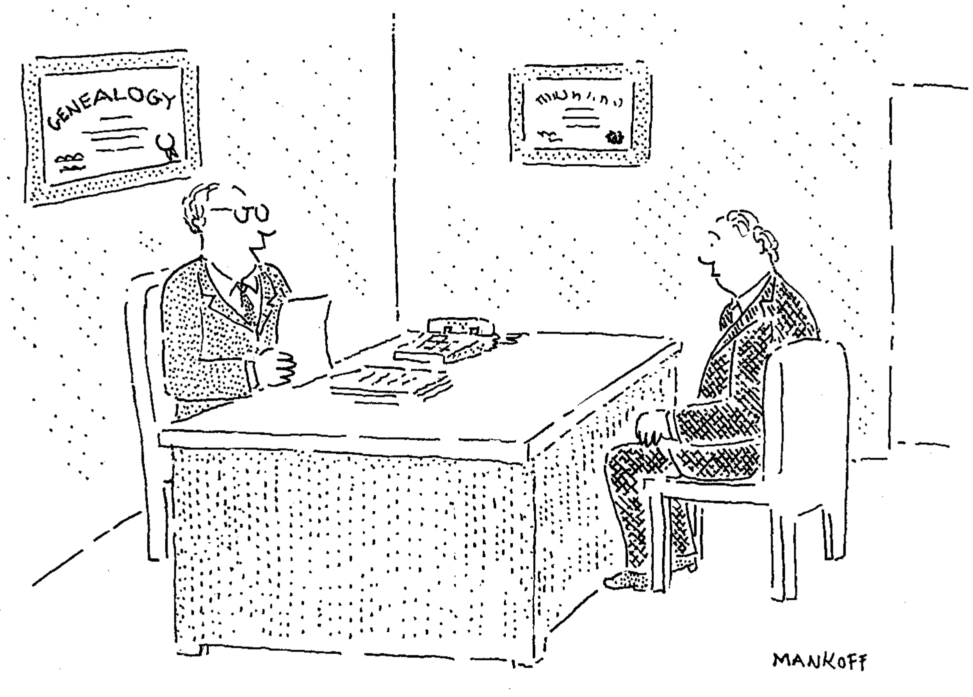
Actually, Guns N' Roses have been a story for months now, in part because they made the unusual move of starting to tour before their new albums, "Use Your Illusion I" and "Use Your Illusion II" (both on Uzi Suicide/Geffen), were released. These are G N' R's first studio albums since 1987, and while fans eagerly awaited their arrival the release date was moved back almost daily as the band appeared to be self-destructing hourly. The onstage antics of the lead singer, W. Axl Rose—most notably, he told the members of an audience in Noblesville, Indiana, that they were like "cool prisoners here in Auschwitz," and he sparked a riot in St. Louis—went beyond the merely provocative to become truly offensive. Not surprisingly, reporters in the legitimate press were worried about law and order, but fans, too, became outraged, and wrote letters to heavy-metal magazines like *Circus* complaining that Axl was way outta line.

Here in New York, the media gleefully chronicled the local nuttiness—the band arriving more than two hours late for a show at the Nassau Coliseum or fans standing for two hours in line at Tower Records to buy the new albums. (One and a half million were sold around the country the first week.) In the midst of all the hubbub, most people seemed to take it for granted that a hard-rock band with only one full-length album behind it could generate such excess. But surely others must have asked: Why have these louts from L.A. captured the public imagination so thoroughly?

I don't mean to take anything away from the band's ability. I've been a fan since I heard the 1987 album, "Appetite for Destruction," and I've been a bigger fan since I saw them open a show for Aerosmith in the summer of 1988. It was clear then that this was a band about to happen. Without the benefit of much airplay, "Appetite" had gone gold on the strength of the band's street currency, which is to say that the heavy-metal kids loved it. In fact, much of the audience on that tour came for the opening act and left before Aerosmith got near the stage. There was a buzz about this band which would soon turn into a fire alarm.

I'm still not completely certain why. Yes, these Angry Young Men are edgy and bold, a refreshing antidote to all the politically correct pabulum of the last few years. You could argue that after Tracy Chapman and the Indigo Girls this is what a large segment of America really wants—even craves—to hear. And the members of Guns N' Roses are surprisingly dexterous both as characters and as musicians. Since the first album, the lead guitarist, Slash, has honed his skills as a session musician for Bob Dylan, Lenny Kravitz, and others, so that his playing is almost up to his guitar-hero status. Axl, with his negative charisma, is, of course, a natural front man. And the low-key guitarist Izzy Stradlin' (these guys are nothing if not apostrophe lovers), whose name is on some of the best tunes of the new albums, is emerging as an able and agile songwriter.

But given all these elements, and some excellent production values thrown in, I still wonder: Why should Guns N' Roses be bigger than Skid Row or Poison or Mötley Crüe or any of the other monster metal bands? And when I say bigger I'm talking not about tonnage of units shipped—although, with fourteen million copies of "Appetite" sold to date worldwide, the guys of G N' R have that going for them, too—but the bigness of their icon status, the bigness of the band's public persona. I'm talking about sheer celebrity. With only a thrown-together album of live performances and studio outtakes ("G N' R Lies") to keep the band's memory alive since the release of "Appetite," Guns N' Roses have ignited the kind of Beatlemania normally reserved for



"Good news, Mr. Vanderfirth. We've traced your lineage back to a woman who lived in East Africa two hundred thousand years ago."

artists who have more of a track record (Bruce Springsteen) or are more clearly groundbreakers (Elvis Presley in 1956). To put it succinctly, Guns N' Roses have become the most popular rock band on earth.

"Just shows how starved the public is for quality hard rock," a young fan said to me as he watched one of the nightly brouhahas reported during the summer by MTV News, and it's true that G N' R may well have cornered the market on a certain type of rock music. Something about them aligns them more closely with punk, "college alternative" music, and the old-fashioned rock-and-roll values of the early Rolling Stones and the mod-era Who than with the Hollywood glamour that Mötley Crüe, like White Lion, Great White, Whitesnake, White Trash, and all those other white male bands, seem to aspire to. And millions love them for it.

WHEN Guns N' Roses first turned up, they landed in a very tired metal scene dominated by bouffant blondies selling their machismo while wearing more makeup than the groupies they consorted with, and full of aging bands like AC/DC, Van Halen, the Scorpions—bands that wore hats to cover their bald spots, bands that were practically candidates for prostate problems though they went on singing about being shaken all night long. Everything had become so crusty, so false. Rumor was that the bottle of Jack Daniel's that David Lee Roth, of Van Halen, swigged onstage was really just iced tea. Until Roth's departure for an anticlimactic solo career, the rest of the band seemed more concerned with internal squabbles and making sure there were no brown M&M's in their backstage buffets (as was required by their touring contract, allegedly so they'd know if promoters had really read the document) than with rocking or rolling.

It was at this point that the G N' R videos appeared on MTV and sent a shock of malcontent energy through the complacent system. Axl Rose, in the "Welcome to the Jungle" video, looked demonic, menacing, possessed—a real live wild thing. Lunging and shimmying around the stage, screaming and howling like a wolf in heat, he gave off a manic badness that just had to be real. And then came the glimmering surprise of "Sweet Child o' Mine," a blockbuster 1988 single that topped the charts even though it was six minutes long. In this video, Axl sings about his true love, but what's more striking than his romantic impulses is the way he moves—the way he does his serpentine dance, snaking and slithering around the stage in his leather jeans and jacket, a speck of stomach showing below his T-shirt, with an expansive sexuality that assaults the senses. For the first time since Elvis Presley was shown on television from the waist up, a male performer's gyrating hips had become an entertainment issue.

The most remarkable aspect of Guns N' Roses' success, though, is not that they were able to separate themselves from the pretty boys of heavy metal but that they were also able to differentiate themselves from the ugly bands—the bleak speed-metal and death-metal groups, such as Metallica, Anthrax, and Megadeth. Like those bands, Guns N' Roses aren't limited to the girls-party-sex subject matter that a Mötley Crüe tends to stick with; but, unlike those bands, Guns N' Roses have found a way to be sententious without sacrificing sex appeal.

Metallica, whose latest album also made its début at No. 1 on the charts, have built a career on a loyal and growing cult, just as Guns N' Roses have, but Metallica's fans are drawn mainly from the misfit majority; Guns N' Roses attract plenty of the beautiful people. Metallica don't dance; Guns N' Roses do. Metallica are a band of outcasts; Guns N' Roses are outlaws. And, perhaps because an urge to be "cool" exists among literary types and others who might not normally be drawn to hard rock, G N' R have a surprisingly large following among the rock intelligentsia—despite the controversy that surrounded the lyrics to the song "One in a Million," on "G N' R Lies," which expressed racist, homophobic, and xenophobic sentiments that were hard to come to terms with. Ultimately, though, it seems that Axl, in defying society by using words like "nigger" and "faggot," has more appeal than the kind of political agenda which says that it's wrong to enjoy him. If I'm going to dig heavy metal, the logic goes, it might as well be the real McCoy, and not some pretty-boy, no-talent group like Poison. In the same way that many female friends of mine found themselves liking the movie

Leonard Bernstein

Bachrach
Photographers since 1868
Glossies from $239.00 - Color Photographs from$295.00
We're Now in San Francisco
Boston 617-536-4730 Chicago 312-642-5500
Greenwich 203-869-6922 Morristown 201-267-2006
New York 212-755-6233 Philadelphia 215-563-0551
Washington, D.C. 703-548-2111
San Francisco 415-296-8231

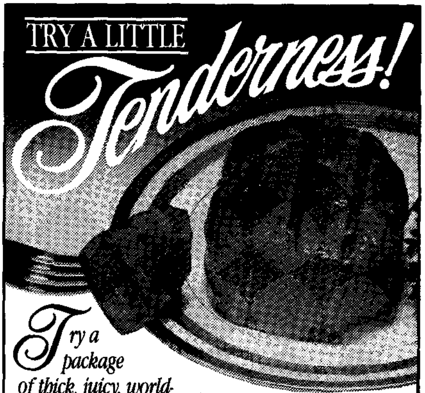
Blazer Buttons...
The Perfect Stocking Stuffers...

School crested Blazer Buttons, with the university, college or prep school crest hand enameled in authentic detail in French cloisonne, velvet gift boxed in a set of three large and six sleeve buttons. Monogrammed and specialty designs also. Write or call for our new catalog.

THE BEN SILVER COLLECTION
The Ben Silver Corp.
Department NYB
149 King Street
Charleston SC 29401
800-221-4671

Speak French like a diplomat!®
Comprehensive, self-instructional audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning; 63 languages in all. Call or write for free catalog. 1-800-243-1234 Our 19th year.
audio-forum® Room 2339, 96 Broad St. Guilford, CT 06437

LITERATE T-SHIRTS!
Dickens, Shakespeare, Sherlock Holmes, Poe, Mozart, Van Gogh, Joyce, Austen, Twain, Nietzsche, Cheshire Cat, Darwin, Kafka, etc.
Brochure of over 100 designs: $1.00
T-Shirt: (white or grey) $13.75, 4/$49.
Sweatshirt: (white or grey) $23, 2/$44.
Sizes: S, M, L, XL. **Ship:** $3.00 per order.
MC/VISA 1-617-787-1176
Historical Products, P.O. Box 220 X4, Cambridge, MA 02238



TRY A LITTLE Tenderness!

Try a package of thick, juicy, world-famous Omaha Steaks®. Luscious FILET MIGNONS, aged to tender perfection. Closely trimmed by hand. Delivered to your door, frozen under dry ice, in a reusable cooler. A FREE COOKBOOK inside. Your satisfaction is Unconditionally Guaranteed!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER...SAVE $22.00!
#469 6 (5 oz.) FILET MIGNONS, each 1" thick
Regularly $51.95...for just $29.95!
(plus $6.50 shipping/handling)
LIMIT OF 2 PKGS. AT THIS SPECIAL PRICE!
NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY, PLEASE.

OFFER (valid in 48 mainland states) EXPIRES 11/30/91
TO ORDER, CALL RIGHT NOW... TOLL FREE
1•800•228•9055
(Ask for Free Catalog & 10% Discount Coupon!)

Omaha Steaks International®
Dept. AD1111 • 4400 So. 96th Street • Omaha, NE 68127

WILD
Genuine Wild Herb Tea

Gathered from the desert mountains of the Southwest just as the Anasazi tribe did for centuries. Cut by hand.
Naturally free of caffeine and disquieting alkaloids. Gift canister yields 100 cups. $9.95 postpaid. Free catalog. Visa/MC. Desert Tea, Box 328N, Whitethorn, CA 95489. 1-800-955-4832.

DESERT TEA
Soothing, Refreshing, Wild

Some of the best theatre
is just a stone's throw away.
Easy to get to from the
Merritt, I-91 and I-95.
Easy to Subscribe
(203) 787 - 4282
LONG WHARF THEATRE
222 Sargent Drive New Haven, CT. 06511

MOOSE'S SALOON

T-SHIRTS from
MOOSE'S SALOON
in MONTANA!
Wear one of our T-shirts, even if you won't be back for awhile. For free color brochure with designs and prices, write:
Moostly Mooses, PO Box 668,
Kalispell, Montana 59903
Phone: 1-406-755-6667
FAX: 1-406-257-2338

"Pretty Woman" more than logic dictated they should, and in the same way that the good girl from a good home can't help falling for the bad-boy biker in "Leader of the Pack," I love Guns N' Roses even though I know it's bad for me. Maybe that's because listening to G N' R is the most harmless experience of subversiveness there is right now: they've turned out to be showmen as much as wild men. While they seem to possess an authenticity that's like nothing else in music at the moment, it's a denatured authenticity. It would seem that only a bona-fide maniac would urinate in the galley of an airplane just because the lavatory was occupied, but when Izzy Stradlin' pulled this stunt he did it not with the reckless abandon of one who has nothing to lose but because he knew he could get away with it. He's a rock star: he can do whatever he wants.

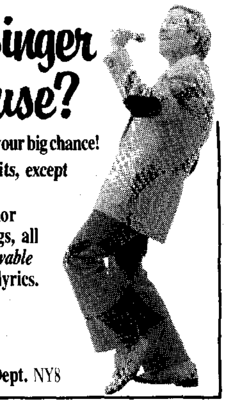
The guys in Guns N' Roses were raised on the rock-and-roll image—on the idea that if you grew up and became a heavy-metal star you got to drink and drug too much, you got to make it with fashion models, and you got to tell off your fans, your record company, and everyone else who loved you and they'd go on loving you because, *hey, that's rock and roll.* The kind of "purity" which Guns N' Roses bring to the marketplace is a product every bit as much as the music itself is a product. They sell authenticity the way Madonna sells artifice. They sell a feeling: *Wow! Rock lives!* When band members boasted to *Rolling Stone,* back in 1988, about their extensive substance abuse, it was as if to say, as the country singer Steve Earle put it, "Guns N' Roses are what every L.A. band pretends to be." They elevated drug addiction to a virtue if only because it was a mark of authenticity in a sham world. (Of course, by turning their drug use into an image thing they succeeded in making it just as inauthentic as David Lee Roth's Jack Daniel's bottle.) In interviews these days, Axl speaks in the language of recovery, referring to "dysfunctional" relationships and daily five-hour therapy sessions. If nothing else, Guns N' Roses stand as a testament to the way the media culture has accelerated the cycle of celebrity.

IF you haven't followed the pop-music world in recent years, there's only one thing you need to know to be

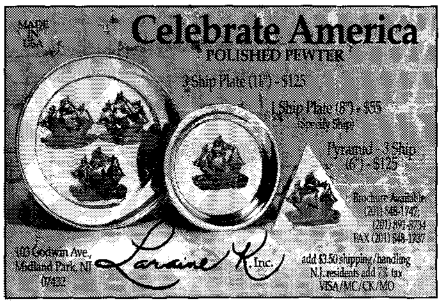
The MoMA Business Gift Service (212) 708-9444

This holiday, give the best in contemporary design for business gifts. Browse through our new forty-page catalog of beautifully crafted desktop, tabletop and travel accessories, tools, puzzles, and cards. Then call our Business Gift Shopper to take care of all the details. We offer discounts, personal shopping assistance, gift wrap, business-card enclosure, and delivery.

The Museum of Modern Art
F1211



Is There a Singer in the House?
Think you can sing? Here's your big chance!
Exact recreations of the hits, except You're The Star!
Send for 112 page full color catalogue. Over 4500 songs, all eras, all styles, with removable guide-vocals and printed lyrics.
Pocket Songs
YOU SING THE HITS
50 S. Buckhout St.
Irvington, N.Y. 10533 Dept. NY8



MADE IN USA
Celebrate America
POLISHED PEWTER
3 Ship Plate (11") - $125
1 Ship Plate (8") - $55
Specify Ship
Pyramid - 3 Ship (6") - $125
Brochure Available
(201) 848-1747;
(201) 891-8734
FAX (201) 848-1737
103 Godwin Ave,
Midland Park, NJ
07432
Laraine K., Inc.
add $3.50 shipping/handling
N.J. residents add 7% tax
VISA/MC/CK/MO

SEND A BIT OF THE VERMONT WOODS FOR CHRISTMAS
22 inch Balsam Wreath with red velvet bow, cones & berries, enc. gift card....$22.00ppd.
Northeast Kingdom Balsam, Dept NY91, W. Glover, VT 05875
1-800-322-YULE
MC/VISA FREE BROCHURE!

up to date: it's all a matter of product. The hard rock, the heavy metal, the dance music, the hip-hop, the rap, the funk, even the authentic countryness of Dwight Yoakam or Jimmie Dale Gilmore—they're all product. It doesn't get signed and sold if it can't be turned into a palatable marketing concept that works on MTV and FM radio and Diet Coke commercials and whatever else. Why do you think Freedom Williams and company call themselves C + C Music *Factory*? The best of rock and roll always involves talent and artistry and passion, but these days by the time a record arrives in the stores it's become something to fill a market niche—a category like "album-oriented rock" or "adult urban contemporary." As an amusing illustration of the callousness of the business, Eric Bogosian, in a skit in "Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll," plays a music bigwig trying to force one of his employees to see that it's all about the bottom line. "Profits, Dave!" Bogosian yells into the phone. "Profits! Say 'profits'! I want to hear you say 'profits'!"

BLANCHISSERIE

This is where Guns N' Roses come in and shake things up. In a world of product, here is a bunch of guys who almost seem to transcend the nonsense, whether it's because they incite riots or show up late for arena gigs or release two separate albums simultaneously when a double album would have been just as good. And this thrills a lot of people, who like to think that these guys have somehow slipped through the cracks. A closer look reveals a fair amount of premeditation. All you need to do is read the list of "thank you"s on the new albums to realize that here is a band making a bid for old-fashioned superstardom. They thank various people at *Rolling Stone;* they thank Dick Clark; they thank the programmers at MTV; they thank the hardworking, long-suffering staff at Geffen. They thank everyone they have to thank. They may be telling the whole world to fuck off, but meanwhile they're expressing their eternal gratitude in print, where it's sure to last. (In a bold attempt at diplomacy, Axl thanks both his former wife, Erin Everly, and his current girlfriend, Stephanie Seymour.)

And there are other indications that what these guys really want is to be invited to the White House someday. The two new albums are in fact quite mainstream, with just the requisite dose of misogyny and misanthropy to suggest to hard-core fans that the band hasn't completely sold out. The records show a surprising range of sounds and styles; the comparisons that some critics have made with the Rolling Stones' "Exile on Main Street" are not far from the mark. Like the "U.Y.I." pair, the "Exile" double album was a bid by the band to stretch beyond their presupposed limits—to expand from a purely British idiom into a more hybrid American sound; in G N' R's case, the idea is to hold on to the heavy-metal base of "Appetite for Destruction" yet demonstrate that they're a highly versatile rock-and-roll group. To this end, there are covers of Paul McCartney's "Live and Let Die" and Bob Dylan's "Knockin' on Heaven's Door." Axl even plays piano on a number of songs, perhaps to remind us (and himself) of the shy guy he was growing up in Indiana, when he practiced his music alone in his room and idolized the likes of Elton John and Queen.

Actually, "U.Y.I." marks an unusual harking back to the seventies, an era when hard rock was arty and albums were consciously thematic. The two new albums echo the principal theme of the definitive concept album of the period, Pink Floyd's "The Wall." Like that rock opera, "Use Your Illusion" has one basic refrain: *I am a rock star and I am in Hell.* That's all that these albums are about: they bombard you with the horrors of life, without respite or reprieve. The first song on "Use Your Illusion I" is called "Right Next Door to Hell," and that's about as far away from the inferno as the band ever gets. There is no "Sweet Child o' Mine" anywhere to be found—even that song was, at best, bittersweet in its exuberance—and the few love songs are mournful and gloomy, with titles like "Estranged" and "Don't Cry." It's all pain, pain, pain. "Knockin' on Heaven's Door," which in Dylan's hands was a resigned dirge about the end of life, is beautifully and electrically recast by Guns N' Roses as a celebration of death. "Coma," the final song on "Use Your Illusion I," confronts a near-death experience, and the scowl of

In addition to the many private tours and expeditions which we operate each year, we have arranged

Three Superb Tours in 1992

for small groups of discerning travelers who are interested in archaeology, wildlife and spectacular scenery:

EASTER ON EASTER ISLAND
APRIL 13 TO 23, 1992

We repeat our successful tour to the most unique of the world's special and perplexing sites. This remote, small island in the South Pacific is renowned for the huge, mysterious stone figures which stand, their lips curled in disdain, along the coasts and gazing out to sea from the slopes of the extinct Rano Raraku volcano.

DISCOVER PERU
JULY 19 TO 31, 1992

We visit Lima and Cuzco with their spendid colonial churches and museums, and then drive through the Sacred Valley of the Incas, over the high Malaga Pass steeply down into the tropical lowlands and on by dawn train to Machu Picchu, the most dramatically situated archaeological site in the world where we stay two nights.

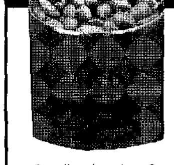
For the first time, we offer tour members the option of joining our new Minitrek, which enables them to arrive at Machu Picchu on foot along the Inca Trail but avoids many days of hiking and camping.

THE NILE AND THE SINAI
NOVEMBER 11 TO 29, 1992

We combine the luxury of staying at the finest hotels in Cairo, Aswan and Luxor and seeing the stupendous monuments of Egypt from Gizeh to Abu Simbel, with the romance of drifting down the Nile in simple felucca sailboats and journeying across the Sinai Peninsula to inspect the 12th Dynasty temple at Sarabit el Khadim and the 6th Century Monastery of Saint Catherine, climb Mount Moses, and sleep under the stars.

We will be glad to send you any of all the detailed brochures of these diligently escorted tours.

HANNS EBENSTEN TRAVEL, INC
513 FLEMING STREET, KEY WEST, FLORIDA 33040
TELEPHONE (305) 294 8174 FAX (305) 292 9665



PEANUT LOVERS SPECIAL!

The ***biggest*** grade of the ***biggest*** variety peanut in the U.S. Made the old fashioned way - never oily, always fresh! A delicious and ***cholesterol free treat!***

3½ lb. Jumbo Canister of "Home Style" Peanuts
***ONLY* $16.50** *Ppd*

2 for *$31.00 Ppd* • 3 for *$45.00 Ppd*
(specify salted/unsalted).

1-800-334-0492, ext. 604.
MC/Visa/AmEx. Or,send Ck, M.O.

Write for **FREE** Peanut Lover's Brochure!

NUTS D'VINE
Dept. NY1, P.O. 589
Edenton, NC 27932

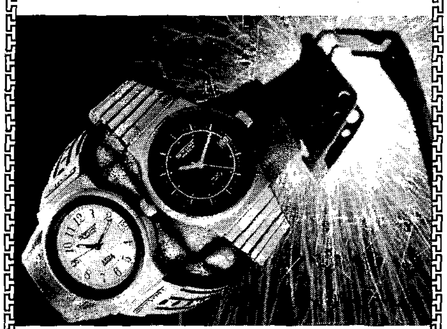
actual size

Artists' Pins

For creative minds, detailed renditions of an artist's tools. Paint tube pin or tack, $75 sterling, $485 14K gold. Brush pin or stickpin, $70 sterling, $330 14K gold. Add $4 shipping. In NY add tax. VISA/MC/AMEX: 516-734-4002. Or send check to:

EAST END SILVER
Dept. N4, P.O. Box 151, New Suffolk, NY 11956

TRY THIS STUNT AT HOME



The STUNT Watch is Engineered to be Virtually Indestructible!

Scratch proof, shock resistant to 2 tons of pressure with an *anti shock inner ring system and* water resistant to 330 feet, the STUNT can withstand the most grueling punishment.

Handsomely designed, precision Swiss quartz movement, mineral crystal, luminescent hands and dial, triple sealed crown and durable watch band. The STUNT is a watch to be worn anywhere. . . anytime without fear of destruction!

Choose from a men's or ladies size in either a white or black dial with either stainless steel or black rubber watch band.

$89.95 **(2 watches $160.00)**
+ $4.00 shipping and handling.
NY residents add 8.25% sales tax

30 Day Money Back Guarantee 2 Year Full Warranty

Mail order to:
ONE OF A KIND PRODUCTS
P.O. Box 995
New York, New York 10018-0995

Phone order to:
NY State 212-944-0201 Out of State 1-800-253-6127

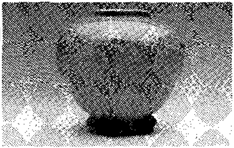
Shipped within 48 hours

North America's best cross country skiing!

200+ inches of snow cover our 120 km of groomed trails yearly. Ski fresh powder snow, bask by a fireplace in the comfortable lodge or a chalet and enjoy gourmet American plan meals. We're just 25 miles north of the end of I-75 and air service is via Toronto/Sault Ste. Marie.

Stokely Creek Ski Touring Center, P.O. Box 507, Sault Ste. Marie, MI 49783 or Karalash Corners, Goulais River, Ontario POS 1EO, Canada (705) 649-3421.

CELADON
Distinctive Designs



Subtle
Elegant
Enduring Beauty
Excellent Value

THE MARCO POLO COLLECTION
Fine Gifts For Your Entire Family
Catalog/Orders: 1-800-647-8740

Extraordinary Pleasures

Russian bone china, handpainted lacquer pins, nesting dolls and collectible paperweights are just some of the gift-giving joys we offer.

Call for brochure 1-800-272-2896

WORLDLY TREASURES

MASTERCARD / VISA / AMERICAN EXPRESS

Axl's voice along with a surprisingly affecting litany of babble creates true pathos where you'd expect to find only melodrama.

But while they share both a theme and an ambitiousness with "The Wall," the two G N' R disks reveal how dated the Pink Floyd work is today. "The Wall" told a story from start to finish, from innocence to experience and, finally, redemption. "Use Your Illusion" has no plot. These albums swing and sway incoherently from one abrasive, spasmodic, jarring (and gorgeous) tune to another, and, in a concession to MTV and the fleeting national attention span, each song contains a complete experience of drama and melodrama, crisis and resolution. "Use Your Illusion" is a concept album for people who don't like concepts.

IN keeping with its new pretenses, the band has recently added a keyboardist, Dizzy Reed, who seems to have made only a slight difference, perhaps because Axl himself assumes many of the piano responsibilities, particularly on the sappy ballads he is so fond of. The worst of these is "November Rain"—all eight minutes and fifty-three self-indulgent seconds of it. While "Patience," on "G N' R Lies," was a beautiful power ballad that I couldn't get enough of, it seems to have been beginner's luck; soft, sad songs are not G N' R's strong point, and "November Rain" is perfectly wretched. Against a background of bombastic orchestration, lines like "'Cause nothin' lasts forever / And we both know hearts can change / And it's hard to hold a candle / In the cold November rain" slip deep into the pop clichés one expects from Barry Manilow, not Guns N' Roses.

But as long as the band sticks with basic, full-throttle rock and roll, the "U.Y.I." experience is very satisfying. "Right Next Door to Hell" kicks off the first disk with the sort of driving, ransacking, angry, beating guitar and vocals that remind me why rock and roll will probably never die. From there the album swings into "Dust n' Bones," which may be the best song in this first batch, and that is surprising only because the gravelly, ranting voice screeching out lines like "Ya get out on your own / And you / Take all that you own / And you / Forget about your home / And then you're / Just fuckin' gone" belongs to Izzy, not Axl.

IT'S NOT TOO LATE

Post-Baccalaureate Premedical Program

▼
Highly selective and intensive program in the basic sciences for men and women changing career direction.

Over 90% medical school acceptance rate

Provisional early acceptance is available at selected schools

Personalized advising

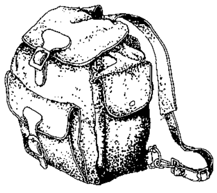
Program support and letters of recommendation

Bryn Mawr

▶ *Division of General Studies*
Bryn Mawr College
Bryn Mawr, PA 19010-2899
215-526-7350

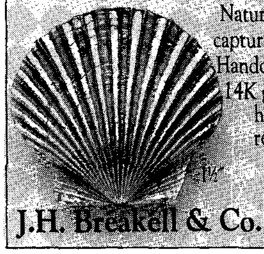
LEATHER BACKPACK RUGGED ONLY $29⁵⁰

HISTORIC EXPLORERS of America required backpacks that were tough! Now **YOU** can enjoy the richness (smell that leather) and durability of soft, 100% leather in this modern version of the famous trail pack of yesteryear. Rich golden color. All chrome hardware. Roomy 14"x17"x5" cargo compartment plus 3 handy expandable outside pockets. 2" wide adjustable shoulder straps. Offers 1,000 *uses for any* outdoorsman and a touch of class for those "long hours on the trail." Send $29.50 + $3.90 delivery. Use 30 days, money back if not pleased. *MasterCard & Visa accepted* (phone 312-445-6166). C.O.D. requires $5 deposit. Order today! Midwest Company, Dept.L-2426, 9043 S. Western Ave., Chicago, *Ill.* 60620. Special 2 packs for $57.90 prepaid. Our 50th year.



BONUS: ORDER NOW
RECEIVE A COMPASS FREE

SILVER SCALLOP PIN



Nature's design beautifully captured by James Breakell. Handcast in sterling $35. In 14K gold $450. Add $3.50 handling. Brochure on request. VISA/MC/AMEX
1-800-767-6411

J.H. Breakell & Co.
69 Mill St. Dept. NYSC
Newport, RI 02840

CONNECTICUT WATERFRONT

Charming 4-BR, 2-bath home with wraparound porch on the shores of Niantic Bay. A boater's paradise and beach lover's dream, this treasure comes complete with its own deepwater mooring. A Westledge exclusive, *now reduced to $335,000.*
Call Joanne Bevins at (203) 739-6277 or (203) 443-3518.

In fact, though Axl carries the album, it is most obviously a triumph for Stradlin’, who steps forward to seize some of the best moments of “Use Your Illusion I.” “You Ain’t the First” is a mock-country waltz that Stradlin’ wrote himself, and Slash’s slide Dobro, along with vocal work from Izzy, Axl, and Shannon Hoon, gives the song a naughty, nasty, teasing twang that is reminiscent of one of the Rolling Stones’ stabs at country balladry on “Exile.” Lyrically, the song takes its cues from Dylan’s “Don’t Think Twice, It’s All Right” or the Stones’ “Stupid Girl,” with a jovial misogyny that could offend only a woman who has never had to deal with an annoying man that she can’t get out of her life; as the guys sing, “You was just a temporary lover / Honey you ain’t the first / Lots of others came before you woman / . . .but you been the worst.”

“You Ain’t the First” offers a line of reasoning similar to that of the band’s hit “Used to Love Her,” on “G N’ R Lies.” That song offended a lot of people because it found Axl sneering, “I used to love her / But I had to kill her / She bitched so much / She drove me nuts / And now we’re happier this way.” Naturally, people from Tipper Gore to ordinary apolitical music critics to just plain fans went on about how this song justified murder and encouraged violence against women. But they missed the point. “Used to Love Her” was obviously tongue in cheek—it is a very funny song—and it was irritating to hear everybody complain that it was against women when it was really against nightmarish ex-lovers. As Callie Khouri, who wrote “Thelma & Louise,” told the *Times* in response to allegations that her screenplay was hostile to men, “I don’t think that it is. I think it is hostile toward idiots.” Likewise, when you’re listening to Guns N’ Roses doing their—as they would put it—bitchin’ about how much bitchin’ some bitch used to do, it’s important to remember that these guys are equal-opportunity haters. It doesn’t matter who you are—male or female, black or white, gay or straight—if you bother them they’ll probably write a song about it. And this, in the end, is what the band’s popularity is all about: in a world where—for fear of being called racist, sexist, or in some other way bigoted—civilized people feel hemmed in and scared to say how much they hate something, even when their reasons are perfectly legitimate, Guns N’ Roses seem blissfully ignorant of such concerns.

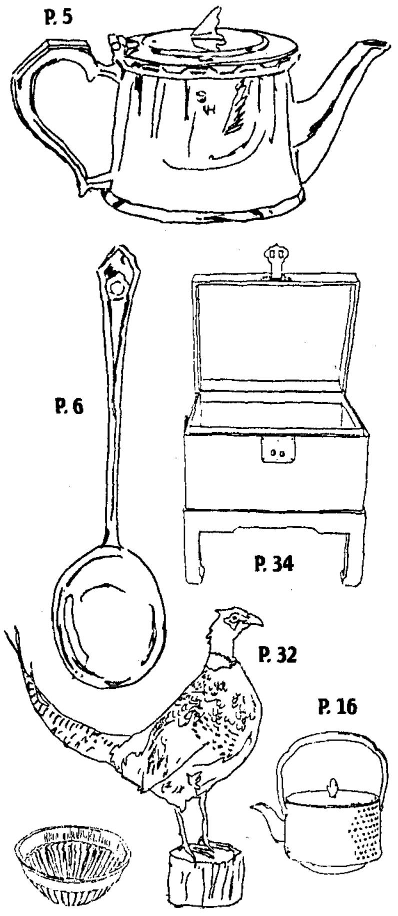
Needless to say, this habitual mouthing off at the world can backfire—or, at least, grow tiresome—when you have to listen to thirty songs of it. Axl still insists on portraying himself as the underdog, but he’s actually a big, famous rock star with more fans than enemies, and this voice of the dregs of society rings just as false as Bruce Springsteen singing the blue-collar blues when he lives in a mansion in Beverly Hills. Life has become a whole lot better for Guns N’ Roses than it was on the eve of “Appetite for Destruction,” so is it really possible that they still have so much hate in them? Or is the hate just another part of the package? Though it may be true that fame and fortune are as likely to inflame the demons that haunt one’s mind as they are to assuage them, much of this lashing out at the world now seems misplaced. On “Use Your Illusion II,” in a song called “Get in the Ring,” Axl Rose singles out his enemies for a few moments of spleen. There is something rather inventive about the lines “You got your bitches with the silicone injections / Crystal meth and yeast infections / Bleached blond hair, collagen lip projections / Who are you to criticize my intentions.” But once Axl starts naming journalists who have given the band bad press—in magazines like *Kerrang!* and *Hit Parader*, which only a small fraction of the rock audience has ever heard of—the song becomes ridiculous. And tedious. And curious. After all, this is a band that, for the most part, has been lionized by the media—or, at any rate, by the pop-music media. (Rob Tannenbaum, in *Rolling Stone*, called them “the world’s most exciting hard-rock band.”) Whatever negative publicity the band has received has only enhanced the madman mystique that most rock groups lose (to their cost) when they get to be this big.

And yet, despite all the reservations, I still feel safe in saying that the “Use Your Illusion” pair are among the best hard-rock albums to come along in the last decade. They succeed both because

The J. Peterman Co.

Booty, Spoils & Plunder.

First Edition



© 1991 The J. Peterman Company

Catalogue to ____________ name

address ____________

city ______ state ______ zip ______

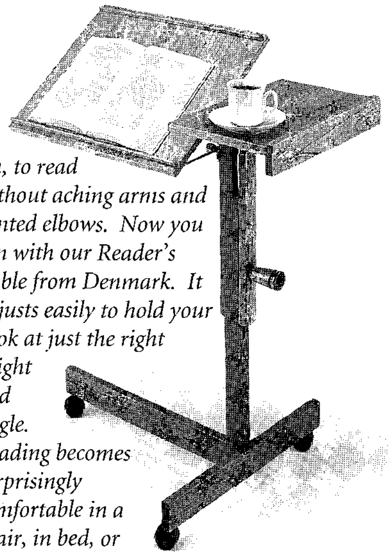
The J. Peterman Company
2444 Palumbo Drive
Lexington, Kentucky 40509
B11/11NY (800) 874-4616

POSTAGE INCLUDED
$9.95
Over 2" Long

. Beautiful hand painted Turtle
. Blue-green with black eyes, solid porcelain
. Absolute guarantee. Please send check or M.O.

Chesterfield's
# 569Y-200 West 3rd. Street, Sumas, WA 98295-8000

Lay Down Your Arms



Ah, to read without aching arms and dented elbows. Now you can with our Reader's Table from Denmark. It adjusts easily to hold your book at just the right height and angle. Reading becomes surprisingly comfortable in a chair, in bed, or beside a desk. An intelligent design and a handsome piece of furniture in mahogany, teak, cherry, or black ash.

$195 + $9.75 shipping via UPS ground
Assembly required—but worth it.
MC/VISA/AMEX/Check • Florida add 6%
Money-Back Guarantee • Catalog on Request
800-544-0880 or 407-276-4141

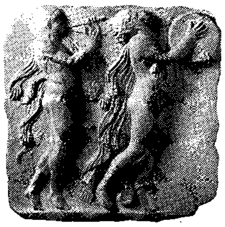
LEVENGER
TOOLS FOR SERIOUS READERS
975 S. Congress Ave., Code NYRT25, Delray, FL 33445

Union Square San Francisco

Location
Tradition, Service & Value
You'll Love THEM.
800-428-4748

SINCE 1914
CHANCELLOR HOTEL
433 Powell by the Cable Cars.

EXCLUSIVE REPLICAS OF



CLASSICAL SCULPTURE FROM MAJOR EUROPEAN MUSEUMS

BACCHIC DANCE • Found in 1776 on the site of ancient Gabii. From the National Museum, Naples. 26″ × 27″ $295.00 P.P. in terra cotta or green bronze finish.

GIUST GALLERY
1920 Washington St., Boston, MA 02118
PLEASE SEND $2.00 FOR CATALOGUE

and in spite of the ambition and scope of the songs and of the production, which allow Axl and the others to throw flourishes of piano into screeching metallic numbers, to include an anthemic peace-mongering song like "Civil War," to load up with songs that don't conform to anything resembling the standard structure of verse-chorus-verse-chorus-bridge-verse-chorus, to regularly slow things down with tunes that clock in at close to ten minutes—to do all sorts of things that prove you can break the three-minute-four-chord-single-played-in-4/4-time rule and still produce a pair of albums that can top the charts. There are pleasant surprises all over the "U.Y.I." records: in the psychedelia of "The Garden"; in the metal-funk-industrial-rap warp of Axl's brief (1:22) composition "My World"; in the bassist Duff McKagan's throaty croon in the bluesy ballad "So Fine." As for vocal ability, while critics never stop commenting on Mariah Carey's tremendous range (which seems to extend by an octave or two with every new press report), the lengths that Axl Rose's pipes are capable of are never adequately noted. These two albums present both his usual high-pitched scream and a low, soft voice that can convey emotional subtleties. In a clever move, the producer, Mike Clink, has doubled and trebled Axl's vocal tracks on many of the cuts to create a wall of sound that shows off his unexpected love of harmony, even if he does most of the harmonizing with himself.

There is expendable material in this collection, but mostly the albums show what some determined hard rockers with a lot of talent can do when they're given unlimited time and money to work with. Even so, the question remains: When Axl screams, at the end of "Get in the Ring," that "this song is dedicated to all the Guns N' fuckin' Roses fans who stuck with us through all the fucking shit," does he seriously believe his own hype or is he just playing it for all it's worth? To put it another way, is Axl Rose a true paranoiac, or are his public tantrums and thumb-sucking bouts a deliberate play for attention? That this remains a question suggests that Guns N' Roses are the quintessential postmodern band—they leave you suspecting that they just may be what they appear to be.

—ELIZABETH WURTZEL

MERRY CHRISTMAS! HAPPY BIRTHDAY!
Give a ***unique*** gift to all those who are special to you.

The *ACTUAL* NEWSPAPER printed on the day they were born.

It's the distinctive gift for family, friends and business associates. This ***authentic***, well-preserved edition of an original newspaper, published on the day they were born, is a personal gift that will be long remembered.

AVAILABLE IN 3 STYLES

Classic Gold-Leaf Frame
$89.50 *Add $7.95 UPS*

Personalized Presentation Case $75 includes newspaper
(Enclose name of recipient to be embossed in gold) Add $5.95 UPS

Clear Vinyl Portfolio
$39.50 *Add $4.95 UPS*

Relive the excitement of yesteryear! The newspapers are not reproductions (or just the front pages), but ***actual, editions**** of U.S. newspapers dating from 1880 right up to the present. Each page is a time capsule in itself, preserving a day in the life of the nation, a city and someone special.

Historic newspapers make thoughtful, one-of-a-kind gifts for ***birthdays, anniversaries and holidays***; and each comes with its own Certificate of Authenticity.

*Major credit cards accepted. UPS charges for Continental USA only. NJ residents add 7% sales tax. *Sunday paper (main sections only). Historic dates priced higher.*

To Order **1-800-221-3221**
in NJ 1-908-381-2332 Ext. 273

FREE CATALOG ON REQUEST

For mail orders: Make money order payable to:
Historic Newspaper Archives
Dept. 73, 1582 Hart St., Rahway, NJ 07065

LIBRARY CLAMP LIGHT

Clamps to any shelf, bookcase, desk or bed.
Heavy gauge solid brass handmade lamp with imported case-glass shade. Arm swivels 180°/shade fore and aft for light where you need it. Hi-lo switch. 6 foot cord - just plug in. Shade available in green, amber or white.
$175.00 ea. Two for $300.00
$10.00 shipping.
MA res. add 5% sales tax.
Visa/MC/Amex - (508) 385-5089, or send check to:

BOSTON BRASS WORKS ® EST. 1975
800 Main St. • Dennis, MA 02638 • *Cape Cod, U.S.A*

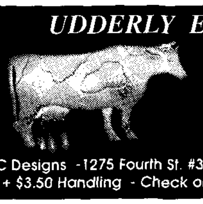
Money-back guarantee

Rainy Lake
PUZZLES

PUZZLE ART
Heirloom quality, intricately handcut wood jigsaw puzzles personalized with silhouettes & messages.

Call or write for free catalog:
(612) 827-5757
4255 Garfield Ave. S. Minneapolis, MN 55409

UDDERLY ELEGANT!



Burnished Gold
COW PIN
w/ Pearl Udders!
Actual Size 2-1/2" x 1-1/2"

NNC Designs -1275 Fourth St. #381, Santa Rosa, CA 95404
$20 + $3.50 Handling - Check or M.O. 2- 4 Weeks Delivery

BOOKS

Landfall

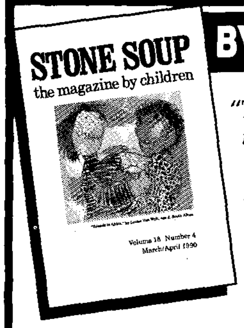
ON the night of July 20, 1969, there occurred an elaborate restaging of the events of October 12, 1492, with important alterations in the script and the crew: Neil Armstrong, a man endowed with the full glory of national scientific enterprise, stepped onto the wide, sunlit beach of the moon and uttered his famously inadequate words. There were no natives to be enslaved, or to surmise—correctly, this time—that this man and his ship had descended from the heavens, nor did Armstrong claim the moon on behalf of Richard Nixon and the United States of America. The profit he stood to gain from being the first man on the moon was modest—limited by the blandness of his public persona and by the fact that any astronaut might have done what he did. The event was well reported and was watched, sooner or later, by nearly everyone who owned a television. Though some people still contend that the moon landing was filmed on a closed set in Houston, no one of sound mind doubts that Neil Armstrong was the first man on the moon.

When Christopher Columbus set foot on the island he named San Salvador in October, 1492, he had no idea where he was. He knew how he had got there, but he did not know where "there" happened to be, though he called it the Indies and came to feel, later in life, that he had been somewhere near the earthly paradise, the fabled remnant of the Garden of Eden. Columbus claimed San Salvador for Isabella and Ferdinand of Spain. In turn, by prior contract—a document called the Capitulations of Santa Fé—he expected to be made viceroy and governor-general of the land he discovered and to "take for himself, the tenth part of the whole"—of all profits—from "all and every kind of merchandise, whether pearls, precious stones, gold, silver, [or] spices" found there, and also the eighth part of any profits that might arise from provisioning future expeditions. His was the risk, the contract implied, and his the reward. No one knows exactly what words Columbus uttered as he splashed MacArthur-like ashore or as he had the first, fateful encounter with the residents of that island, but when he sailed away he took seven natives with him. No one knows what Columbus really felt about his discovery, and most knowledgeable people do not believe that it *was* a discovery. The Norse had already been to America, and the natives of San Salvador—who are called the Taino by modern anthropologists—were not lost during the centuries before Columbus arrived.

Like nature, myth abhors a vacuum. In the absence of surer knowledge, myth has filled all the gaps in the Columbus story the way sand fills footprints on a beach. Myth has also supplied us with the meaning of Columbus's voyage. The moon landing, for instance, had exactly the kind of one-sidedness—white men stepping onto empty shores—that Americans were taught for years to take for granted in the myth of Columbus, though this makes sense only if one imagines that fifteenth-century America was as blank as the moon. It was once possible to write, as the historian Francisco López de Gómara did in 1552, that "the greatest event since the creation of the world (excluding the incarnation and death of Him who created it) is the discovery of the Indies." And it was once possible to venerate Columbus, as the poet Lamartine did, under "the name of Civilizer."

But, as John Noble Wilford notes in "The Mysterious History of Columbus" (Knopf; $24), our Columbus "is the post-colonial and demythologized Columbus"—no longer a hero, to some a villain—and his discovery of America is referred to in many circles as the "encounter" or the "contact," words intended to signify mutuality of surprise. The difference between "discovery" and "contact" is a pretty good measure of the difference between believing what you want to believe and believing what can be proved. (This disparity of approach is also a pretty good indication of what next year's Columbian Quincentennial holds in store.) The studied neutrality of the word "contact" is meant to conceal nothing and announce nothing about the moment of Columbus's first meeting with the inhabitants of San Salvador. It attempts to cool and demystify the event, to purge the air of the sound of imperial trumpets, to direct one's attention away from the European perspective. Politically, it is like the neutral gray card a photographer uses to calibrate his light meter. And yet, as is true of so much of the politically neutral language entering our discourse, calling Columbus's first landfall a "contact" or an "encounter" does not really succeed in revaluing the thing

ALL-NIGHT DINER


THE LITERARY MAGAZINE BY CHILDREN

STONE SOUP the magazine by children

"The New Yorker of the 8 to 13 set." MS. MAGAZINE

"Blessings on the adult advisers of this enterprise." THE NEW YORKER

STONE SOUP, now in its 19th year, is the perfect magazine for children. Children love reading the extraordinary stories, poems, and book reviews by their peers published in this handsome magazine. An Activity Guide in every issue encourages budding writers and artists to create and submit their work.

Published 5 times a year, every 2 months from Sept. to June.

☐ 1 yr $23 ☐ 2 yrs $40 ☐ 3 yrs $55

Name __________

Address __________

City, State, Zip __________

Gift card from __________

Send a check, or call toll free to charge
1-800-447-4569
P.O. Box 83, Santa Cruz, CA 95063

Martinelli's GOLD MEDAL® Since 1868

Sparkling Cider

DELIGHTFULLY NON-ALCOHOLIC

There's Nothing like it!

Dept. N, Box 549, Watsonville CA 95077

BOOK HUNTING?

Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (*Title alone is sufficient.*) Inquire, please. Write: BOOK HUNTERS Since 1958
P.O. Box 7519
NORTH BERGEN, NEW JERSEY 07047

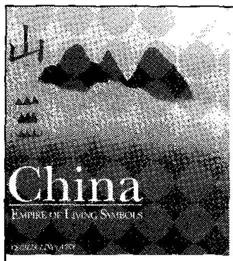
Write or Call 1-800-950-2668
FREE CATALOG
Aussie Connection
825 N.E. BROADWAY
Portland, OR 97232

WASHABLE SHEEPSKIN SLIPPERS & BOOTS

it points to. Nor does vilifying Columbus. He was not the first European man to reach America, nor was he the last to enslave its natives, but in one sense neither of those circumstances makes any difference. Columbus will always personify what might be called the first-man situation: the situation of the initial meeting between worlds unknown to each other. That is his true discovery, his legacy to the modern era.

Not the least of Columbus's defects in the view of a later generation is that he seems never to have looked forward to any posterity but that of his own blood. One can't help feeling that in some imaginary pantheon Columbus, caught up in private and religious ends, remains unconscious of our eyes upon him. His understanding of history was apocalyptic, and, like his contemporaries, he would have been alarmed by the poverty of purely secular history. In a late work called "Libro de las Profecías" he wrote, "Only one hundred and fifty years are lacking for the completion of the seven thousand years which would be the end of the world." Columbus thought he had assisted the divine plan by bringing about what John Noble Wilford calls "the final conversion of all people to Christianity." As Wilford points out, when Columbus sailed westward from Palos, Spain, in 1492, his ultimate destination was not the Indies but Jerusalem, which he hoped one day to reconquer, using the wealth of the Orient. Columbus was not the first of a line of modern explorers but the last of a line of medieval crusaders—crusaders with whose intransigent morality we have, in our own political intransigence, no patience whatever.

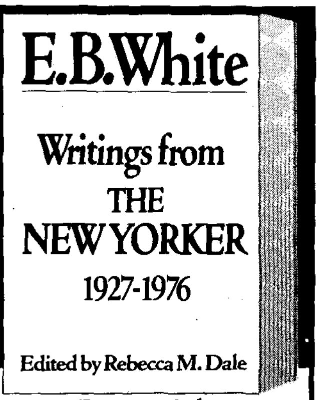
IN this century, there have been plenty of reminders that nearly every "discovery" occurs in an ethical dimension as well as in a historical or scientific one. But in the case of Columbus, as in that of Robert Oppenheimer, the technical merits of the discoverer's feat have been devoured by their ethical implications. The genius of the American myth that arose around Columbus in the nineteenth century—a myth still familiar to many Americans—is that it draws our attention to the skill and intrepidity of the Atlantic voyage rather than to the discovery itself. As long as Columbus remains at sea aboard the Santa María,


Cecilia Lindqvist's four-thousand-year story of Chinese characters — a dazzling invitation to Chinese civilization.

"Fascinating . . . . A testament to the continuity of Chinese culture." Publishers Weekly

Available at Bookstores Everywhere

A Merloyd Lawrence Book
Addison-Wesley


E.B.White
Writings from THE NEW YORKER 1927-1976
Edited by Rebecca M. Dale

Now in Paperback $11.00

HarperPerennial
A Division of HarperCollins*Publishers*
Also available from HarperCollins*CanadaLtd.*

◊ FREE ◊
Christmas Greenery Catalog
from the heart of THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS

Forest fresh Christmas trees, wreaths, garlands and more delivered to your door - cut just days before delivery - **Guaranteed!**

FOR YOUR FREE COPY!
1-800-851-2345
(10am-7pm EST, Mon.-Fri.)

Laurel Springs Fraser Firs
Laurel Springs, NC 28644

Santa Ornament

Hand & Hammer Silversmiths have created this limited edition silver ornament designed by Chip deMatteo. 2.5 inches $40.00 Postage Paid. Catalog $2.00.
Williamsburg Merchants
223 Parkway Drive
Williamsburg, VA 23185
1(800) 545-4556

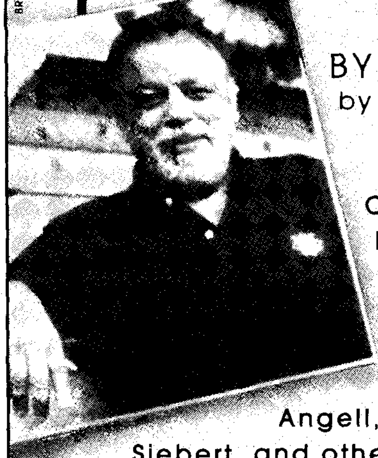
CADET
art for children
unique hand colored prints

P.O. Box 265 Gladstone, N.J. 07934 908-234-9250

one can almost imagine him to be the mythic Renaissance navigator one formerly supposed him to be: full of the new Florentine science, exhorting his men to ignore superstition and homesickness, cutting a brilliant route—a real find—across an unfamiliar ocean. But the moment Columbus lands he is lost to us, lost to himself. Justin Winsor, one of his biographers, wrote, in 1891, "There is no more conspicuous example in history of a man showing the path and losing it."

In its innocence, the world that Columbus encountered in the Indies seemed childlike to him. According to Bartolomé de Las Casas, who preserved parts of Columbus's journal of 1492, the Taino displayed "natural, simple and kind gentleness"; they lived in "humble conditions" without "arms or protection." But words like "natural," "simple," and "humble" obscure the complexity that marks every human society, and we now value that complexity almost more than childlike innocence. As far as anyone knows, the Taino may have had only the innocence that any culture may seem to have when it is seen from an alien perspective. But that is enough. They were certainly innocent of the event that befell them. The day before Columbus landed, they went about their business in whatever manner seemed appropriate to them, much as we do, and their "natural" innocence is compounded by our hindsight, our awareness of the doom descending upon them. Columbus's landfall is a theatrical moment not because it has no worldly consequence for a twentieth-century audience but because, like any audience given a glimpse of the author's intentions, we are aware of the mistake that is about to be made. We know what is going to happen, and we want desperately to rewrite the tragedy before it occurs.

From that desire arises much of the heat pervading recent studies of Columbus, which "The Mysterious History of Columbus" tries, not completely in vain, to moderate. Wilford evenhandedly sorts through the jumble of facts and half-truths and fables surrounding Columbus, and sets the record straight to the best of his ability. (His highest praise for fellow-historians is "judicious.") Concerning the facts alone, his book is the best general guide yet to what is known, and not known, about Columbus; next year, when the



A LIFE OF A. BARTLETT GIAMATTI

BART

BRAD TRENT/OUTLINE

BY HIM AND ABOUT HIM

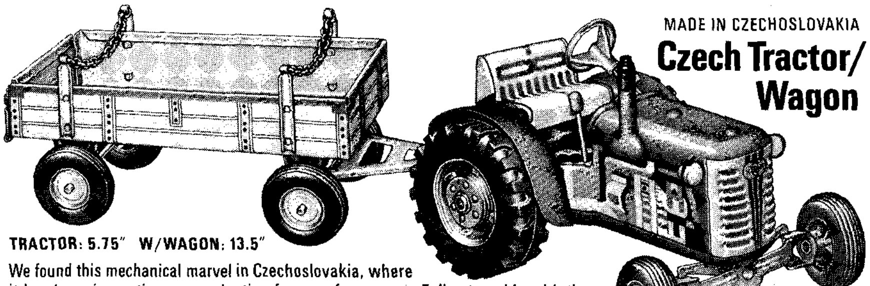
by Anthony Valerio

Scholar, University President, Commissioner of Baseball — Bart Giamatti was America's true Renaissance Man. This affectionate tribute weaves Giamatti's own writings with commentary from Roger Angell, Frank Deford, Charles Siebert, and others. *Lavishly illustrated.*

HBJ

HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH

Available at bookstores everywhere



MADE IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Czech Tractor/ Wagon

TRACTOR: 5.75" W/WAGON: 13.5"

We found this mechanical marvel in Czechoslovakia, where it has been in continuous production for over forty years. Fully steerable with three forward gears (+ reverse), it's quality built of litho tinplate and has long running clockwork motor with operable handbrake and heavy-duty rubber tires. We believe this to be the finest example of purely mechancial toys, regardless of price. *A must for any "wind-up" fancier!* **Shipping:** $6 each. In Nevada add 6% tax. **Color:** Red with Black and Yellow trim.

Payment by: Visa, MasterCard, American Express or check.

Lilliput Motor Co. Ltd. P.O. Box 447, Yerington, NV 89447

Call: 1-800-TIN-TOYS (846-8697) **Fax: 702-463-5581**

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

$39.50

LILLIPUT

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

What is the greatest gift you can give a child?

Every month give a child the *priceless* gift that only you can provide — *love* and a *book* of their own! **TEDDY BEAR BOOK CLUB** will send an age appropriate book to each child on your list. For your **FREE BROCHURE** or to **ENROLL** a child **CALL 1-800-955 READ or WRITE**

T.M.

TEDDY BEAR BOOK CLUB, PO BOX 22167, DEPT READ 3 HOUSTON, TX 77227-2167

ST. FRANCIS
36" - $350.00
24" - $200.00
16" - $130.00
10" - $ 50.00
Catalog on Request
24 VILLAGE DRIVE
CHICKASHA, OK 73018
1-800-367-1714

Ortega Family Wood Carvers from *Duane Colcord Gallery*

It's like shopping the backstreets of Santa Fe!

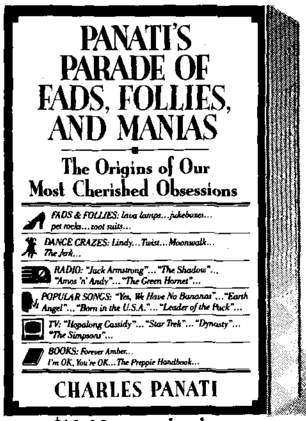
Recorded Books

Listen to **unabridged** best-sellers, mysteries & more while you drive. Call now for a free catalog of over 450 titles: **1(800)-638-1304.** Ask about easy 30-day rentals by mail. Recorded Books, Inc., POB 409 Charlotte Hall MD 20622

Charles Panati brings back flagpole sitting and Ouija boards,

Little Egypt and Little Richard, the turkey trot and the bunny hop, Nehru jackets and go-go boots, and hundreds of other pop culture crazes and trends—from the 1890s to the 1990s. A "delightful compendium... invaluable."

—*Newsday*



PANATI'S PARADE OF FADS, FOLLIES, AND MANIAS

The Origins of Our Most Cherished Obsessions

FADS & FOLLIES: lava lamps...jukeboxes... pet rocks...zoot suits...

DANCE CRAZES: Lindy...Twist...Moonwalk... The Jerk...

RADIO: "Jack Armstrong"..."The Shadow"... "Amos 'n' Andy"..."The Green Hornet"...

POPULAR SONGS: "Yes, We Have No Bananas"..."Earth Angel"..."Born in the U.S.A."..."Leader of the Pack"...

TV: "Hopalong Cassidy"..."Star Trek"..."Dynasty"... "The Simpsons"...

BOOKS: Forever Amber... I'm OK, You're OK...The Preppie Handbook...

CHARLES PANATI

$13.00 paperback

HarperPerennial

A Division of HarperCollins*Publishers*
Also available from HarperCollins*CanadaLtd.*

BOOKS ON TAPE®

World's Largest Selection of Audio Books

KEN FOLLETT NIGHT OVER WATER

- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658

Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.

(800) 626-3333

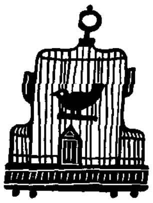
The Serious Music Lover's Best Source for CLASSICAL CDs

- FREE CATALOG
- Compelling Reviews
- Low Shipping Costs
- Bonus Program
- No Unrequested Shipments

From Classical bestsellers to the rare label or obscure performance, let our knowledgeable staff of Musicians help you build your CD collection. Call for our free catalog now!

Critic's Choice Compact Discs
1 800 447-CCCD
PO Box 2349, Cambridge, MA 02238
MA: 617 354-0110

full fracas of the Quincentennial is upon us, "The Mysterious History of Columbus" will be a very useful scorecard for identifying all the players in a crowded historical field. But when it comes to the conflicting moral interpretations of the encounter itself Wilford is more gingerly, and the book's tone takes on a curious flatness whenever such questions arise. Wilford treats the attacks on Columbus and the arguments surrounding his legacy—those, for instance, in "The Conquest of Paradise," Kirkpatrick Sale's recent, rather overblown polemic—as merely another kind of technical dispute, somewhat less captivating, perhaps, than questions about the size of Columbus's caravels or the exact site of his first landfall. "All white Europeans," Wilford writes, fairly summarizing the implication of Sale's book, "are now indicted for their role in setting in motion a history of greed, cruelty, slavery, and genocide." And then he adds, somewhat blandly, "Another generation is viewing history through its own peculiar lenses."



It is not hard to see why the moral whirlwind blowing around the Columbus legend these days leaves Wilford a little muted. It leaves many thoughtful people feeling the same way. The old myths, transparent though they may be, are self-sealing when punctured; they go on insulating. Their old familiar injustice brings back memories of childhood, which is the last time most people thought seriously about Columbus. The idea of material progress, which supplied its own self-fulfilling ethic, once forbade the very questions now being asked about the way Columbus responded to the New World. And the attacks themselves—Wilford quotes Russell Means, of the American Indian Movement, as saying that Columbus "makes Hitler look like a juvenile delinquent"—cause a kind of vertigo in anyone who, like Wilford, thinks seriously about historical matters and about one's responsibility for the past. But vertigo or no, against the charges that he took captives among the Taino and other tribes, fostered slavery in the New World, countenanced rape and murder by his crew, triggered—unwittingly—the epidemiological decimation of America's indigenous population, and indulged what Wilford anticlimactically calls "an exploitative attitude toward America and native Americans" Columbus cannot be defended, nor does Wilford try to defend him. The only argument one can supply on Columbus's behalf is the self-evident, if misunderstood, one that times were different then and he was a man of his times. But that will not redeem Columbus, because we no longer recall how to use such an argument with discrimination. Ignorance of the future, we have somehow come to believe, is no defense for the sins of the past. "The age created him," Justin Winsor wrote, "and the age left him."

When Columbus returned from his first voyage, Europeans were puzzled by the reflection that, as Sir Thomas Browne put it, well over a century later, "that great Antiquity *America* lay buried for thousands of years." How could such extensive lands, so extensively peopled, have remained hidden just out of sight for so many centuries, to be brought to light only so late in the world's life? Columbus's answer, of course, was that they had been reserved for discovery by Christians. "All Christendom," he wrote, "ought to feel joyful and make great celebrations and give solemn thanks to the Holy Trinity with many solemn prayers for the great exaltation which it will have, in the turning of so many peoples to our holy faith." A slightly different version of this belief has long been an important, if tacit, clause in the national credo of the United States: America was not discovered until the time was right, and its discovery was an act of God. How else could one explain its ascendancy?

Except in the narrowest causative sense, timeliness is not a proper historical argument, and yet it is still being used. In many of the anti-Columbus attacks quoted in Wilford's book and in some that have recently been reported by the press, one can hear the suggestion that Columbus's voyage to America was truly untimely: it came late enough to be exploitative and too soon to be enlightened. One also hears now and then an odd fragment of opinion from otherwise sensible people: that, living in an increasingly tolerant and multicultural manner, as we in America are supposed by some to do, we perhaps might have made less of a hash of the New World, given the imaginary chance to discover it anew. The self-deluding nature of such thinking is apparent. We are lucky to have some sins behind us to save us from the danger of committing them all over again. It is enough to have inherited their consequences.

In the closing moments of both their books John Noble Wilford and Kirkpatrick Sale quote Abbé Guillaume-Thomas Raynal, who in the late seventeen-eighties proposed a competition to decide whether the discovery of America was "a blessing or a curse to humankind." "Let us stop here and consider ourselves as existing at the time when America and India were unknown," Raynal wrote in his own essay on the subject. "Let me suppose that I address myself to the most cruel of the Europeans in the following terms. There exist regions which will furnish you with rich metals, agreeable clothing, and delicious food. But read this history, and behold at what price the discovery is promised to you. Do you wish or not that it should be made? Is it to be imagined that there exists a being infernal enough to answer this question in the affirmative! Let it be remembered that there will not be a single instant in futurity when my question will not have the same force."

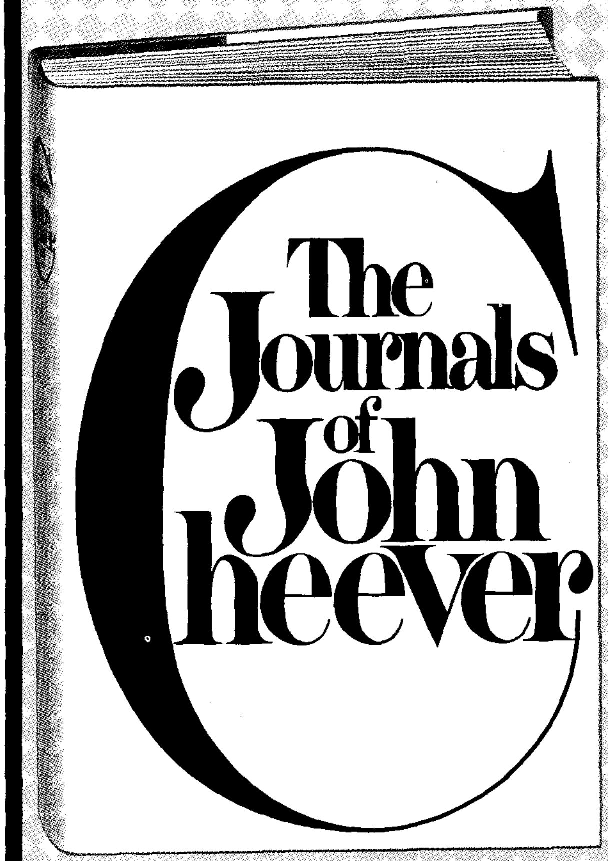
Even now, the idea of pre-Columbian America has all the imaginative appeal of the Garden of Eden before the snake began to talk to Eve. It is a metaphor still full of freshness half a millennium later, the source of whatever innocence Americans still attribute to themselves, despite Abbé Raynal's answer to his haunting question. But the New World was not only an idea or a metaphor, and that is the tragedy of 1492. One might wish that Columbus had come to the Taino the way the archangel Raphael came to Adam and Eve in Book V of "Paradise Lost," full of amity and respect, eager to exchange only sober courtesies. One might (selflessly) wish that Columbus had done what Prospero does at the end of "The Tempest": free his slaves, sink his magic book in the sea, and return to Europe, leaving the island to its freedom. But we are stuck with the facts, and with the stories we make from the facts, here in a world that it is hard any longer to call new.

—VERLYN KLINKENBORG

•

ANOTHER CLEVER BUSINESS NAME WE'RE TRYING TO FORGET

The Rimsky-Korsakoffee House, a café in Portland, Ore.



The N.Y. Times hails "A daring contribution to American letters"

John Cheever's moving and revelatory journals that first appeared in *The New Yorker* are now in book form

399 pp • 2nd printing
Published by Knopf

Rent Mother Nature®
Lease A Sugar Maple Tree Or Sap Bucket For One Year

A truly memorable CHRISTMAS GIFT. First, we'll send each person on your list a copy of an authentic 1890 TREASURY DEPT. lease, hand-personalized and suitable for framing— plus a GIFT CARD from you. During the harvest each lessee receives PROGRESS REPORTS full of facts & folklore, thus sharing in the adventure of sugaring. In Spring '92, when all the sap has been processed, each Tree Tenant will get at least 50 oz. of the finest 100% pure wood-fired MAPLE SYRUP in decorated jugs (25 oz. guar. to Bucket Borrowers) even more if Mother Nature is bountiful. We do all the work, your friends get the delicious results, you get the raves! **100% satisfaction money back guarantee.**

Tree Lease $39.95 or
Bucket Lease $29.95
Add $3.50 per lease for shipping & handling.
Send for FREE Catalog!

RENT MOTHER NATURE®, Dept. 219
52 New St., Box 193, Cambridge, MA 02238
Phone **(617) 354-5430**
VISA, MC, AMEX, Discover

©1991, North Country Corp.

Waldhaus

Member of SWISS INTERNATIONAL HOTELS

CH-7514 Sils-Maria
Tel. 0114182 - 4 53 31 - Fax 4 59 92
M. + F. Dietrich / U. Kienberger ★★★★★ Sils ENGADIN

An extraordinary hotel Switzerland
with turn-of-the-century charms
and modern day comfort.
- All winter sports
- Free bus service to the cableways
- Orchestra
- Indoor pool and tennis
- Children's nursery
- Tower suites

Winter season: Dec. 19th - April 25th
Summer season: June 12th - Oct. 18th

Personally managed by the owners

Aetna has a team
of nurses who counsel
expectant mothers in
our prenatal program

to help them have
healthier babies.

Healthy Beginnings is a group plan that teams our nurses with expectant mothers. They work together during pregnancy to make sure the mother receives proper prenatal care, such as regular doctor visits and advice on lifestyle and nutrition. Helping a baby be strong and healthy can save on medical costs. It's also a nicer way for a child to come into the world. To learn more about Healthy Beginnings, please call us collect at (203) 636-7199.

Aetna. A policy to do more.

Ætna

© 1991 Aetna Life Insurance Company

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

RECEIVED
NOV 11 1991

If you're the type of person who thinks caviar
tastes better when it costs $120 an ounce,
you'd probably like Cutty Sark better if it cost $120 a bottle.
Let us know. Our price tag can be easily changed.

CUTTY SARK®

SCOTS WHISKY

UNCOMMONLY SMOOTH

Cutty Sark Blended Scots Whisky, 40% Alc. by Vol. Imported by © W. A. Taylor & Co., Miami, Florida 1991.